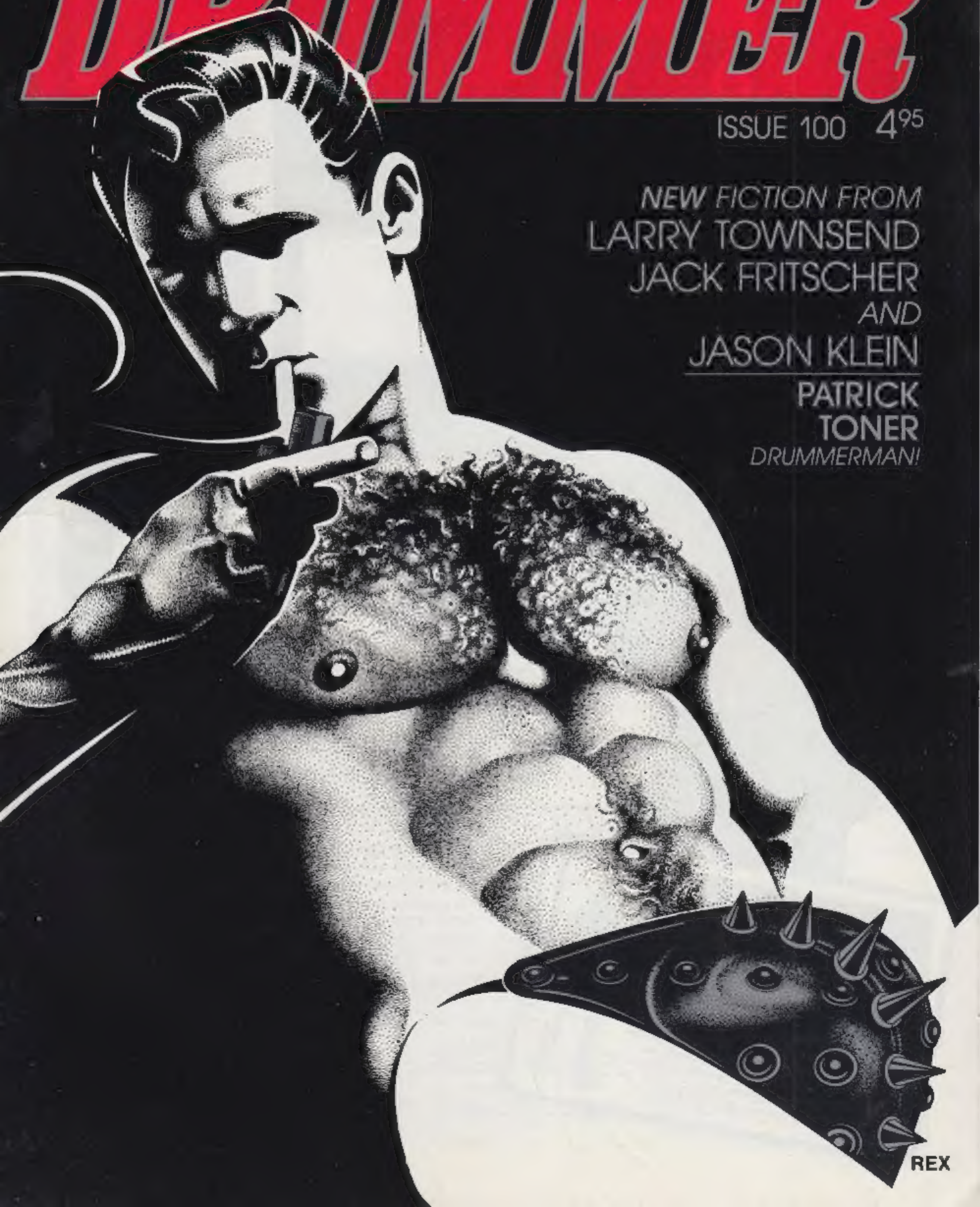


# DRUMMER

ISSUE 100 4<sup>95</sup>

NEW FICTION FROM  
LARRY TOWNSEND  
JACK FRITSCHER  
AND  
JASON KLEIN

PATRICK  
TONER  
DRUMMERMAN!



REX



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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau

## DRUMMER

Published 12 times a year by  
Desmodus Inc.  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314  
(415) 864-3456

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**Cover:** For many years the artist Rex has been a contributor and a continual inspiration for *Drummer* magazine and its readers. The black and white original was created especially for this 100th issue.

**Back cover:** *Drummer* continues to deliver the best in models and photographers. Mickey Squires awaits somewhat impatiently for his release in this photo by Victor Largo.

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**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction

presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only.

In other than fictional pieces we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane

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# GETTING OFF

BY FLEDERMALIS

I have just returned from Seattle, where the first annual Living in Leather Conference was attended by nearly 200 gay men and women of the leather lifestyle from across the U.S. and Canada. Steve Maidhof, Washington State Mr. Leather 1986, had the inspiration for the conference in the afterglow of leather camaraderie at this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago. Back in Seattle he called together several leather men and women who enthusiastically agreed. The National Leather Association was formed to organize the sessions which were held Oct. 10-13. They had only four months to pull the thing together and did a remarkable job: the sessions were interesting and informative; the speakers, panel members, and audience contributors were articulate and had something to say; the companionship and common grounding in leather made the socializing between men and women great and the more intimate socializing among men and among women superb; and even the food was good! We'll have a more detailed report in the next issue and, hopefully will also have the dates for next year so we can all mark our calendars now.

When it became apparent that *Drummer 100* would be one of the first issues produced under our aegis we wanted to make certain it would be something special. As I pointed out last month, Andy and I have been *Drummer* devotees since the first issue and have watched talented writers, artists and photographers come and go from its pages. Our first attempt has been to bring as many of them as possible back to march with us again, to get new contributions from the stellar contributors from the past. The response has been tremendous. Of those we have been able to track down so far, everyone has agreed to resume contributing to *Drummer*. There are so many things we wanted to get into *Drummer 100* that we have had to "bump" Mason Powell's "Gonar" series from this issue—it will resume in *Drummer 101*—and we have had to split Larry Townsend's contribution into two sections—it will conclude in *Drummer 101*. Many others we wanted to include in this issue just wouldn't fit: John Preston, John Rowberry, Aaron Travis, Frank O'Rourke and others will be in *Drummer 101*.

We have been unable to track down many important contributors, particu-



**A VIEW FROM THE TOP:** Andy and I have had so many comments about the photo of us in tuxedos in *Drummer 99* that I thought it should be balanced by a photo of us under more usual circumstances. Here Andy is one of the subjects being used by Richard Hunter (the U.S. representative of Fetters) to demonstrate "Pain through Bondage" at *Inferno XV* and I'm just checking on how he is doing. The tux photo was taken by Albert at our tenth anniversary party last New Year's Eve. *Inferno XV* photo by Richard Hunter.

larly those from the early issues. If they read these words, or if any of you do who know how to reach them, please make contact. Kurt Kreisler, Bud, Scott Masters, Orlando Paris, Allen Eagles, Ed Franklin, Sean, G.B. Misa, Skipper, Derek, Blake, Brick, R. Kent, Greg Nero and Ken Wood are among those we'd particularly like to hear from. Some of those who have made significant contributions to *Drummer* are no longer among us: Robert Opel, Jason Klein, Val Martin, Jackal and Uyvari among them. But their work lives on with us and we have been most fortunate to find an unpublished Jason Klein manuscript among the files (piles?) here in the *Drummer* offices. The stipend that would have gone to Jason for this article will instead be donated in his name to the International Gay and Lesbian Archives in Los Angeles.

I have always had a passion for the male erotic art and decided early on that I wanted to bring art back to *Drummer* covers. Rex heartily agreed and prepared the work on the cover of this issue especially for *Drummer 100*. Prior to this, the most recent art cover was Ron Henry's illustration on the cover of *Drummer 16*. Preceding that there had been five art covers: Issue One featured a drawing by Bud that for several years was the Leather Fraternity logo; *Drummer 5* featured a drawing by Chuck Arnett; *Drummer 6*

had several small drawings by Bill Ward; *Drummer 10* had a drawing Rex had originally done for the *Pleasure Chest*; and *Drummer 15* had a full-color cowboy by A.Jay. *Drummer 8* featured the first full-color cover, a wonderful blend of photo and art with Val Martin wearing a Cliff Raven body painting. *Drummer 101* will again feature a hot photograph, as will most future covers, but art will occasionally make an appearance.

A common complaint about *Drummer* in recent years, from myself as well as from others, was about the frequent reuse of material. I was thus somewhat reluctant to start off *Drummer 100* with a retrospective of some of the best of the past; however, I think that it is important that you get to know what you can expect from me by seeing what of the past I consider important. And I think that it is fitting to celebrate the 100th issue with such a look back. There is a lot in *Drummer* that is worth savoring again and again—that's why so many subscribers keep their back issues—and there are a lot of men who have come into leather since those first several issues appeared over ten years ago. So we will occasionally republish works that have appeared previously; however, we can guarantee that we will not reprint material just to fill space, nor will we reprint material without giving full credit to its original appearance.



## EDITORS

John Embry founded *Drummer* and was its publisher through issue 98. In this capacity, as its editor and as a writer contributing anonymously or as Robert Payne, he is the main person responsible for shaping the magazine initially and in modifying it, or allowing it to be modified, as it evolved. The first eleven issues were edited by Jeanne Barney, who had been writing an advice column, "Smoke from Jeanne's Lamp," for the *Advocate*. She continued as the Ann Landers for the leather set in *Drummer*. During her tenure, *Drummer* covered a variety of fantasies, including water-sports, branding, piercing, shaving, scat, bestiality and necrophilia; and Movie Mayhem, Bill Ward's drawings, Famous Sadists of History, Cross Words and Erotic Dots all started as special features; and Robert Opel, Fred Halsted, Scott Masters, Phil Andros, Orlando Paris and John Rowberry were among the frequent contributors. During her editorship *Drummer's* emphasis on SM action was heavier than it has been anytime since.

Issues 12 through 18 were edited by Robert Payne, then with *Drummer* 19 Jack Fritscher came upon the scene. Under Jack's direction SM per se became less prominent and rough and raunchy male/male sexuality, often written by Jack himself, be-

# THE EARLY YEARS

A VIEW BY  
TONY DEBLASE



Cover of *Drummer's* first issue, art by Bud.

came the main theme. David Hurles's photos and A. Jay's drawings characterized this era. Tough Shit started in *Drummer* 21 and Tough Customers followed in issue 25. Fritscher's last issue was *Drummer* 30. Issues 31 through 39 list Robert Payne as editor and John Rowberry as assignments editor. Then Rowberry served as editor until being promoted to associate publisher with *Drummer* 49, a position he held through issue 86. During this latter period several men briefly held the title of editor, but none of them was around long enough to make a impact.

*Drummer* published "White Death," a poem by John Rowberry in issue 5, his review of "The Story of Harold" in issue 6, "The Great S/M Murder Mystery?!" an account of the Orange County torso murders, which he coauthored with Rue Dyllon in issues 9 through 11, and several other nonfiction contributions from him before he joined the staff. After joining, he continued to publish poetry, news items and occasional longer articles in *Drummer*, but he was particularly known for his excellent reviews of books, films, videos, etc. John Rowberry's long status as a contributor and, more importantly, his very long period on the staff have made him second only to John Embry/Robert Payne in the influence he has had on the magazine.

## THE STORY OF HAROLD

REVIEWED BY JOHN W. ROWBERRY  
REPRINTED FROM *DRUMMER* 6

"For now—relax! And come with me. You have no choice, I've invited you. We will have a lot of sex. You are going to laugh a great deal—people have no idea how blithe a suicide can be! And you'll meet a few human beings whom you'll have to love as much as I do."

Terry Andrews (if that's his real name, which I doubt) lives in a very real fairy tale world called New York City, alone, with a very unreal imp named Harold.

Harold is a creation of Terry's. He is slightly larger than a yardstick and converses with rats, screams, darkness, snowflakes and mink coats; all of whom are personal but problem-causing friends of his.

Terry, on the other hand, converses only with recognizable life forms: the child of an old girlfriend; an Irish bum with a death-by-fire wish; a doctor to whom Terry has introduced the joys of fist fucking; a not-too-young divorced woman with whom Terry is having an on-again, in-again affair; and the blind son of

the above-mentioned medical practitioner.

And that's just about the total of the cast of characters.

However, since almost everything in Terry's world is somehow reflected in Harold's world, everyone has another side of personality or soul, or whatever you wish to call it.

What has happened is this: Terry Andrews once wrote a very successful children's book titled, ironically, "The Story of Harold." "Very successful" meant not having to work for a few years. Of course, Terry intended to follow up his best seller with a sequel. But he never got around to writing anything down, spending most of his time trying to understand why he invented Harold in the first place.

So, in October of 1968, realizing he was headed for suicide, Terry began keeping a diary. All was well. Terry busied his life answering ads in underground sex papers, jacking off, hanging around in the city's better leather bars, and making copious notes in his suicide journal.

Harold, on the other hand, had no wish to end his existence. He was content to

spend his days saving the world from screams that needed release, solving disputes between rhinestones and diamonds about who sparkled the brightest, and reuniting the disbanded rat family.

And, somehow, Harold managed to thwart each attempt of Terry's to leave this too-bitter flesh.

Suicide comes and goes, like all transient things. The reality of Harold's world, slowly but surely, merges into the unreality of Terry's until both are one, and roles (such as they are) change into lives.

"The Story of Harold" is obtuse and symbolic, for sure, but most importantly, it is about everything important to human beings—and resolves itself in the finest literary style.

It has been, for this reviewer, a week of the sweetest kind of sadness spent with Harold and his friends. Scenes of human tenderness and man's inhumanity leap from the page and burn themselves into one's memory forever. Interspaced with Edward Gorey's bizarre drawings, snatches of poetry, and the incredible story of Harold, "The Story of Harold" is exceptional.



## ARTISTS

No single image says "Drummer" more than a Bill Ward drawing. John Embry saw Bill's work in a British gay magazine and sought permission to reprint these. "King," which appeared in issues 5 through 10, was the result. Then *Drummer* 11 saw the birth of "Drum," created especially for *Drummer*, and he has been here ever since. Bill Ward's drawings have frequently illustrated stories by others and have often appeared in house ads; the look of his men is the image of *Drummer*! I'm certain that most *Drummer* readers would love to inhabit the world Bill Ward has created for his tough-but-tender, and constantly horny leatherman!

Bud's artwork appeared on the cover of issue 1 and frequently illustrated stories, or magnificently filled centerfolds or other space, in the earlier issues. His men could be cute and cuddly, but they usually had a wild and woolly (literally and figuratively) look that was unique. Bishop illustrated several stories in early issues, though he is best known for his wild bondage drawings in straight SM publications. I find his set for the "Five in the Training Room" series particularly mem-

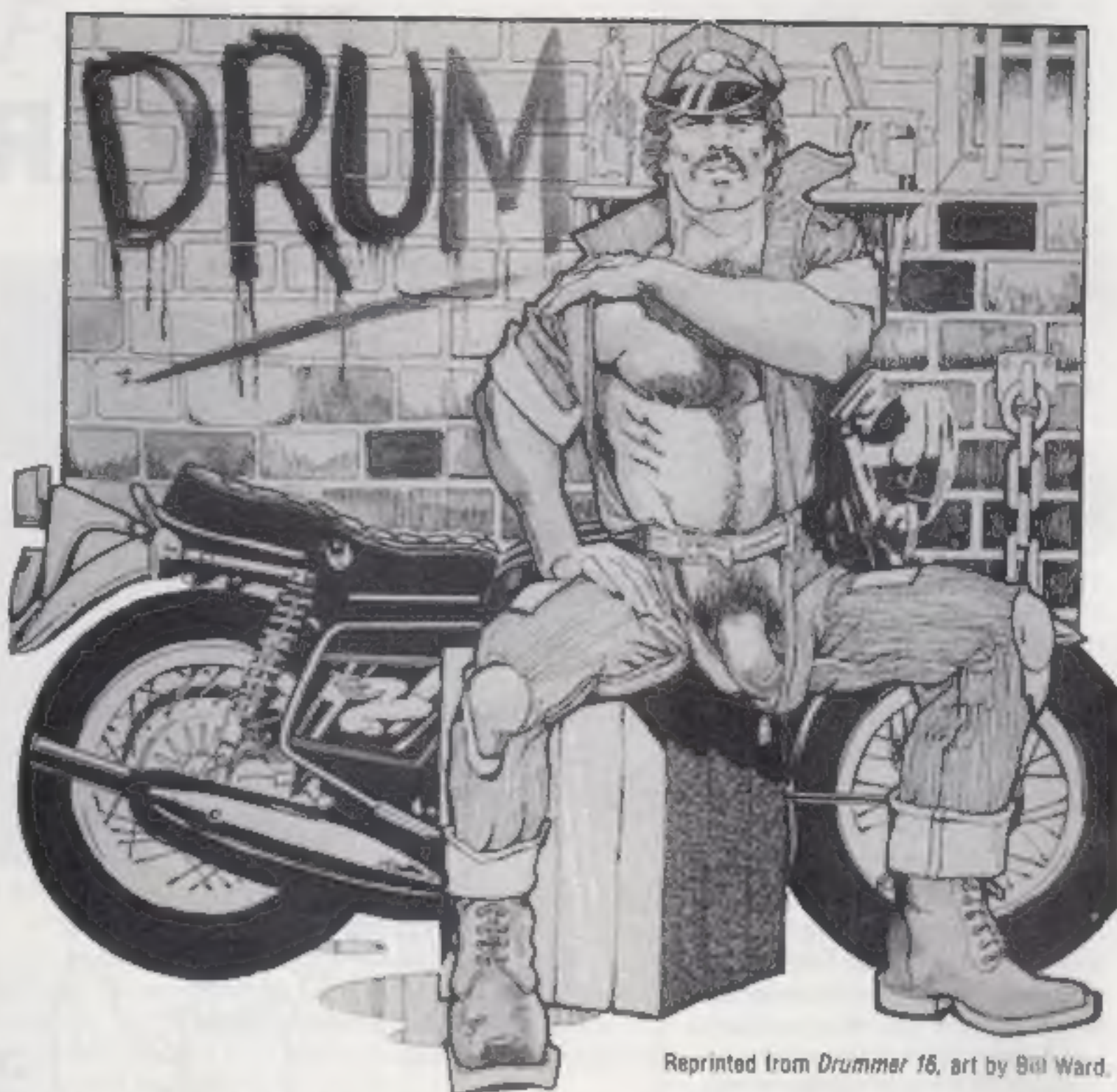


Reprinted from *Drummer* 6. Bill Ward's "King," copyright Incognito Publishing Ltd. ©1976.

orable. Chuck Arnette also illustrated several stories in early issues in his distinctive style. *Drummer* first published an Olaf in issue 14 and his work has continued to appear frequently. Best known for the magnificent series he did to illustrate Robert Payne's "Story of Q" his subtly shaded work has also illustrated stories by himself and by others.

Harry Bush has never drawn specifically for *Drummer* but his work was used extensively in the earlier issues and it has appeared periodically ever since. He does not draw SM scenes and his men all have such a fresh, wholesome look that at first glance they might seem out of place in this magazine—but they are not, they work. Somehow we know what those sweet innocent young things are capable of! A selection of Harry Bush drawings is used to illustrate T.R. Witomski's piece in this issue.

Next to Bill Ward, and perhaps Harry Bush, the artist most closely associated with *Drummer* in the minds of long-time



Reprinted from *Drummer* 16, art by Bill Ward.

readers is A. Jay. Al Shapiro served as art director of *Drummer* from issue 16 through 33 and had a very definite influence. A. Jay's Adventure's of Harry Chess amused, titilated and made political statements all at the same time and his illustrations for other stories and for ads had exactly the right look for Jack Fritscher's version of *Drummer*. A. Jay has agreed to draw for *Drummer* again and I'm trying to convince him to do occasional new Harry

Chess strips as well. The times are ripe for it!

Ken Wood's illustrations are scattered throughout the first 50 issues and Charles Musgrave first appeared in issue 35. His drawings of bound hands and of nudes with beer cans would be featured prominently in later issues. Works by Etienne, Tom of Finland, Rex, Domino, deMullotto, Adam, Zach, Uyvari, Brick, Walden, Martin of Holland, Nigal Kent, and several other artists appeared in the first 50 issues but, to the best of my knowledge, none of them did drawings specifically commissioned by *Drummer*. I think that the cover of the current issue is the first such Rex. The Hun's work first appeared in *Drummer* 15, Matt's in *Drummer* 21 and Cavelo's in *Drummer* 27, but it wasn't until after issue 50 that they produced work especially for *Drummer*. Now all three are frequent contributors.

The art of cartooning has always been a feature of *Drummer* because the powers that be correctly recognized that humor does have a place in the leather scene. The first several issues were loaded with wonderful cartoons by Bud and by Shawn. Later frequent contributors included Walden (who still appears frequently today) and McBeth.

Sean's Erotic Dots was a unique and popular feature of early issues. One is reprinted here. Give it a try and let us know what you think. Is this something you'd like to see reinstated?



Reprinted from *Drummer* 26, art by Olaf.



## FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM

Part Seven

Scott Masters

(Excerpt from *Drummer 9*.)

Illustration by Bishop.)

"I'll go first," Thaa0 said quietly. "How do you want me?"

Johnny turned away and swallowed violently several times. Then he turned back.

"Get yer fuckin' ass on that rubbin' table, face up!" he commanded harshly.

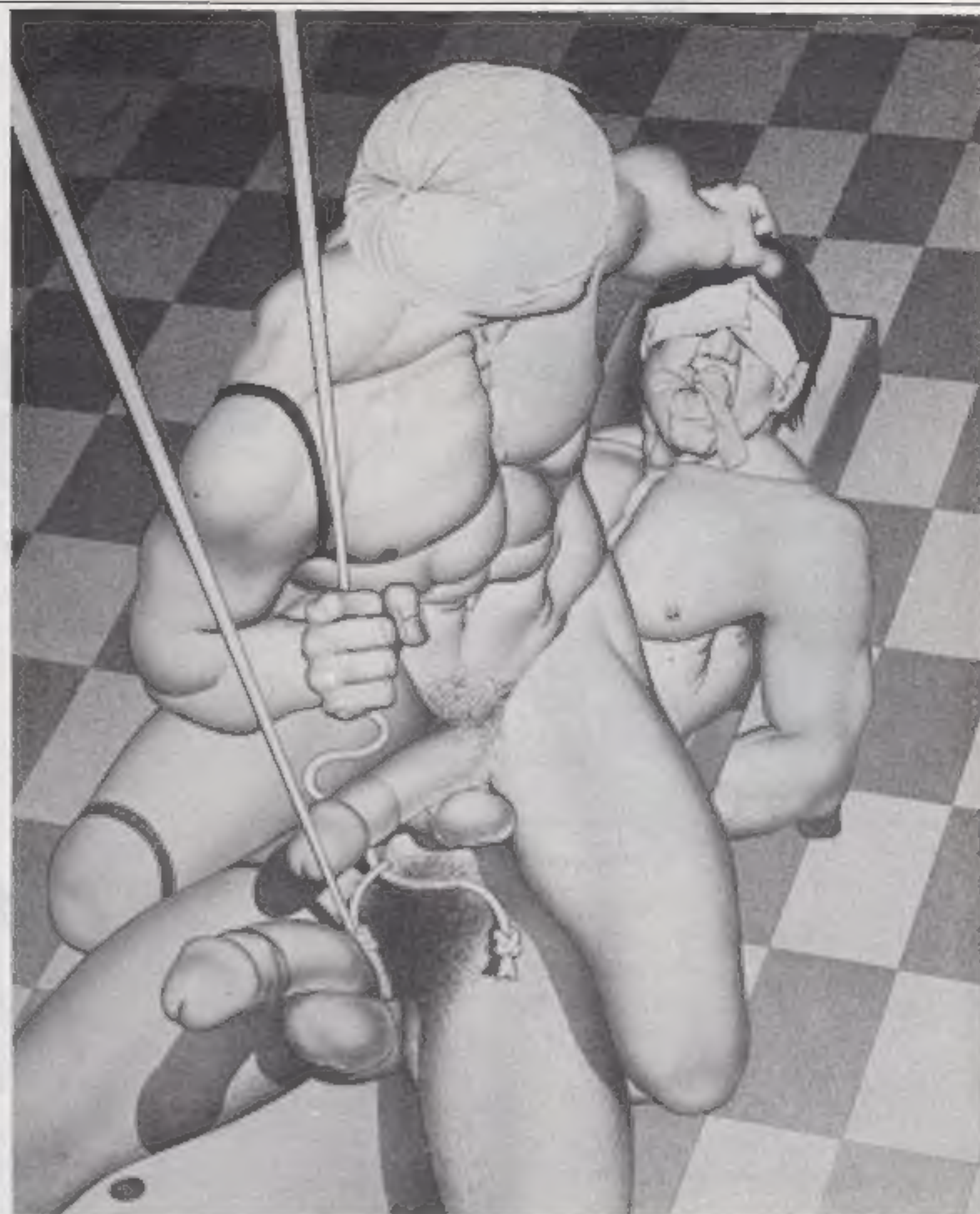
His deep blue eyes glittered enigmatically as Thaa0 stretched his finely muscled form atop the table, arms hanging idly over its sides, legs straddling its sweat-smooth surface. There was nothing especially original about the way Johnny secured him there, simply tying first the wrists together, then the ankles, underneath. Simple, perhaps, but nevertheless successfully imposing total immobilization of the naked athlete.

But the next step was an innovation. Johnny took a jockstrap from his locker, went over to the low sink, and thoroughly soaked it with his piss. Then he came back to Thaa0, forced his mouth open by pressing down on the temporal mandibular joint, and stuffed the acrid, makeshift gag deep into the open throat. Thaa0 choked slightly, but his eyes never left Johnny's. Not, that is, until Johnny—unable, perhaps, to face the trust he read there—slapped a broad piece of adhesive tape over them.

Plunged into darkness, the taste of Johnny's piss filling his mouth, Thaa0 suddenly felt first two bare buttocks settle on his chest—the full weight of a familiar body resting there—and then, the unmistakable sensation of a noose being tightened around the base of his cock and balls. He was erect to the bursting point, and the pressure of that alien cord induced an ecstatic agony beyond description.

"Hey, Pricko," Johnny called out, "y' wanna toss the other end of this mother-fuckin' string over that pipe up there for me? I'm just too fuckin' comfortable to move my ass." Dicko Novak jumped up onto the table between Thaa0's spread thighs, did as he had been asked, and jumped back down to Manuel's waiting side.

Squatting on Thaa0's broad chest facing his crotch, Johnny gave the loose end of the cord that had been looped around the overhead pipe an experimental tug. The genitals snared on the other end shot upwards, and he heard a low moan in the throat behind him. Manuel and Dicko glanced at each other in momentary apprehension: serious damage could be done this night. But their eyes returned hypnotically to the imprisoned sex organs of their teammate. A slow smile spread across the dark face of Moses Brown.



"Start timin', I'm ready t' ride!"

"You're on!" Moses eagerly pressed the button on the stopwatch.

Johnny Todd again did the unexpected. He leaned over and brushed the newly uncapped tip of Thaa0's cock with his lips and tickled the tightened sac with the fingertips of his free hand. The veins in Thaa0's throat stood out like cables and his head thrashed from side to side in a delirium of erotic pain. Manuel fell abruptly to his knees in front of Dicko, sucking into his mouth the tumescence waiting there. Moses started pumping himself more energetically.

Now Johnny whipped at Thaa0's cock-head with his tongue, alternating oral worship of that prize with harder and harder jerks on the cord and vicious squeezes of the big balls crushed in his rough hand. The gurgling screams muffled in his victim/lover's throat had become barely recognizable as human, and his helpless body strained at the bonds that held it down, arching upward from the hips against the weight on its chest in a blinding need for release.

Suddenly, the torturer/lover leaped to

his feet and concentrated all his attention on the cord of castration itself. Slowly, very slowly, he pulled down on it, just a fraction of an inch at a time, until, at last, it was taut. Then he reached under the table and freed Thaa0's ankles. The cord stretched tighter and tighter, and the screaming slave pushed his hips higher and higher in a madly desperate attempt to alleviate the relentless pressure. The cord cut deeply into his flesh as the entire weight of his lower body depended from one thin circle of skin, stretched as if to tear apart.

Only at that point did Johnny tie off the cord and again draw Thaa0's still-rampant organ into his mouth, tonguing the slit and drawing its entire length through his puckered lips, up and down, again and again and again. Thaa0 was in a frenzy, instinctively thrusting, only to subject himself to the most excruciating of all possible agonies when he dropped back. In his darkness, gasping for breath, he ached to come, yet was physically prevented from that blessed deliverance.

"Time!" Moses announced, himself almost ready to come.





Reprinted from *Drummer* 23, art by A. Jay.



*"Frank, how do you do it? . . . The place is crowded, it's loud, smoke everywhere, and you just stand there with a smile on your face!"*

Reprinted from *Drummer* 21, art by Walden.



*"Uh-oh! It looks like Jack and Bob are breaking up again."*

Reprinted from *Drummer* 18, art by Bud.



*"Honest, Claude! You hang around in the DAMNDEST places!"*

Reprinted from *Drummer* 14, art by A.H. of NY.

## READER CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions from readers have always been an important part of the magazine. Male Call and Tough Customers are totally reader contributed and Tough Shit, a column for short humorous notes and news items, depended largely on readers. We definitely encourage readers to submit materials for these columns as well as for other parts of the magazines. Fiction, photos, drawings, etc. are always welcome (remember to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with anything you expect to have returned and make certain your name

and address and/or phone are on each story and the backs of each photo or drawing. For Tough Customers, or for any other material for which you do not expect to be paid, include a signed statement giving permission to publish.) With respect to the Tough Shit column, "truth is often stranger than fiction," so this column will soon be reinstated and we particularly solicit contributions for it from readers. Send interesting news item clippings, photos of signs, etc. that make a statement, with humor or irony, that will amuse *Drummer* men, or with which they can identify. If you send a clipping,

please include the name and date of the publication from which it came. We want to be sure that we can give proper credit for everything we publish.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS AND WRITERS

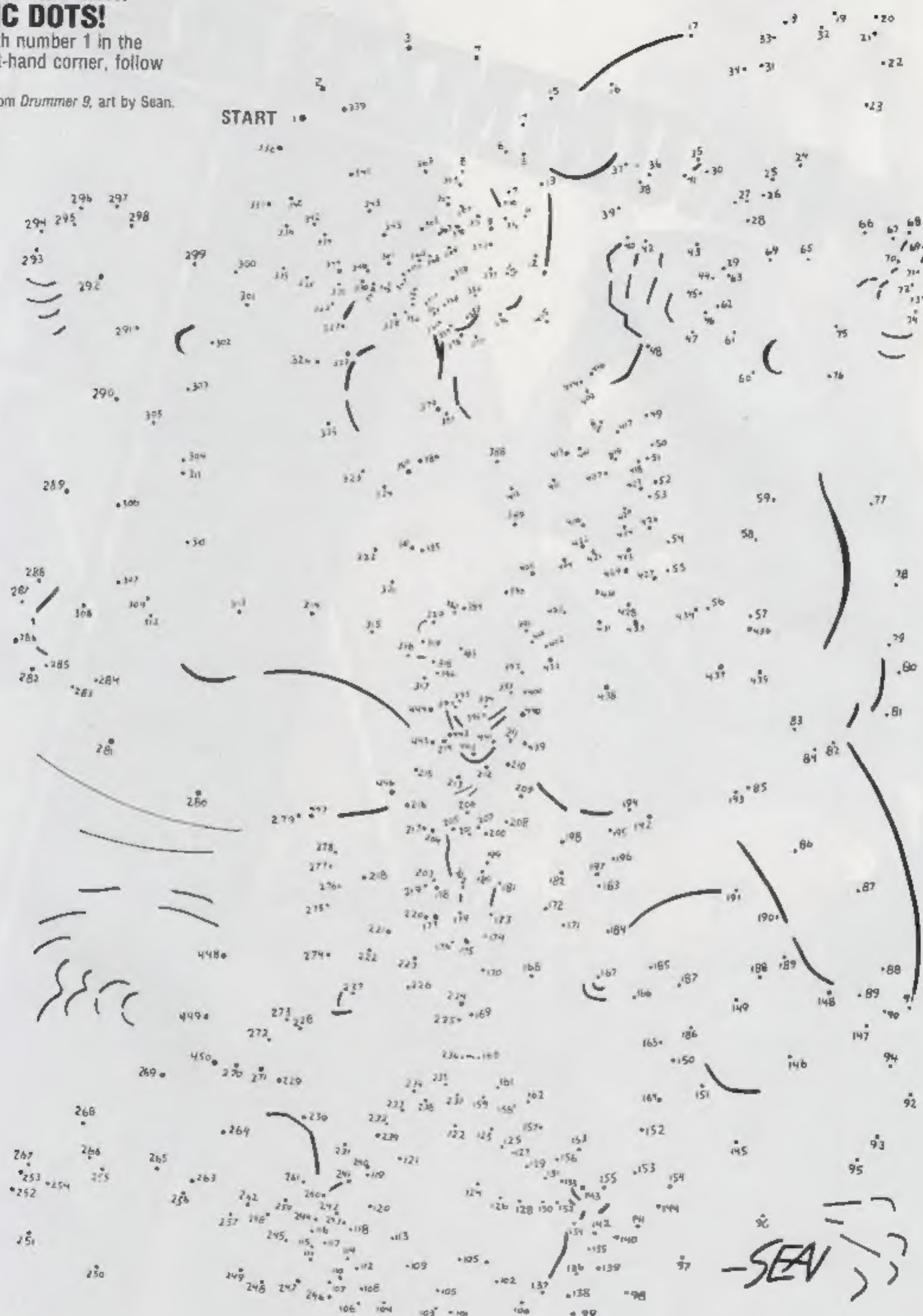
We have selected a review of photos from past *Drummer* staff photographers (see page 47 of this issue) and in *Drummer* 101 we will have new work from many of the non-staff photographers who have contributed to *Drummer* in the past. Also in 101 there will be more comments on writers from the early years of *Drummer*.



# CREATE YOUR OWN WORK OF EROTIC ART WITH EROTIC DOTS!

Begin with number 1 in the  
upper left-hand corner, follow  
the dots.

Reprinted from *Drummer 9*, art by Sean.



Warning: When completed, this will be a  
sexually explicit drawing. If you will be

offended by the content, do *not* connect  
the dots!





**P**atrick Toner is easily the most recognizable figure in the leather community. The spotlight of national notoriety hit upon his dark good looks and easy smile after winning International Mr. Leather 1985, but his efforts to raise spirits and money for AIDS victims and related projects started before that title. As a bartender for the popular San Francisco leather bar Chaps, he produced his first series of parties, not as fund raisers but because he felt that there was a dark cloud hanging over the community. People were shunning the bars, they needed to have fun, to party...and Patrick does like to party.



The first Ringold Alley Fair was already in production before he left for Chicago that year and winning the IML title simply meant more publicity. The result was "Up Your Alley," both the theme of the fair and the name of the fund-raising organization formed by Patrick, Jerry Vallaire and Christ an Andrew. The rest is h story.

Fund raisers, parties, judging contests, apperances, speeches are all part of what Patrick considers his job. He manages, at times, to attend as many as five functions in one day. Black tie dinners, leather contests, drag shows and political rallies all get the same attention and dedication. Each is mportant to him and as a professional fund raiser he has the time, abilities, genuine charm and inward sincerity to convince people to part with their time and/or money.

The enormously successful "Art for AIDS" show and auction at the chic San Francisco Vorpel Gallery took a year of planning and work, which he managed while holding the position of co-chair for the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Parade and celebration. Future projects include assisting with the production of the first international Ms. Leather contest to be held in San Francisco March 21 1987, and "Urban Gardens," geared



Photos by Jim Wigler





to supplying quality fresh food for the A.D.S Food Bank and, hopefully, to feed homeless gays. He is also returning to school for advanced study in technical production, which he feels will help in future Up Your Alley projects.

Patrick is an activist and speaks out often with definite views on politics, "coming out" and helping our brothers and sisters secure their rightful place in society. Contrary to rumors, he has no immediate plans to cultivate a political career, although the possibility hasn't been ruled out. Currently, his agenda does not include the time nor, he admits, does he have the patience to deal with people who strive to take political correctness to an art form.

Leather is a natural aspect of life to Patrick. It is "basic sexuality...S/M, bondage, domination and related fetishes all stem from this basic point." Becoming a top took a while, he began his leather life as a "total bottom" who loved bondage and discipline but learned slowly to bring his dominant side out.

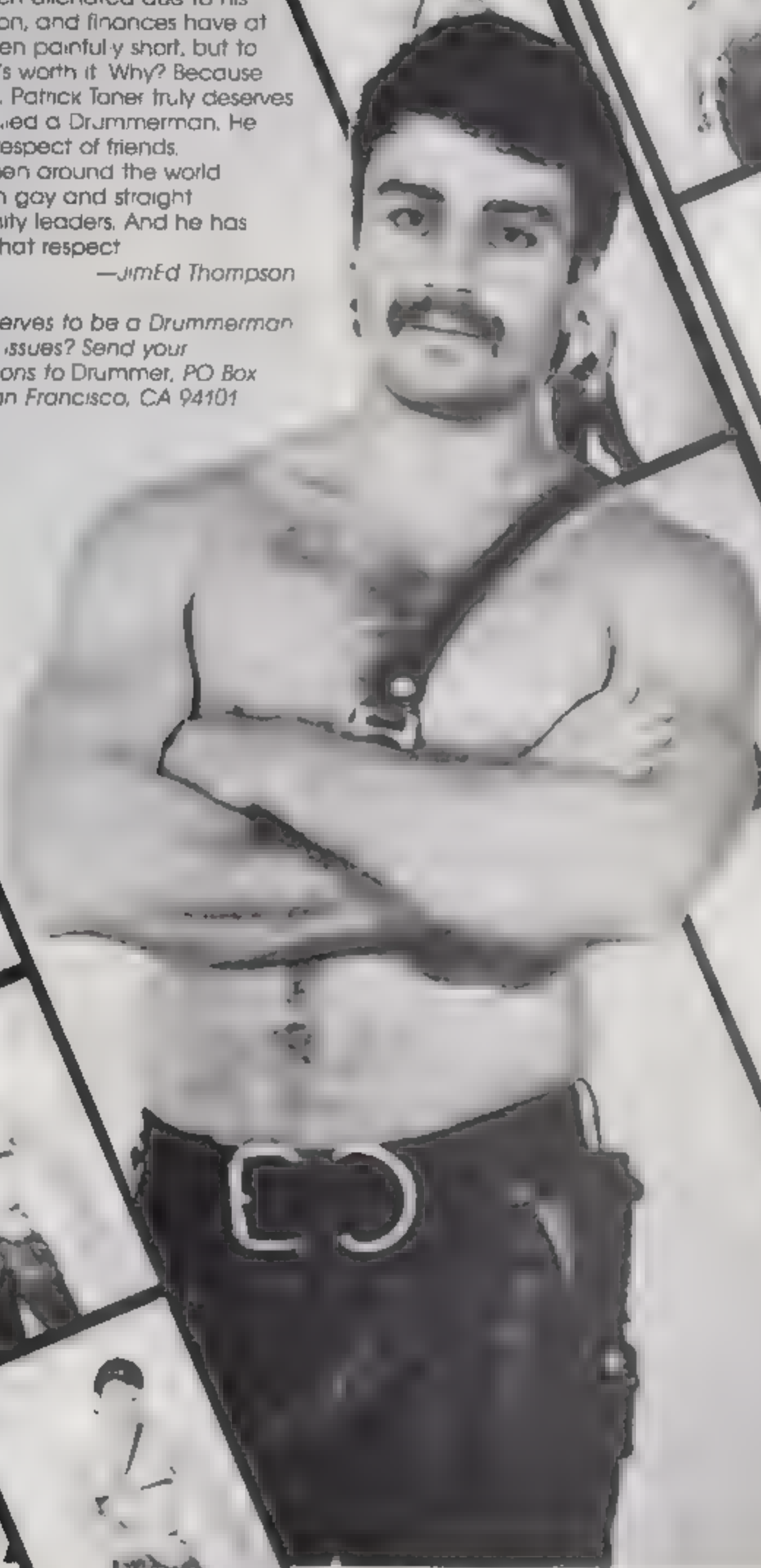
Trust, respect of limitations and boundaries are what he looks for in men, both tops and bottoms. He would rather serve the spiritual self than the physical man and this metaphysical approach to life has fortified him through many disappointments. Friends and lovers



have been alienated due to his dedication, and finances have at times been painfully short, but to Patrick it's worth it. Why? Because he cares. Patrick Toner truly deserves to be called a Drummerman. He has the respect of friends, leathermen around the world and both gay and straight community leaders. And he has earned that respect.

—Jim Ed Thompson

*Who deserves to be a Drummerman in future issues? Send your nominations to Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101*



Photos by Victor Cargio







# BOARD OF INQUIRY

## by LARRY TOWNSEND

**A**s commanding officer of Star Base Gamma IV, I was ordered to chair a board of inquiry, looking into "various aspects of alleged personal misconduct on the part of Midshipman Gary R. Forrester." On the surface it sounded like a routine disciplinary situation, but as I read the sketchy particulars I began to realize that it could very well be a hot potato they were dropping into my unsuspecting hands.

For starters, Midshipman Forrester's alleged offenses took place on a civilian transport vessel, under contract to the Space Service. His alleged victims were divided about fifty-fifty between civilian mariners and sworn Service personnel—all but one of whom were under subpoena as hostile, or at least involuntary witnesses. The ship on which these alleged offenses took place had traveled from the mining colony on New Hamburg, and had actually made planetfall at Alpha Centauri VII. This was a heavily populated planet with a major Space Service base dirtside, plus the very large port facilities on its artificial satellite. There was no reason for a board to be convened on Gamma IV, unless the Service were trying to keep it under wraps.

In the back of my mind another little warning light went on, because I could sense some SM implications, although the bureaucratic wording made only obtuse reference to any of the facts. But there were a number of political alliances within the upper echelons of the Space Service, and at the moment a contest for supreme command was going on between men who were my friends, and others who were not—not enemies either—not exactly, but decidedly not friends. My own proclivities were certainly known to all of them, so this hearing might be a trap for me, rather than merely a review to determine if the defendant should face court-martial.

I didn't like it, but I had my orders. Up to the hour when the board convened, I had been unable to glean many additional facts, except for a rather strange admonition from my immediate superior, the quadrant commander. "For the good of the Service, all details of this inquiry are to be submitted directly to me—no info copies to anyone else. No media. All participants—court personnel as well as defendant, witnesses, clerks and guards—are subject to Security Regulation Ultra 73.662." This meant they'd all but cut your balls off if you contributed in any way to a breach of security.

**O**ur first session was devoted mostly to the formalities and technicalities that are unavoidable in any Space Service court, especially where the tryers of fact are not trained lawyers. Finally, specifications of the proposed charges were read well after the midsession break. To my consternation they were entirely concerned with homosexual SM misconduct, and they took nearly an hour to read. Of course, gaysex per se had been approved behavior in the Service for almost 300 years. In fact, once it had been decided to eliminate women from Space Service vessels, male-to-male sexual proclivities had been an unwritten qualification for acceptance. It appeared that the prosecution was seeking an indictment on the grounds that Midshipman Forrester had "forced, coerced and abused his sexual partners," and from the wording of the specifications it appeared he might well have done just that. "A man after my own heart," I thought. I also wanted time to think about it, so immediately after the reading of these proposed charges, I noted that our time was up, rapped the gavel and adjourned the session. Because all discussion of the case out-

side the hearing room was prohibited, I went to bed that sleep period without even the opportunity to share any thought with my fellow board members. But the prospect of all the testimony to come had aroused me sufficiently that I bound my orderly to the X cross in my quarters, gave his firm little buns an artistically sound thrashing, then fucked him raw before I had alleviated the pressures in my balls to a point where I could drift off to sleep.

**A**t the beginning of the second session the prosecutor called his first witness. This was Ensign Xavier R. Hudson, a tall, strikingly handsome man with blond hair and beard, slate-grey eyes and a bubbling sense of humor which somehow managed to emerge despite the austerity of the proceedings. I noted that his elective age of 29 Earth normal, and that he had been in the Service for 16 standard years—making him well overdue for promotion. Judging by the well-stretched pouch on his Service blacks, he was more than adequately endowed. I forced myself not to stare at him, because in truth my own pouch was stretching out until I found myself scooting my chair a bit farther under the table, to make sure my attraction remained concealed. In my own defense I must note that I seldom reacted in such a manner to a junior officer, but I rarely came into contact with such a delightful combination of looks and personality—so perfectly meshed with my own subjective desires. This man might almost have been designed to my specifications.

Perhaps because of my attraction to Hudson, I made it difficult for the prosecutor to badger him. The man was obviously reluctant to testify against Midshipman Forrester, claiming not to remember various activities. In a clumsy attempt to assist the witness in his evasions, the defense advocate implied a "mental lapse, perhaps resulting from a combination of fatigue and sundry emotional conflicts." Hudson seemed to pick up on this, and cleverly responded accordingly. Thus, when it became apparent that no significant testimony was going to be elicited by regular verbal interrogation, I had no choice but to assent to the prosecutor's demand, and authorize an involuntary mindscan—"not to elicit testimony willfully withheld, but to assist the witness in recalling facts outside his conscious memory."

To this point, it had simply been established that Forrester had drawn duty as second watch sentinel. This meant that he had been the second in the series of officers who remained conscious while the rest of the ship's personnel was in deepsleep. It was his duty to safeguard the vessel, and to awaken the captain or whatever other personnel he deemed necessary if there should be the need. Instead, he had awakened Ensign Hudson without proper authorization, thereby violating a second-level regulation—in civilian terms, committed a misdemeanor. That much had been admitted by the witness, but beyond this he parried the prosecutor's questions—and did it so well that nothing significant emerged. It was also a fairly well-established practice for a watch sentinel to waken one of his shipmates to share the time with him. Being the only conscious man on a vessel deep in space was not just lonely. To many it was frightening—actually psychologically disturbing—and for this reason the regulation prohibiting "unauthorized awakening" was generally ignored unless the man in question objected.

If such were, in fact, the only provable "crime," a mindscan would be a terrible assault on the privacy of this witness—of any



witness, really, as evidenced by the rigid safeguards imposed upon anyone who used it. The results were automatically highly classified, and nothing gleaned from such a scan could ever be used as evidence against the subject in either a court of law or in a military evaluation. For anyone authorized to observe the scan, it was tantamount to a breach of upper-level security to reveal any information gained from it. (And I do so here, only because I know my notes will never be read by anyone but myself.)

Only a highly trained psychotech can operate the machine, which looks rather like a large sarcophagus. It is actually a vertical flotation tank in which the subject is suspended, nude, in a warm, viscous fluid. His head is secured to a rack, and is the only part of his body not emersed. Through a complicated maze of tiny electronic components, the operator induces his subject mentally to recall whatever experience is being investigated. The resultant series of visual images are converted into electrical impulses which can be viewed on a video screen along with the auditory recall. If the memory under investigation is fresh, and the subject reasonably intelligent, the resulting images are quite graphic, although the sound is often distorted.

The machine was permanently stored in an alcove off the hearing room, because it would otherwise become station gossip if it were suddenly wheeled in during a session. Bad enough that the tech had to be summoned. For some reason, I detected almost a relief in Ensign Hudson's demeanor when I made the order for his mindscan. The defendant, on the other hand, had become visibly agitated.

There was a profound silence, as if every man in the hearing room was holding his breath, when Hudson stripped to enter the tank. His body was every bit as magnificent as his face and uniformed appearance had suggested. The definition of chest and torso formed an exquisite anatomical sculpture, as did the rounded curves of his buttocks and the lean, hard contours of his legs. He had very little body hair, except in the center of his chest and—of course—about his groin; but there was a light blond fuzz over most of his extremities and down the center of his beautifully corded abdomen. His genitals were even more breathtaking than I had expected. Quite dark against the ruddy, healthy glow of his thighs, his penis hung in a slightly drooping curve over the deep extension of his sac. His foreskin covered the cockhead loosely, permitting the slightly moistened tip to protrude through the folds. The testicles were large and full, suspended like a pair of rounded weights within the beet-red scrotum.

He seemed not the least embarrassed to display himself, and calmly permitted the psychotech to guide him into the machine. However, the defense counsel made a point of asking the board to observe that the witness bore no scars or lacerations upon his body. Since no evidence had yet been introduced to imply that such might exist, I found the request intriguing, to say the least. And, it was duly noted that no such

marks existed, after the witness had obediently displayed all surfaces of his body to the court.

About twenty minutes elapsed before the subject was settled and the prosecutor's first questions were relayed by the tech. Almost immediately the initial images began to form on the screen. These were, naturally, restricted to the sights and sounds recorded in Hudson's mind, through his own eyes and ears. In other words, we saw and heard only what he had directly observed, and only from his angle of vision or audition.

First we saw the outline of the sleepcover being withdrawn, and the clearly recognizable features of the defendant looking down at him—all quite sharply focused for a man just emerging from deepsleep. A hand was extended, and the witness's own arm rose into his line of vision to accept the other's help in emerging from the container. We then had a full view of Midshipman Forrester, who stood before the witness completely nude, except for a black leather guardsman's harness forming

an X across his chest, and attaching to a wide belt at the waist. He also seemed to wear a wide, gleaming metal band around his genitals. At first we caught only a glimpse of this, but Hudson must have been fascinated enough to focus his attention on the area, because we were soon treated to an amazingly clear image that lasted at least thirty seconds.

Compared to the witness, Midshipman Forrester was an anticlimax for me. That is not to say he was an unattractive man, but he was shorter and more compact. His body was heavier, and he had a generally darker aspect...swarthy skin with thick black hair covering his chest, lower arms and legs. He was muscular, firm and well contoured, but stocky and seemed almost muscle-bound in his movements. His face was pleasant and deceptively boyish, however, with China-blue eyes that gave him an almost-innocent, incongruous expression. He was well endowed, although his cock tended not to be as showy as Hudson's pulling up to lie atop the rounded mass of his balls. His heavier growth of hair also tended to depreciate the size of his genitals.

Suddenly, he was out of Hudson's line of sight, and we could see only the row of sleep containers in the antiseptic atmosphere of the barracks. But we heard the witness quite clearly when he asked: "What are you doing with my hands? Why... why are you binding me? Hey, hey, cut it out!"

"Too late," replied the midshipman. "Don't worry, I'm going to take good care of you."

"We could see the images shift as Forrester guided his prisoner through several corridors, and eventually into the recreation area, where he stopped before some exercise equipment. There had been a garbled conversation back and forth between them, the main gist of which seemed to be that Forrester was in command. In my best judgment, it did not appear that Hudson had made any violent, or even strong objection. The tech noted for the record, though, that the "subject's strong mental turmoil" accounted for the poor audio quality.

There was a round, barrel-shaped piece of equipment





directly in center screen now. I recognized it as the standard abdominal firmer. The user had only to crawl into it, lie flat, and turn it on to get a good workout from nips to crotch. But Hudson's vision carried us over the top, and suddenly swung down the far side. This was accompanied by a grunting sound, as his body had apparently been pushed belly-down on top of the barrel. We could hear him protest something about his feet, and a few moments later we had an awkward upward view as he watched the midshipman approach with a rope. This seemed to go around the neck, and after another few seconds we saw the floor and an upside-down view of the barrel's underside. We could also see a pair of hands working to secure the rope onto the base of the machine.

Through the pounding of the witness's own pulse against his ears, we could hear the defendant taunting him, boasting that he was "going to whip his ass, just so he'd realize who was boss." This was followed by a sharp crackle of something striking flesh; and Hudson must have closed his eyes, because the screen went black. But we could hear him cry out several times, begging his assailant to "ease up," to "let me go, and I won't make any report about it."

The whipping sounds grew louder and more regular, as the image on the screen swung wildly. We could see the rope grow taut, then slacken as the floor and side of the barrel alternately flashed before us. The more softly spoken demands for release gave way to cries of pain, and finally to almost bestial shrieks as the beating apparently grew more severe. After this, the time frame became confused, as the witness seemed to lose his previously well-ordered perceptions. There was a confusion of frenzied pleading, hard, resounding smacks of leather against the tight skin of his ass, and finally an almost sobbing agreement on Hudson's part, something to the effect: "Yes, Sir; I accept your mastery. I'll obey you."

There followed a blurred sequence, during which I could see a couple of flashes that appeared to be a punishment collar. Then the room seemed to move down, as the ensign was raised to his feet. We had a clear view of Forrester, who had now donned a pair of formal uniform boots—gleaming black leather, reaching to just below the knee. He also displayed the palm of his left hand, where the ring controls for the collar were apparent as he assured his captive that a simple pressure of his thumb could bring on excruciating pain. He must have demonstrated this, as we could see: first, the movement of his thumb against the inside curve of metal, then a frenzied blur as Hudson reacted.

We could hear Forrester's commands that the ensign get onto his knees, and we could see the toe of his boot as the prisoner was forced to lick the leather. It was difficult to estimate what effect all of this was having on my fellow board members, but I knew that my own arousal was such I would never have dared stand up from the table. I also observed some uncomfortable squirming among the court personnel. The screen now showed the other boot, already cleaned and polished, but suddenly shimmering from moisture as it was licked over its entire length. After several more minutes, the hairy surface along the inside of Forrester's thigh hairs becoming moist, depressed into swirls as the tongue moved higher, finally reaching the groin. From the underside, the midshipman's erect penis loomed huge and dark, the balls a great spherical mass at the base. Crisp black hair curled about the single globe comprising the thick-skinned sac and its paired contents, now appearing as one solid entity.

We were now face-to-face with the flaring cockhead, a moist purple-red eye leering out through the heavy folds of foreskin. From this perspective, at least, it appeared much larger than I might have expected from my earlier glimpses of its contour in repose. Then Hudson's lips had seized it, and we were carried with him as he traveled its length, the shield of pubic hair drawing closer, receding, close again until it blurred, wide shaft gleaming more brightly as the captive's saliva coated its surface.

Abruptly, unexpectedly, there was a violent flashing across the screen, as if a transmitter had been suddenly short-

circuited. Then, out of the confusion emerged a clear picture of some teenaged boys cavorting along the side of a suburban street. Two of them grabbed a third, while the fourth—through the eyes of the witness—grabbed the restrained youth's belt, quickly unfastened it and pulled his pants down to his knees. The boy's cock flopped into view, already half erect, as a chorus of shouts and laughter resounded in the background. He had no underwear to preserve his dignity, and his friends were chiding him for it...exposing his secret.

"My apologies, Sir," said the psychotech, as he severed the connection and allowed the screen to go blank. He started to remove the cover from the tank. "That is all we can do for the moment," he said. "The witness is showing unusually severe signs of fatigue. In fact, I would suggest he not be subjected to the scan any further. He seems extraordinarily susceptible, and he could sustain neurological damage."

"Thank you, Chief," I said, fixing the prosecutor with as stern a glare as I could muster, for in truth I was painfully erect and probably dripping half a load into my own pouch. "Now, Sir," I intoned harshly, "since you have seen fit to subject this board to a revolting, pornographic invasion of this man's most private and intimate thought patterns, perhaps you will be kind enough to enlighten us. Precisely what first-level crime are you attempting to prove? I trust you did not come before a seven-man panel of senior officers to charge a midshipman with unauthorized breaking of a sleep cycle, or to revile us with the private sexual conduct of two subalterns."

Commodore," stammered the prosecutor, "if I may respectfully submit, it seems apparent to me that the display we have just seen—revolting to be sure—is clear evidence that the defendant forcibly inflicted himself on the witness. That would constitute rape, and that—I believe—is a first-level crime."

During this exchange, Ensign Hudson had emerged from the tank. He stood, still nude, to one side of the cubicle as the tech used a warm air cleaner on him. The thick fluid from the tank was being rapidly removed, but it left his skin with a glowing blush of color. His cock, which he made little attempt to conceal, was still in the process of softening. His own artificially evoked memories had apparently affected him at least as strongly as they had me (and probably the other members of the board). I was about to throw another verbal block into the prosecutor, when the defense advocate finally came to life.

"If the Court please," he began, and I reluctantly broke my gaze to focus on him—a short, redheaded man with pleasant, rather pale features. "If I may be permitted to ask the witness one question, which he can answer with 'yes' or 'no,' we might save the court a great deal of time."

Glancing across at the naked witness, I decided that his lack of clothing did not serve to ruffle his aplomb and nodded assent to the attorney. "You may answer this one question," I told the ensign. "And please remember you are still under oath."

"Yes, Sir," replied the witness.

"Ensign Hudson," began the lawyer. "Please answer with a simple 'yes' or 'no.' Did Midshipman Forrester commit any act upon you, or force you to commit any act upon him that was not voluntary on your part?"

The witness flashed a smile across the distance between himself and the defense table, slowly shaking his head. "No, Sir," he replied at length. "I wasn't forced to do anything against my will."

The prosecutor erupted violently, shouting at the witness. "You mean to tell this court that you were subjected to all the..."

"That will do, Commander," I said. "The Court will take the witness's statement, as well as your objection, under advisement. And we will also adjourn for lunch." I smacked my gavel down, and started to push my chair away from the table. But looking down at my crotch, I thought better of it and remained seated, shuffling the papers in front of me, and pretending to make some notes in the margins. Military courtesy required the other board members to remain seated until I had gotten up and made my unobstructed way to the exit. "That's all, gentle-



men," I said with a wave of my hand. "You may leave. I want to make a few more notes.

As my fellow officers pushed back their chairs and spoke softly among themselves in leaving the room, I allowed my gaze to wander once again toward the witness, who was just patting himself dry with a towel. It had been years since I had felt this degree of attraction to another man, and I knew I would somehow find a way to consummate the desire still rising so desperately in my loins.

The afternoon session involved the swearing-in of a succession of witnesses, whom the prosecutor had intended to interrogate under mindscan as he had done with Ensign Hudson. However, the defense advocate had learned quickly from the previous exchange and demanded that each be asked the single question: "Did the defendant subject you to any act to which you objected, or did he force you to commit any act upon his body which you did not do voluntarily?" In every instance the answer was "No." This took the wind out of the little weasel's sails, because it left me with no option but to refuse his request for the procedure. Finally, after the seventh potential witness had been dismissed—subject to recall—I asked if all the prosecution witnesses could be expected to reply in a similar manner, reminding the prosecutor that all the board members were busy men, whose time should not be wasted on such an ill-prepared attempt to bind a man over for trial.

(In all fairness I should note that Commander Blake, the prosecuting officer, had been on my shit list for years. He disapproved of sexual contact between officers and enlisted men at any time, and even felt that officers of diverse rank should refrain from sex with each other unless they were in duty situations where no other outlets were available. A rat-faced little twit with no physical attributes to recommend him as a sexual object, he took out his frustrations on anyone he could. I had made several subtle attempts to get him transferred out of my command, but no one else wanted him. Even his reputation as an attorney was not outstanding, which was probably why the powers-that-be had asked me to appoint him prosecutor.)

But to give the devil his due, Blake picked up quickly on my challenge. With a broad grin on his features, he replied that he had one witness who had not been "so misled by the defendant as to lose all sense of moral judgment." He called Midshipman Michael J. Segovia to the stand.

Although the young man who now entered was so pretty he had to have been the product of genetic engineering, I did not react as strongly as I had to Ensign Hudson. But I still reacted. Segovia was genuinely young, only 25 according to his service record, but he had elected to hold at 20. His smooth, boyish features reflected an almost-feminine beauty. He was short, apparently well built, although slender. His hair was a brownish auburn, typical of northern Spain, and his eyes were a vibrant, almost startling green. His complexion was light, but glowed as

if from a healthy sun tan. He regarded the board through long, dark lashes that might almost have been artificial. As he raised his hand to salute, I noticed the long, thick fingers, which undoubtedly correlated with a lengthy thickness elsewhere.

I returned to his salute, and he was promptly sworn in. Blake hovered beside the witness chair during these formalities, rubbing his hands together as he eagerly awaited the moment when he could take charge.

"Ensign Segovia," he began, "are you acquainted with Midshipman Forrester?"

"I'm a midshipman," replied the witness.

"Yes, yes; but please answer the question," blustered the prosecutor.

"I am acquainted with the defendant. Intimately acquainted," he answered.

"And this...er...intimate acquaintance," continued Blake, "Was this entirely voluntary?"

"Objection!" shouted the defense. "Acquaintances in the Service are seldom voluntary."

"Sustained," I replied. "Mr. Blake, please rephrase your question."

"Midshipman Segovia, did you have intimate sexual relations with Midshipman Forrester?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Were these sexual relations voluntary on your part?" urged the prosecutor.

Segovia hesitated. "Not all of them," he replied at length.

Blake sighed uncomfortably. "Can you describe those which were not voluntary?" he asked.

"Objection!" from the defense advocate. "If the Board pleases, it would be taking the actions out of context to imply certain acts were involuntary when the entire exchange apparently involved bondage—into which the witness may well have entered on his own volition."

"This is a hearing, not a trial," I admonished the two lawyers. "I think this Board is capable of sifting through the facts. I am going to allow Mr. Blake's line of questioning, but I am also going to request that this Board be given a complete picture of witness's association with the defendant."

"Subject to its being stricken if it proves irrelevant?" asked the defense.

I agreed, and the questioning continued. In effect, Midshipman Segovia's testimony went as follows (with lawyers' interruptions deleted):

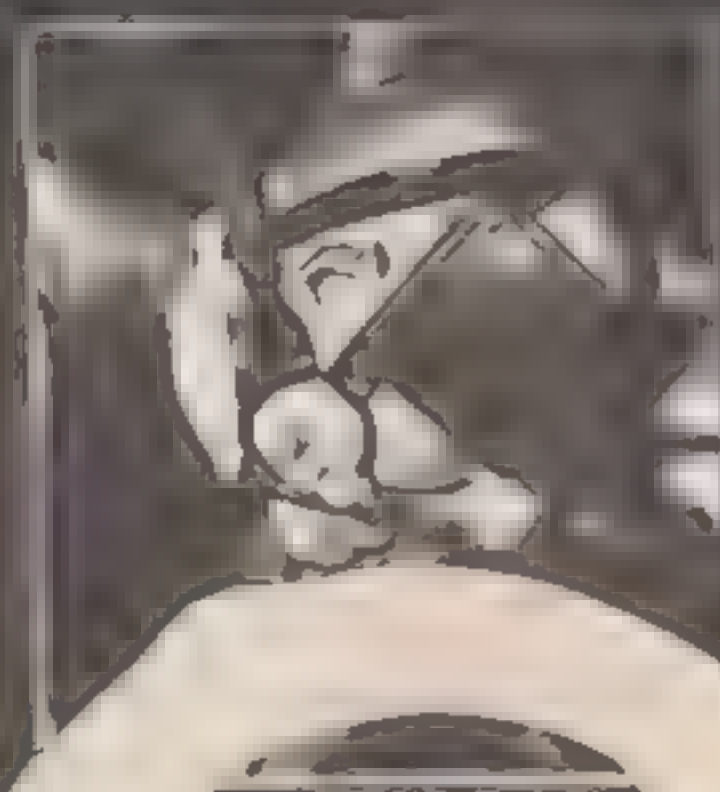
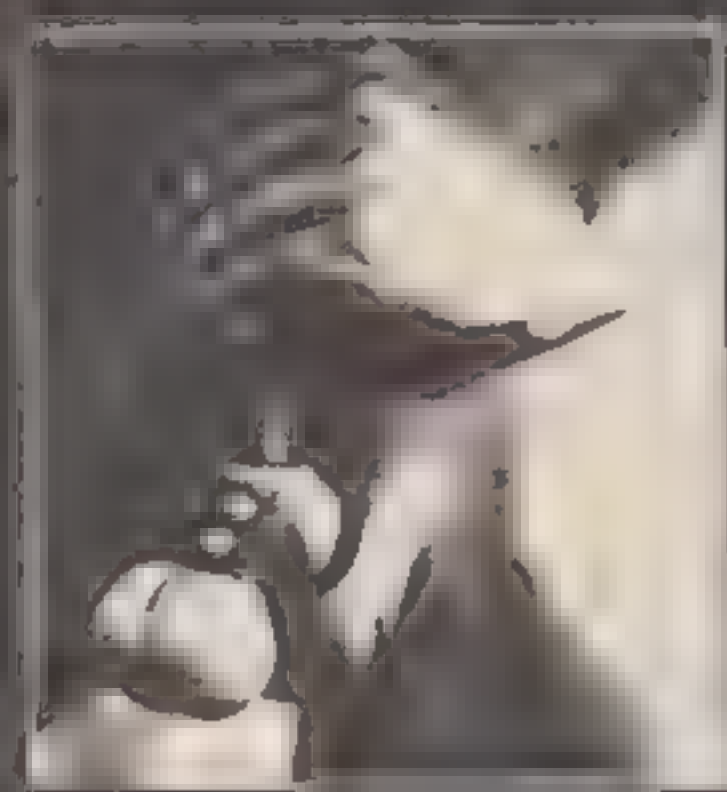
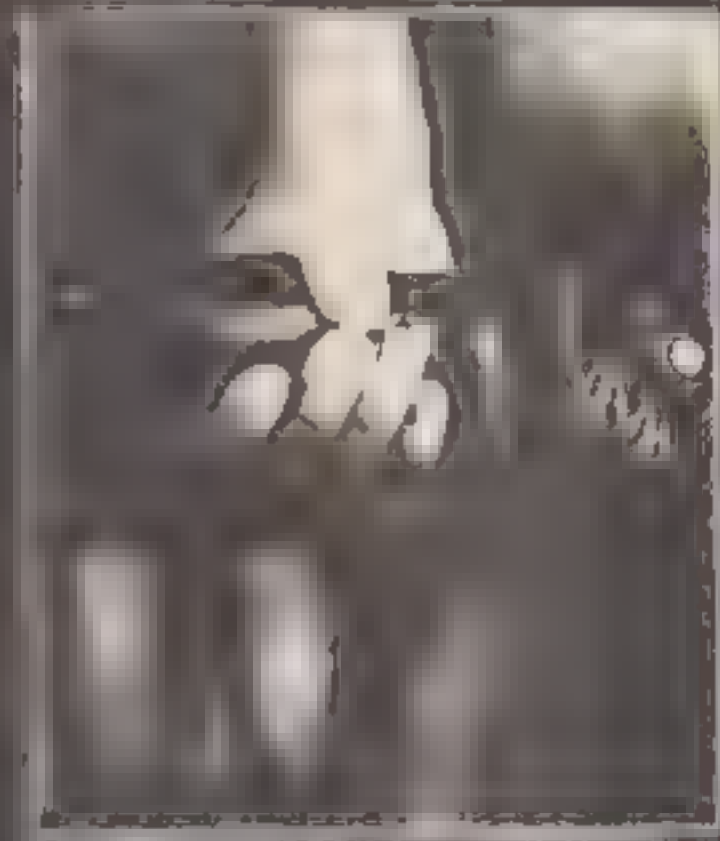
"I first met Midshipman Forrester when we were on the shuttle, being ferried out to the Scarpa Flow. He had been assigned a few months before, and was coming back from leave. I was reporting in...newly assigned. We were the only passengers on the final leg of the flight, by ourselves in the officers' lounge when he let it be known he was interested in me...sexually. He asked if I'd like to 'make it' with him, and then he grabbed my codpiece in such a hard grip he almost frightened me, but it also turned me on so completely, I didn't even hesitate to tell him I'd do anything he wanted me to. He laughed, then went and locked the door to make sure the





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steward didn't come back, then he stripped me. He was wearing semidress black, with full boots and buster brown, and he kept these on... just removed his tie and jacket. When I was naked, he ordered me onto my knees and told me to hold my hands behind my back, as if they were tied together. In fact, he made a remark about really tying them if I didn't keep them where he told me

"This was the first time I had ever had sex like this, I mean, with the implied bondage and all, and it was very exciting to me. I did everything he told me, opened his fly with my teeth and pulled out his penis with my tongue. I was fairly inexperienced, and without being able to use my hands as I would ordinarily have done, I couldn't restrict the depth of his penetration. He was choking me with his penis, but he grabbed my arms when he thought I was going to move them. Then he spent quite a long time teaching me how to swallow his cock without gagging. He... he's quite well endowed

"When I had him all very slick and heavily coated, because of all the phlegm he made me cough up, he had me lie over the back of one chair with my butt lifted up high. Then he held my hands together behind my back, and just by the force of his own erection, he probed for my anus and slipped into me. This was just before we were ready to dock, and he was still fucking me when the ready light went on, and they shut down the antigrav. I was afraid we'd lock onto the ship while I was still naked, but... well, it felt so good I didn't care. We floated up off the floor, with him hanging onto me. We turned over and over, but he never let loose. Then I ejaculated... all alone, without touching myself. I guess he did, too, because all of a sudden he was angry with me, threatened to 'whip the shit out of me' if I didn't clean up the mess. 'Course, my jism had floated all over the place, and he wouldn't let me get dressed until I'd licked it all up, made me climb all around the cabin, naked, on my hands and knees... him with his belt out of his pants now, snapping it at me. I was still so hot it didn't matter. I did just what he told me

"Well, I managed to get dressed in time and all, and I really wanted to get together with him again right away. Only, he didn't seem very interested in me, once we got on board the flow. I knew he was getting it on with half the men in the crew—both Service guys and civilians... enlisted, officers; it didn't matter. And he made fun of me..." (After some prodding by the defense, Segovia admitted that he had been in love with the defendant, who did not respond until Segovia found himself being awakened on the homeward flight, much as Hudson had been. His account picked up again at this point, after I had assured him that we wanted an accurate description of the events, and were not concerned with the lack of decorous language in his statement.)

"He had a punishment collar around my neck before I was fully awake, and he gave me a jolt to make me haul ass out of the sleep tank. He was naked, except for a harness and boots, and he was just as mean as hell... scared me, so I didn't argue with him—not at first, anyway. I just did what he told me, because I was afraid not to

"Yes, Sir. I have to admit I was excited, too. And yes, I had an erection when he made me walk down the corridor to the rec room. I let him put shackles on my wrists, and I stood quietly while he inspected the other guys he already had strung up there... three, so far

"Yes, Sir, we were all naked, just like we'd come from the sleep tanks and two of the guys were tied together. Forrester took me up to the third guy—that was Ensign Hudson, and he made me stand tight up against him. We both had our hands cuffed behind our backs, and he tied us together at the neck, then reached between us and snapped metal rings around our balls, and fastened these together, too. He took a pair of leather belts and buckled one onto the other, then used the whole thing to strap around our waists. There was no way we could get apart

"No, Sir. I can't say I was unwilling or displeased up to this



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out of me if I said the wrong thing, so I told him I liked it, that I was enjoying every minute of it. My gut still hurt like hell, but gradually most of the air worked its way out of me.

"About this time, I could see that a couple of the guys weren't doing too well. Forrester had only given me a couple of nutrient caps when he took me out of the sleep pod, and I don't think he'd given any of the others any more than that. We'd only been in deepsleep for a few weeks, but I could feel my energy slipping, too. We really did need something to build up the blood sugar, and I wondered if Forrester was going to realize it before someone conked out on him. I was afraid to say anything, but if it had gone on much longer I probably would have.

"Finally though, he gave Hudson the keys to the shackles—all except for the punishment collars—and had him turn everybody loose. He marched us in formation down to the dining hall. Everyone had to sit at 'attention' around one of the tables, except for me. I had to dial up wine and food from the dispenser and serve the others...all the time crawling on my knees and calling everyone 'Sir.' He ordered the others to eat 'square meals' like plebes in the academy, where a guy has to sit rigidly in his chair, looking straight ahead, and lift each forkful up vertically from the dish until it's level with his mouth, then straight forward to eat it.

"I hadn't gotten anything for myself, and I had to kneel on the floor off to the side, while everyone else was eating and drinking. Forrester was sitting at the head of the table, and when he finished he swung his chair around to face me. He was naked, of course, like I told you, except for the harness and boots. He asked me if I was thirsty, and I told him I was. He had me dial up a fresh liter of wine and bring it to him—gave me a medium hard jolt through the nuts, because he said I was too slow.

"When he had the wine carafe in his hand, he made me kneel between his legs. He lifted the whole container to his lips and started to drink from it, purposely letting a lot of it run down the front of his body. Then he told me to lick it off. That this was all I was going to get to drink. I had to run my tongue all over the hair on his chest and belly. He shoved my head down into his crotch, where the wine had collected in his pubes. Finally, he stood up and poured some of the wine into a glass. He stuck his cock into this, and made me lick it off. And while his penis was still in my mouth, he kept dribbling the wine onto the base of it, so it ran down the shaft and onto my tongue. He kept reminding me it was all I was going to get to drink, so I'd better enjoy it.

"He actually gave me quite a bit, because I could really feel it, even more since I didn't get anything to eat. His cock had started to get hard while I sucked the wine off and he made me work on it until it was up all the way. He really gets big when he's completely hard—much bigger than you'd think, just to look at it when it's soft.

"'You want something to eat, cocksucker?' he asked me.

"When I told him I did, he just laughed at me...pulled his dick out of my mouth and smacked it down on the table a couple of times, then rammed it back into me. 'That's all the meat you're going to get,' he told me, and he grabbed the back of my head and made me deep-throat him until I thought I was going to strangle on it. Tears were running down my cheeks, and it was all I could do not to gag up the wine.

"And he must have been more carried away than he thought, because he forgot about the punishment controls on the inside of the rings. He was wearing them on almost every finger, because everyone was locked into a collar—paired in tandem, so that he could control all twelve guys, even though it that meant jolting each of the two, even if only one deserved it. Anyway, all of a sudden the guys started shouting out in pain, and half of them tumbled onto the deck because he'd depressed the buttons when he grabbed the back of my head.

That didn't seem to bother him. He just stepped back and laughed, working the controls and making everyone jump around in pain—me included. He stopped, eventually, and ordered us back into marching formation. Only this time he

made us stay on our knees. He must have really gotten off on it, because he was still hard as a rock when he started us down the corridor—twelve naked guys, all with punishment collars around our necks, made to crawl on our knees to the brig.

"As I guess you know, the brig on the *Flow* wasn't very extensive. In fact, because of space requirements the three cells were used for storage. At the time, they were full of cases. The steel-barred doors were closed and locked, though, so he ordered me to break out the irons from the locker beside the cells, and to secure each guy's hands behind his back. Then he had me use some rope and tie each guy to the bars by his cock and balls. I'd just finished doing this when one of the civilians—a big, burly guy with lots of hair on his body, name of Harris or Harrison... Anyway, he got mad about this time, and started shouting at Forrester. Called him a sick asshole, and said if he wanted to have sex with someone he ought to bring up one or two, not so many he couldn't handle them all.

"I was afraid Forrester was going to get mad and let him have it through the punishment collar. If he had, the guy might have really gotten hurt, because if he fell his whole body weight was going to pull down on his nuts. But Forrester just laughed at him, and asked him what he was going to do about it. He took the crop he'd carried down from the rec room and worked the guy's back and ass something fierce. That quieted him down...actually gave him a hard-on, so I guess he wasn't too bad off."

I interrupted the account at this point, remarking that even if all the testimony given by the witness Segovia were true, the behavior of Midshipman Forrester did not constitute a prosecutable crime in the absence of complaints by the alleged victims. I asked Segovia if he wished to file such a complaint, since he appeared to be the only alleged victim who would even testify. I fully expected him to answer affirmatively.

To my surprise, he fixed me with a solemn gaze through those hypnotically green eyes and slowly shook his head. "No, Sir, I do not wish to lodge a complaint."

The captain who sat to my right cleared his throat and looked at me for permission to address the witness. I told him to go ahead.

"Midshipman," he began, "it is difficult for me to understand why you went through all of this testimony, several times indicating your displeasure at what happened to you, and then telling us you don't wish to file a complaint? Could you enlighten the Board as to your reasons for this?"

The pretty little man looked down at his feet. "I testified as I did, Sir, because I was sworn to tell the truth."

"But did not Midshipman Forrester commit acts upon you, or force you to commit acts upon others that you did not wish to do?" urged the captain.

"At the time I didn't think I wanted to do them, Sir; but now I realize I really did want it all to happen."

Another captain, second down on my left interjected in a kindly tone: "Are you in love with Midshipman Forrester, son?"

"I think I was, Sir, early on, but..."

I glanced at the chronometer on the wall behind the witness, and noted that it was past the time we should have adjourned. "Midshipmen," I said, "it is time to terminate this session, but I wish before we do so that you would tell us simply, in your own words, why you do not wish to file charges against Midshipman Forrester."

"Because I'm in love with Ensign Hudson," he blurted. He looked up at me sharply, then, and I could see the glint of tears in his emerald eyes.

I think all of us on the Board were thoroughly confused by Segovia's unexpected answer. But it was time to pack it in, and I rapped the gavel, hoping that the next session would begin to make some sense. □

Be sure to catch the final installment of Board of Inquiry by Larry Townsend in Drummer 101.



# CHORUS FOR A PSALM

by JASON KLEIN

**D**aniel is my brother, my lover. He is the first man who let me enjoy being buried alive in the sand. My slaves are all numbered. My master has yet to be identified. He will be the first man to make me suffer being buried up to my neck in the ground for longer than I want until I know exactly who is in control, who I have delivered myself unto, and who I worship for having given me the experience, along with an opportunity to write about it.

We sat on a darkening shore, Daniel finding gruesome faces on the pebbles there and all of us bursting, laced.

"Each one looks more rotten," Debbie laughed

"Dracula withering," I agreed.

The sunset cracked our indifference, glowing and flaring behind the confident flight of birds crossing the marsh with a broader vision than my own, but possibly less imagination. I no more created my language than the birds did. I am only my tongue's product, subject to the realities it has convinced me of. Birds may have as much imagination as I do, but with fewer words to describe it, fix it and modify it. I admire this basic honesty of animals. Whether or not they chose it is immaterial.

In the final twilight, Daniel had me showing him how to skip stones across the lake's agitated hide, and strange as it seems, I suddenly felt like a boy feeling like a man for the first time in his life. I have never felt that way before even though social evolution through an originally distracted, modified, then repressed homosexuality intensified by the sanctification of reproduction. Am I my own evidence? Is my theory of behavioral neoteny universal to humanity or merely autobiographical?

Human behavior is largely inherited, partly through tradition, partly through genetics. Each behavioral trait (sexuality, aggression, intelligence, sociability and aesthetics—perceptual selectivity) begins as a polygenetic response pattern, an action potential generated and shaped by a multitude of genes, then modified by its biological and cultural environment. The degree to which the environment influences these genetic potentials depends on the intensity with which the genes collectively work to express themselves, some being extremely pliable, some equally obdurate, most of them variably definitive.

Within any human population, these polygenetic behaviors vary with the individual, but only within a spectrum of qualities ranging from one extreme to another (heterosexual to homosexual, submissive to dominating, idiot to genius, social to antisocial, monotonous to extravagant) with varying degrees of intermediate qualities (bisexual, compromising, perceptive, hospitable, discerning) lying between those considered to be opposite one another. Where any one individual lies along one

of these spectrums and how the society orients toward that portion of the spectrum determines whether the individual's growth will be healthy or neurotic.

Since humans think dichotomously, human societies orient to many of these spectrums as if only their extremes existed, one inevitably rewarded while the other is inescapably punished. Since the majority of the population lies within the intermediate range, most people are distorted by this dichotomous treatment, their psyche fragmented, and the fragments selectively reinforced.

When I had him so he was about to shit, I tied him up so he hurt and could not easily control his ass. Then I told him, "You will not shit on that floor."

He needed to piss.

"Nor will you wet yourself."

He grew furiously on the verge of crying.

"Until I order you to. You will piss and shit when I tell you to."

Human society first separates the individual into what is human and what is animal, punishing the animal while glorifying the human. The human is then divided into masculine and feminine, the social environment malnourishing one sexual identity while fostering the other according to the individual's genitals, often with some incidence of sexual confusion or transsexualism. Usually masculinity exaggerates the men while femininity dulls the women as a background for masculine theatrics.

At the same time that the androgynous "manape" is being split into masculine or feminine humans, what remains of the individual's behavior is also separated into normal and abnormal. Behaviors that do not fit the contrived norm are riddled with fears and guilts while conventional attitudes are emotionally reinforced.

If the individual survives this level of oppression long enough to reach puberty, its emerging sexuality is then divided into the perverse and the sanctified. Perverse acts are criminalized and often punishable by death while the sanctified acts flourish in a neurotic manner, anxiety-ridden by previous oppressions. Sexual potentials are undermined and strictly controlled, but the sexual urge is not easily discouraged and resists even the most brutal repression, thus also generating the most intense anxieties.

The end result is a breed of men alienated from a breed of women and each individual alienated from itself, each selectively nourished to grow in a distorted manner and trained to behave in the traditional fashion. This is how humans breed and domesticate their animals. This is how humans breed and domesticate their children and thus humanity itself.







His bone raged with the rest of him, fanatic with the attempt to control himself. I wondered if this was regressive, a synthetic neoteny or at least the fantasy of one, but before I could research it, I lost the idea inside another beating, mine as well as his, his bladder too frightened to control itself, his ass too final.

I understand the elimination of repulsions is necessary if the process of maturation is to complete itself. Their glorification is only erotically relevant.

Civilization works by making you feel small. It belittles your individuality, degrades you for deviating from the contrived norm, then shames you for having put your society through the bother. And you deserve it because you are a child and a damn nuisance. Suddenly it is a crime to do, have or want anything unless your society says you can. You resist at first, but by the time you've been potty-trained, you are serving your society forever.

Nobody enjoys serving their society. Fanatic or depressed, they do it because it is their duty and because life is too serious to enjoy, enshrined with solemn vows and whispered supplications.

Should you fail to appreciate the seriousness of serving, your society threatens you with criminalization and damnation. Frightened and feeling guilty, you remain obediently small. This is a power game. This is SM conventionalized into a style of living, societies where people are set against themselves and even more so against one another. It is mass neurosis in progress.

Sir,

The official story is that you dragged me from trashcan to trashcan and publicly beat the living worms out of me at every one of them, and now Wade isn't quite the same anymore. There is much truth in that with only a few changes to color certain people's green. Still black and blue over you—sounds like, feels like a song and dance routine at the edge of a jungle dripping with tortured bodies. Apocalypse. I'm howling, but nobody cares and all I can do is wet my pants in fear.

Forgive me. I'm laced at the moment. Being among the boys again, I'm secretly feeling very cocky, the way we were when leaving Tannhauser. Also, since you were concerned, Daniel seems very comfortable with you. Having met you, he realizes my trust in you is not poorly founded.

Miss you,  
Wade

P.S....I wrote this before I actually talked with JR and discovered you had already told him the battered details. He couldn't wait to see the bruises, so I saddled my kite and swung cross-town to his plate. I displayed them, I watched them with unprecedented pride and much hooting. Thank you, Sir.

He needs to remember me

Wives, children and dogs—all are slaves to a fierce sort of masculinity and a sad femininity. Occasionally the sad become fierce and overturn the male power structure. Sometimes fierce males have overturned female power structures. Which first overthrew the other is purely academic and not easily proven.

In many societies, all faces are expected to look up to men, but men caught eyeing other men are suspected of perversion, so the sanctified man eyes himself instead and through the women bred to mirror him. It is no secret that women are expected to act as sounding boards for male insecurities. The prevalence of male power structures suggests to some that the human male possesses an inherent advantage over the female. If this is true, what men have done with that advantage does not credit them with much maturity and further suggests the male is also more frightened, as neurotic as he is insecure about himself, especially through the invention of nonexistent dangers.

People are not desperate for power unless they are desperate to impress themselves and to intimidate others, usually because they are themselves easily intimidated—sometimes by a true

enemy, sometimes by the indifference of their world, often by that portion of themselves that has remained unknown, oppressed yet forever seeking to be realized.

In a heteroneurotic society, people of the same sex are not to look at one another without criticism. In a male-dominated society, masculine criticism is standardized as justice; feminine criticism standardized as idle gossip. In many of the societies before 2000 B.C. and some as late as 50 B.C., the masculine/feminine roles were completely reversed or at least more balanced (Research the documents from ancient Egypt, Sumer, Anatolia, Babylonia, the Minoans and ancient Ethiopia; also the histories of Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus and Sophocles).

My first impression of Lord Preston was that he was much taller than I had expected him to be, but not heavier which indicated to me he was a predator instead of a scavenger. I took every opportunity to inform him of what I liked by telling freely of my previous ordeals.

My second impression feared that Lord Preston would put me into shock. He belted my virgin shoulders so hard so immediately that I knew I had no hope of building delicate cruelties into architectures of pain. The temple automatically went up with the first smack of his belt breaking stars, the second smack bursting my appreciation, and the third screaming. I had no gag to bite into, no chains to pull, no ropes as much as I wanted them. The fourth and several more blows cut into my shoulders with no sensitivity to my own, and I had no excuse for it—no bondage, only a foolish submission. I had felt blows like these once before and feared going into shock even more than I feared the black and blue marks. Daniel and I have survived my bruises before.

Lord Preston's belt continued breaking me and my thoughts. I squeezed teeth and grabbed rubber corners, praying to no god that I would come out of this happier than I was. I wanted to cry, but I was too busy resisting the pain to submit to it.

Finally he stopped belting me, his fingertips rupturing along my beaming hide as he traced the muscles where I cringed. He whispered how beautiful they were and kissed me where it felt best. I sank under superficial idolizations dry with fear and crystallizing into worship before I even knew it, a second beating shattering any self-analysis I may have begun. I only knew that I saw a part of myself in Lord Preston though he was more powerful and my harmlessness more obvious.

With that thought, I angered and raged against the whipping pain, but he only cared about himself. When he finally stopped, I thought it best I express my concern.

"I thought you were heavy," he chided.

I sensed his smug eye behind me, wondering as he belittled my previous tales as bragging and labeled my heavy a strange sort of puff.

"Others have told me I'm heavy... intense. I am, but in other ways."

He could have smacked my insolence. Instead he grew excited by the knowledge that my shoulders had never been whipped before and that he was opening areas within me that had never been opened. I fed on his fever, and he wasted no time relentlessly beating me for the rest of the night as he led me from one trashcan to another. Lord Preston had a new dog to show.

Except that he prefers to think of us as stallions.

He lured me into his control with the prospect of his taking me out in a black leather collar and leather restraints, my back displaying his marks and my mouth gagged to keep me from bragging about them, my breathing always worried, my eyes less fierce. Instead he led me about without the gag and with a far subtler bondage. I resented it then, but how much more effective it was, his forcing me to serve the physical reinforcement I once, still find erotic.

My third impression of Lord Preston was that either I did what he wanted or I was in more trouble than I already was in. This impression was largely a projector of my own anticipations, but



soon fretted with the knowledge that this man could turn me into a bloody mush and I would love it. Definitely a less confident impression than the first and even the second impressions.

Then, a few trashcans later, the beatings began to feel good, orgasms of pain and fear blasting as I fought against ropes and chains while naked in front of strangers. Sometimes I feared my Lord's mood; sometimes I bathed in the sweat and the heat of his body embracing me, all of me in a cold terror though my flesh was hot with battered nerves. I exaggerated every sensation with frantic breathing, our bodies in love, his deep voice hungry at the vision of my marked muscles.

At the silky diner, the man wearing dead mice around his neck did not know what we were doing. At the Tannhauser, the heterosexuals knew and were amazed. They had gathered there at a convention for the liberation of sadomasochism from a nonconsensual oppression. The heterosexuals amazed me as much as we amazed them, many of the men having eroticized being punished for their transvestism, glorious with transsexual humiliation as they suffered—in a very reserved sort of way—for trying to be what they weren't. The air was heavy with guilt, some of it nervous, some of it smug.

Lord Preston eyed my eye and smiled, "This is very bizarre."

I laughed inside a stiff and tender body, fascinated by these people while crazy with a lust to be beaten again and the fear of where it was leading me. Before I could sadden, Lord Preston for the first time ordered me to strip in front of heterosexuals. Naked except for my socks, I was even more acutely aware of my nudity and remembered hearing of this tactic before. I breathed with an increasingly genuine dread, my belly tightening and pulsing while the tip of my peanut stung, needing to piss. I wanted some water.

As this man who was pretending to be my Master proceeded to bind me spread-eagle to a vertical grid, a mistress grabbed me from behind, kneading her claws into my elephants and munching in my ear, asking if I, poor thing, had been left there all alone. I turned my eyes away from her with all the pride of knowing who my real Master was and, for her information, eyed him. She asked the question again of Lord Preston and he politely dismissed her, then overwhelmed me with the most erotic beating of my life. He could have beat me until I only hung there blubbering, incapable of any resistance, physical or spiritual. He could have continued beating me even then until my raging bone finally spilled and I screamed, mindlessly roaring. He could have beat me further, but he didn't, knowing when to stop since he wanted me again and with as many marks on my body as he could leave without losing my affection.

He got more marks than either of us anticipated because he was too sensuous and I too crazy with it to say no as he pulled me out of the applause of heterosexuals into the biggest piss-drinking fistdrilling trashcan of them all. Again he ordered me to strip, chained my wrists to an overhead beam and, grabbing me by the hair, proceeded to beat my tender body, but so hard my rage was genuine again, yanking against his firm grip on my scalp, my terror loveless even as the crowd of grimy muscled men shook their cans and sprayed me with beer and soda. The belt was too angry for me to want it; my panic too cold. I exploded, hauling myself off the ground until suspended by flexed biceps, the rest of me twisting and struggling to deal with, then escape, rage at and finally submit to that belt until frantic to escape it again and again.

Every time he stopped, I rushed at his embrace and accepted his deep long kiss into my heavy breathing. Every time he beat me again, I had no time to wonder why.

He grabbed me in the middle of a fear and signaled he was done, releasing me. I grabbed a pole so I could remain standing, vaguely aware my pose was not as theatrical as I believed, shoulders and elephants radiating. His voice behind me praised my body, his mind anxious with how beautiful his marks were as I struggled back into my clothes. In a room where we were allowed to talk, he told me he only stopped because he caught himself losing control, crazy with the sight of me at the end of his belt. I told him he enjoyed beating me much harder in front





of wild men than among heterosexuals, then laughed defensively at a gush of unexpected pain. More secretly I resisted the growing urge to spare myself an emotional tangle between this man and Daniel. Lord Preston still alarms me and more so with every reevaluation of that night.

I think he caught me analyzing then. Suddenly he ordered me to pull my pants down and pushed me back onto the gametable. I worried as he chained my wrists to my throat and proceeded to whip my bags and bones with loops of thong. I adored it, then resented it, writhed and groveled under it, then screamed before adoring him again because he knew where to stop without lessening my fear of him.

When he was done, I grabbed his embrace, frantic to taste him and licking wherever he ordered me. He seemed to know I wanted his armpits and his crotch and sweaty socks. He pushed my face into all of them and allowed me to bathe my tongue and mind there. When he turned me around and brought my back into his chest, I risked driving my flaring elephants into his crotch and massaged between his thighs while my head sailed, wordless, thick with sensations while a flood of conflicting emotions hid behind my smile. I considered biting him, but decided this public was no protection. The crowd had already screamed for my blood while my Master was beating me for his own pleasure. They were hardly the sort to save me from his anger.

Lord Preston yawned, causing the naked man who had been watching us to fumble his bone and depart, indignantly astounded. I laughed, filling myself with the sensations at the back of my head rubbing the back of his.

Lord Preston brought me to bed with him. He wondered why I didn't want to take my socks off even as he began to do it for me. I told him it was too erotic keeping them on, mentioning I was drawn to them because of their label when a more honest response would have hooted that I wanted to keep them on because they clung to my feet with the filth from every floor he had beaten me over. I resorted to dishonesty in the fear of

sounding too romantic only to find I had failed to feed his ego and please him as I would have liked. I feared the loss of other interests and so risked the loss of Lord Preston.

For many people, the existence of a god is a reality when in truth there is no real evidence of any god, except as an ultimate extension of imaginary power structures.

When you pray, you are actively convincing yourself that a god does in fact exist. When you pray despite growing doubts, then you are hoping somebody else will take control of your life. When you are truly desperate to believe in god, then prayers sometimes "work," the intensity of that desperation drawing out of the individual potentials it never knew it had, and never will know, given its kind of faith and the faith of others feeding into that faith.

Miracles and "faith healings" are no proof of my god. They only prove desperate people can do more with their own mind and body than they think they can. It tells me they have been tricked into believing that their unrealized potential lies in another being, be it through possession by demons or through the grace of god. It also suggests that gods are hypertrophic manifestations of our innermost desires to be more than we are and that we worship our gods as intensely as we lust to worship ourselves. This phase of self-worship is necessary if the individual is ever to get over itself and mature with the energy to confront the business of a daily survival, preferably within a cooperative group effort seeking enough time to play as well as work together. Without work, we lose meaning. Without play, we lose our warmth and become too serious to love.

When I next woke, I frowned at the lack of rope around my hands and feet, but hardened happy in the warmth of Lord Preston's body curled round my own. He stirred, rose, then brought his peanut into my mouth and nonchalantly pissed. I guzzled even as his bladder proved larger than my belly, all of me snorting for air and steadying myself by



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grabbing his naked legs.

"Are you horny?" he whispered into my half-sleep.

"Yes, Sir "

His hand molested the hole between my elephants, greased it and brought his fresh bone into place. After a preliminary peeve, my hole opened, he slid in, and I learned he could drill my hole all day and I would love it, the explosions as painless as they were disorienting. A passion thickened inside me, only to flounder as Lord Preston ordered me to work myself into spilling. My bone was already hard and I worked it, but inside I wanted his hand there instead of my own. My bone refused to rage and spill, as if waiting for him to take control. Suddenly I realized he was in control, the use of his hand inappropriate, the use of my body his. From behind me, he whispered into my ear, his bone still moving wondrously inside me, his words sounding a reality where with a single word he would bring tears to my eyes, a trembling to my body, and my body to its knees, pleading. He talked of taking each part of my body one at a time, shoulders, then elephants, bags and peanut, each arm, each thigh and calf, hand and foot, torturing each one until all of me is too tender to touch and my mind hurting so much that it breaks when he orders me to decide which part of me he'll torture next.

Remembering the depth of my uneasiness as I had to wait, anticipating his next beating, remembering how easily he put me in and out of my clothes, I knew what the single word from him would be.

"Strip."

That terrifying order to yield everything to his brutal whim.

The thought crazed me and I spilled endlessly until Lord Preston ended it, or so it seemed

Even more disquieting is that he has me so I no longer know what's real and what's contrived. I can't seem to discipline myself to forget him. It sounds ridiculous. It feels ridiculous. But sometimes he has me so confused I find myself on the verge of crying, desperate to be embraced.

Then I grow angry at my failure to keep things in proportion and I shake myself for a new perspective. How long is this going to last?

Anxiety is an emotional turmoil desperate for direction. Charged with fears and doubts, it can be reactive, resolving its desperation by focusing on a specific concern; or it can be diffuse, without direction or motivation, its desperation suspended and therefore resistant to resolution. This diffuse anxiety is usually subconscious and manifests itself as seriousness. If the desperation is suspended long enough, its energy dissipates and sobriety becomes apathetic, desperation incapable of resolution, and insecurities fixated.

Anxiety evolved as a mechanism for quickly responding to attack or peril. Its desperation was not meant to be suspended indefinitely until apathetic. Chronic anxiety is a mental disorder. It is neurosis; mass neurosis when conventionalized.

By belittling and degrading anyone's individuality, conventionalized SM generates a common anxiety, then diffuses it during the early years of training. Unable to resolve our desperation, we force it out of awareness and became serious. The conventionalized SM reinforces this seriousness with religious and political delusions which act either as a narcotic to encourage apathy or as a decoy for those whose energy will not dissipate, the decoy drawing their anxieties out of the subconscious and focusing them into a lust for power and glory

The dichotomous action of these delusions allows conventionalized SM to breed two types of people—those who will let themselves be controlled and those who want to control. The power game acquires its players, all of them chronically anxiety-ridden, the convention makes the rules, and mass neurosis sets them into action.

The SM of sexual fantasy, erotic SM, is merely a reflection of its conventional form. It does not exist as an element of mass neurosis, but as a compensation for it. By eroticizing the conventional power game into a context for fantasy, sexual SM

allows the participants to play parts of the power game they aren't playing in their everyday lives. Usually the fantasies allow the players to take roles opposite those they have in reality, but occasionally the fantasy simply exaggerates the everyday roles to an extreme that reality would not allow. Either way, the object is to release suppressed emotions. Fantasies are a response to unresolved anxiety, just as anxiety is a response to danger.

Fantasizing lets you focus some diffuse anxiety, give it a direction, and release it. Dreams release the subtler anxieties, those originating and unresolved during the course of a day or two. The longer the anxieties persist, the more fixed they become, requiring more violent emotions to resolve them.

Erotic SM's major potential is in its violence. The more intense the erotic SM, the more violent the emotions it releases. Erotic SM therefore has the potential to resolve some of our most fixated anxieties, including those that have us serving our society.

No conventional system will tolerate this. Mass neurosis is more difficult to maintain if its chronic anxieties are being focused and resolved without social regulation, thus lessening the seriousness or apathy with which people will serve. For this reason alone, the convention has duped its neurotic masses into believing that fantasy play, especially erotic SM, is more neurotic than their conformity

Lord Preston communicated with me today. His voice, his instructions left me with a raging bone, yet he had my entire body shivering and worrying. I'm still shaking. I can see his game. I know exactly what he is doing, but it changes none of my reactions. I still feel powerless in his play, knowing how to escape but lacking the will to do so, even as I try to convince myself I am only contriving this. I can see me telling myself I will get over him and at the same time stepping into his presence, knowing it to be a trap I may never leave.

He made it clear how much he owns me. Will he achieve his goal only to toss me aside like some toy that no longer amuses him?

I fear the totality with which this may fixate me on him. Already he has me in places no one has ever had before. This no longer feels like a game. It never did. I only told myself it did. What really allows me to continue, besides his own personal force, is the fact that he has made it clear that this will not intrude into my relationship with Daniel

To Lord Preston, Daniel is merely another stallion Lord Preston's stallion has taken a strong fancy to.

It's just an idea, but it struck me that originally gods may have acted as a primer for aggression, the eroticization of fear transfigured into a final power we must forever defend ourselves against. The first gods were like the punching bags we work out on in order to remain more aggressive than we are but have to be to survive. If this is more than just an intuitive inspiration, if there is a basic truth here, then I need to determine how the punching bags became other people labeled freaks, perverts and inferiors while the gods mutated into justifications for their persecution, divine disciplinarians compensating for our failure to remain responsible for ourselves. In any form, gods were undoubtedly invented out of a desperation for power.

Sir,

The bruises look beautiful in the mirror, even if they have dulled under the dust of new cells. They seem more a part of me now and make me look like an animal. I suspended myself by the neck to watch them and how I might struggle, how I might look in your eyes, angry for air and suddenly pissing in the terror of your reaction and how it would feel if you were beating me then. Your reaction was only a fantasy, but I easily spilled even though I could not beat myself the way you would. I didn't even try, and I didn't actually piss in terror until, still hanging by my neck and tied hand-and-foot, I tried for a second coming. □



# THE LORDS OF LEATHER

by JACK FRITSCHER

**F**lashblinded, like a deer caught in poachers' headlights, the blond body builder with the drop-dead looks breaks into a sweat. Champs and chumps know when the jig is up. He knows they've tracked him. Found him. Chased him down. The Lords of Leather. Caught up with him, roaming too far too late at night from his sanctuary in the fluorescent doorway of the donut shop at 18th and Castro.

There he was a regular, Saturday and Sunday afternoons, posing shirtless on the crowded sidewalk, stripteasing, beguiling in the California sun. He was a titleholder. Mr. This. Mr. That. When he was not stripshaved for a physique contest, thick blond hair matted across his hairy pecs, down his muscular abs, glossing his big legs and golden forearms. The world was his stage and 18th and Castro was his posing platform. He was the strong, silent type flashing an easy grin with his straight, white teeth. He finger-combed his perfect blond hair, displaying his twenty-inch biceps. Every move practiced. Muscles flexed, then relaxed, flexing again. Big basket thrust, loose in faded Levi's, or jockstrapped in grey cotton gym shorts, dissembling decoy, intimating sexual promise. He was a master at butch-flirting.

*"I'd be surprisingly good for you."*

Standing by the side of the normal-sized man he called his lover, he used the man as an excuse not to deliver the sex his seductive look promised. His game was the cruelest game in town: Turn-On-and-Turn-Down. Men wished his lover dead, as if he were the last obstacle between themselves and sexual paradise with the body builder. But it wasn't the lover. It was the body builder. He was a pricktease, all that playing at Turn-On-and-Turn-Down, smiling a smile that disarms men, tempting gentle men cruising by, accepting their gifts and suppers, and then announcing, "Not now. Understand me. I don't mean no I mean not now."

They think he means later

But he means never

The Lords of Leather know.

They have watched, listened, investigated. Too many men have talked to the godfather Lords of Leather about the ball-breaking heartbreaker. The village is too small for so much hurt. Too many vulnerable, mellow men have been led on, defrauded, raped: not their bodies, but their very hearts, souls, essences.

Tall, blond and handsome, the southern-fried body builder, who came to California from nowhere, intimating his home was the Lone Star State, and before that Norway, and way before that the Planet Krypton, has stayed too long at the fair, has stood too long tangling his lines at Hibernia Beach.

*Lord, it's the devil. Would you look at him!"*

"I'm not responsible for your happiness," he tells ordinary men, visually seduced, as they come to him one by one, seeing in him the very happiness they have searched for during long, late nights. He flexes his pecs. His muscles justify his existence.

*"I never dreamed he'd have blue jeans and blue eyes."*

His furry hand pocket-pools his big cock provocatively in his Levi's whose texture and tone are as calculated as the seawater he uses to lighten his blond hair to a Pacific shimmer. His muscle sweat tastes like steroids. This god's body was not built by God. He is endowed by Dow. Chemicals create the steroid sheen of his golden calves worshiped by men who respect and adore what they believe comes from good genes, pumping iron and protein smoothies.

*"Things have reached a pretty pass when someone pretty lower class can be respected and admired."*

The body builder is a rapist. An emotional rapist. He has stayed too long in the village: the scene of his crimes. Once he was desired for his Coltlake look; now he is a face on a WANTED poster hanging in a hundred desert hearts. He hustled one too many: the one he called with lying tongue, Lover.

*"High-flying adored: so young, the instant fantasy of the bedroom"*

Exposed by his lover and cornered at night by vigilantes, a half block off Folsom, he is caught in his act: teasing his way down Ringold Alley, his shirt stripped off, his hairy chest exposed through his open leather jacket, moseying his slow bubble-butt grinding stride, he suddenly finds the tables are turned. His attitude melts in the hot glare of Harley-Davidson headlights. He sweats, not the sweat of the victorious body builder posing triumphant on a stage high above a cheering crowd, but the animal sweat of fear. He tries to run, dropping his usual body-builder strut like the Emperor's new clothes. The twenty bikers gun their engines, drowning the taped music blaring from the nearest bar: "You're so vain. I bet you think this song is about you." The blue exhaust roils up through the glare of headlights.

These are the Lords of Leather.

A deep voice, very low-key, announces through a hand-held megaphone: "Stop where you are. This is no game. Tonight is your night."

The body builder backs away from the approaching phalanxes of black-visored helmets. His wide lats and broad shoulders press his back and butt hard against the grille of a parked van. Suddenly its headlights flash on bright.

He is caught.

He is a target.

The zap-whir of a Taser gun hits his oiled pecs. The electric shock stuns him. The village has welcomed and approved the contract on him. The Lords of Leather are experts at attitude adjustment. His lover for three years thought he was a saint. At first, maybe, he was. He could have been one of the boys, one of the men, in fact, one of the Lords themselves, but in his secret heart he has always held them all in contempt. No one is good enough for him, unless they can match the checkbook of the man he calls Lover. "No one is straight-acting enough," he says, flexing his gut-wrenching forearms and fists. "Everyone is too gay." The Lords of Leather know how to avenge one of their



*A Casque of  
Amontillado*  
Homage to Poe,  
Polanski, Kafka and  
Corman...



M.M. Studio



own who exploits their own.

In the middle of Ringold Alley, sited through a rifle scope, blinded with the headlights, the panicking body builder reels on his feet. His big calves with their inverted heart shapes give out on him. He wrestles against big arms in black leather jackets. Men of every size and type and look and age. He punches at their Darth-Vader visors. They slam him against the van.

A rogue SFPD motorcop rides with them. He spreads the body builder palms-down against the van, kicks his boot wide apart and strips him of his fur-colored CHP leather jacket.

The headlights hit the muscleman's back as brilliantly as any physique contest spot. He thinks they're playing a prank. He tries to play along, turning into the bright spotlight, teasing them with a double-biceps pose, then a twisting chest shot displaying his right arm, and finally crunching down full force into the most muscular crab shot that always before has brought physique contest crowds cheering to their feet. He is surprised. His packaged appeal fails to distract them.

They blindfold him fast. He is cuffed. Hands behind his back. They pop his 501s open and pull them down around his ankles. A buck knife cuts sharp and quick through the denim. His brown construction boots are shackled together. His amber coke snifter rolls out to the curb. A gloved hand grabs it up. His aspirin tin of anabolic steroids, small Dianabol pills as blue as his eyes, hits the pavement. An iron-heeled boot crushes it.

"One of these days, these boots are gonna walk all over you!"

He is picked up bodily. This time not in triumphed triumph. They carry him like a side of beef to the back of the van. Other leather-gloved hands, waiting inside, strip off his blindfold and speedwrap his perfect blond head in a black leather hood, cinching it fast and tight. There are no eye or nose holes, only a round circle for his mouth. They pick him up, thrashing, and stuff him inside a pine packing crate. He kicks against the wood, scraping his elbows and bloodying a knee. The cuffs cut into his wrists behind his back. Rough-grain splinters press a new kind of definition into his bulging shoulders.

"The joke," he shouts with a voice no one has heard before, "has gone far enough."

No one listens. No one can hear him over the hammering as they nail the pine crate shut, nailing him in, deafening him, even to his own pleading.

In two minutes flat, he has been snatched, stripped, hooded, cuffed, shackled and boxed for transport.

The black van lurches out of Ringold Alley. The steady roar of the bikes in motorcade sound muffled to him inside the van, inside the crate, inside the rubber-contoured interior of the leather hood masking his good-looking face. Animal fear hardens his cock. He wants out. He wants the joke to end. Just last week, with his lover, they had seen the movie...

Someone is blowing popper through a tube into the crate. What was he thinking? His mind melts into dysfunctional terror.

He is helpless. The cords of muscle. The ropes of his veins. The very bulk of body building. Being musclebound was always his secret bondage trip. Now his popper-high head lures his dick to harden into the humiliation of public bondage. Only his lover had known. Only his lover had ever tied him into heroic bondage poses, worshiping him more than humiliating him, once pissing on his muscles and his bedful of physique trophies spread across the leather sheet. Pissing in his mouth.

"There's a difference between a first-class private toilet and a common public urinal."

In his amy! haze, the body builder realizes, suspects, fears, if this is no prank, if his lover can't spring him, that he is about to be forced—as sure as form follows function, to perform in public exactly the way he's built: like a brick shithouse. They won't. They couldn't. His lover loves him.

The van pulls into an industrial warehouse in China Basin. The crate is offloaded. Unboxed, he is dragged naked across the oily cement floor. He can see nothing through the hood. He breathes the smells that internal combustion engines saturate into road-greased, sweat-soaked leather thighs. He is pinned

spread-eagle to the cold concrete floor by four, and then six, men. They stretch out his left arm. A leather belt is tightened around his baseball bicep. Bigger hands than his roll his left hand into a fist, work it open and closed, pumping his veins up to full vascularity, then holds his closed fist down.

"NO!"

A big hand flattens his face. A rubber gag, formed like a thick-stubbed cock, is forced past his lips and teeth, over his silver tongue, and back into his throat. The hands hold his left forearm steady. He feels the point prick his inner forearm. A crystal flow of irresistible light shoots up the massive vascularity of his vein. He feels himself go limp. He is in himself. Beside himself. Against what will he has left, his glossy-toned body goes limp.

"Welcome to the Hotel California. You can check in, but you can never leave."

The pressure of the hand comes off his face. The press of normal-sized bodies pinning him to the floor releases him. He wants to sit up, but he cannot.

They strap him into a heavy leather sling slick with grease and gritty with old sweat. He is not the first brother to betray the village fraternity to become a sexual fascist, teasing and tempting and vamping, mocking ordinary, regular guys with his extraordinary looks, making them feel small, as if he and his muscle buddies, and, of course, his lover with the credit cards, had the first and final vote on who was hot and who was not.

"His smile was a benediction men took home to jerk off to, never questioning who the hell ever said that the world's perfect man is a hairy blond body builder?"

His wrists are shackled roughly above his head. Hands unsnap the lower half of the leather hood. His predatory blond jaw and teeth and lips and moustache and nose are exposed. They drop his half-hooded head back and down over the upper neck of the sling. His proudly groomed moustache, always clipped to a regulation CHP brush, is wet with his own sweat and snot.

Thick mechanic's fingers gouge the rubber gag from deep in his dry throat. A huge cock, raunchy with enormous foreskin, hangs over his mouth. The greasy hands spread the foreskin wide. Its mouth is bigger than his own. The foreskin stretches, tough as leather, cheesy with smegma. Its tent of circumference covers his mouth and nose. The head of the huge dick, hanging inside at the peak of the foreskin tent, pisses down his gagging throat. He gasps for air, drinking the piss. It is strong. Real. He is suffocating. He is drowning when, finally, the hands mercifully pull the facemask of foreskin away.

"When the music's over, turn out the lights, turn out the lights, turn out the lights."

They hoist his legs up. Spread his ankles wide. Rough hands lift his hips, pull the sculptured vee of his torso forward, and drop his ass off the edge of the sling.

The sling supports his neck and head. Another huge dick climbs up, swings around, straddles his piss-wet face, mounts him again. Greasy, tobacco-stained fingers forcefeed clots of cheese into the body builder's mouth. He feels the dick deep in his throat grow hard. A hand slaps him across the side of his cheek.

"Not my face. Not my face."

The hand slaps him again. He sucks, drug-obedient, on the piss streaming in long, slow, yellow streams from the hardening cock. Blindfolded by the hood, he can see nothing, taste plenty, smell everything. The cock fucks his throat. Long, slow, hard thrusts jabbed by a lean, mean body. Big balls slam against his square-jawed chin.

"Before I sink into the Big Sleep, I want to hear the scream of the butterfly."

Other hands cinch a thick leather lineman's belt across his washboard abs, around his waist. The cocks ram unresisted down his throat. He breathes when he can. His muscular arms and legs start to cramp, stretched so far from his short-waisted, ape-muscled torso.

His head is vulnerable. He is vulnerable. His lover watches, laughing the last laugh: Mr. California, vulnerable.



His lips cracks under the hard cockring mash of crotch after crotch mounting his famous mouth. He sucks on the salt taste of his own blood. Naturally built men of all types plug his face, educating the body builder freak.

The last of the cocks pulls back. Again the fleshmask of leatherlike foreskin is stretched across his face. He can breathe only so long as the air inside the foreskin lasts. His entire body flexes. Once, such a flex brought applause. Now it brings only a hard dick flattening down his tongue, stuffing his throat. More piss floods his mouth. He tries to drink, but his belly distends. He is near to passing out.

"There was this video cassette his lover had shown him

Forceps hold steaming hot towels against his ass. Scalding wet towels wrap his raw balls and hard cock. He screams inside his own mouth muffled with cock. For an instant he breathes. The cock pulls from his throat. The slimy balls rub over his handsome mouth and nose. The pucker of a tight, athletic ass sits bull's-eye over his mouth. His tongue, searching for air, darts desperately at the sweet, wet hole. The juices fed to him tell him all he needs to know about the booted, slender, blond sitting on his face

Other hands uncoil the scalding towels from his crotch. He feels the firm bristles of a shaving brush lathering up his dick and balls and ass. Then the scrape of the straight-edge razor: a rubber-gloved hand pulling his hard cock straight up. He feels the straight edge shaving the thick blond hair growing halfway up the shaft of his cock. The latex hand firmly cups and stretches his balls for a hard-scraping shave.

A small cut on the ball sac

Blood,

A splash of alcohol

Fire!

His scream blew air up the ass covering his mouth. The ass farts back the echo of his shout.

"There was this movie his lover whom he had

The Lords of Leather work him over. He is spinning. Body

parts transfer function: a scream becomes a fart; a fist becomes a dick. The latex hands work his hard cock. The piss-slit of the corona is squeezed open. A hypo, without needle, shoots coked lubricant down the interior core of his shaft. A cold metal rod, dipped in alcohol, probes the tip of his piss-slit, then starts its slow fuck down the full length of his ten-inch cock. His hard dick is catheterized with a metal rod. They work the rod up and down his cock. Sounding him, like a drill rig pile-driving deeper down the shaft with each slick drop, until the rod penetrates the whole length of his cock. Until he feels the rounded base of it buried an inch deeper than his cock is long.

Rubber strappings, an inch wide, wrap tighter than Ace bandages around the base of his cock, winding their strangling way up toward the head, tightening as they are wrapped, noosed, cinching his cock tight around its metal-rod core, until the cock head, that had always bulged so proud through his posing briefs on contest platforms, bulges purple and swollen above the black rubber dick with the protruding metal rod whose tip is an electrical connector.


Other hands, smooth in latex, rough in leather, spread his cheeks, the twin scoops of his bubble-butt, once so proud in posing trunks, always thrust out behind him in his cotton gym shorts, always grinding from his hips in his laded Levi's, paraded on Castro like a pair of fuckable Colt haunches. He moans as the hot-bristled shaving brush lathers up his tight ass. He cries out as the straight razor scrapes his cheeks and crack and hole to a boy-slick clean

He feels hard-knuckled fists greasing up. They are the hands of a boxer. The husky butt straddling his face raises, climbs off, leaving a trace and promise of asscrack

He feels the boxer tentatively take a couple practice jabs at his ass. He knows the feel. He's lusted after enough fighters the way he lusted after straight men in the straight gyms, pretending he's straight, proud at passing for straight, because deep in his twisted blond heart he thinks straight is better

He recognizes the boxer's equipment: lightweight Fast Bag

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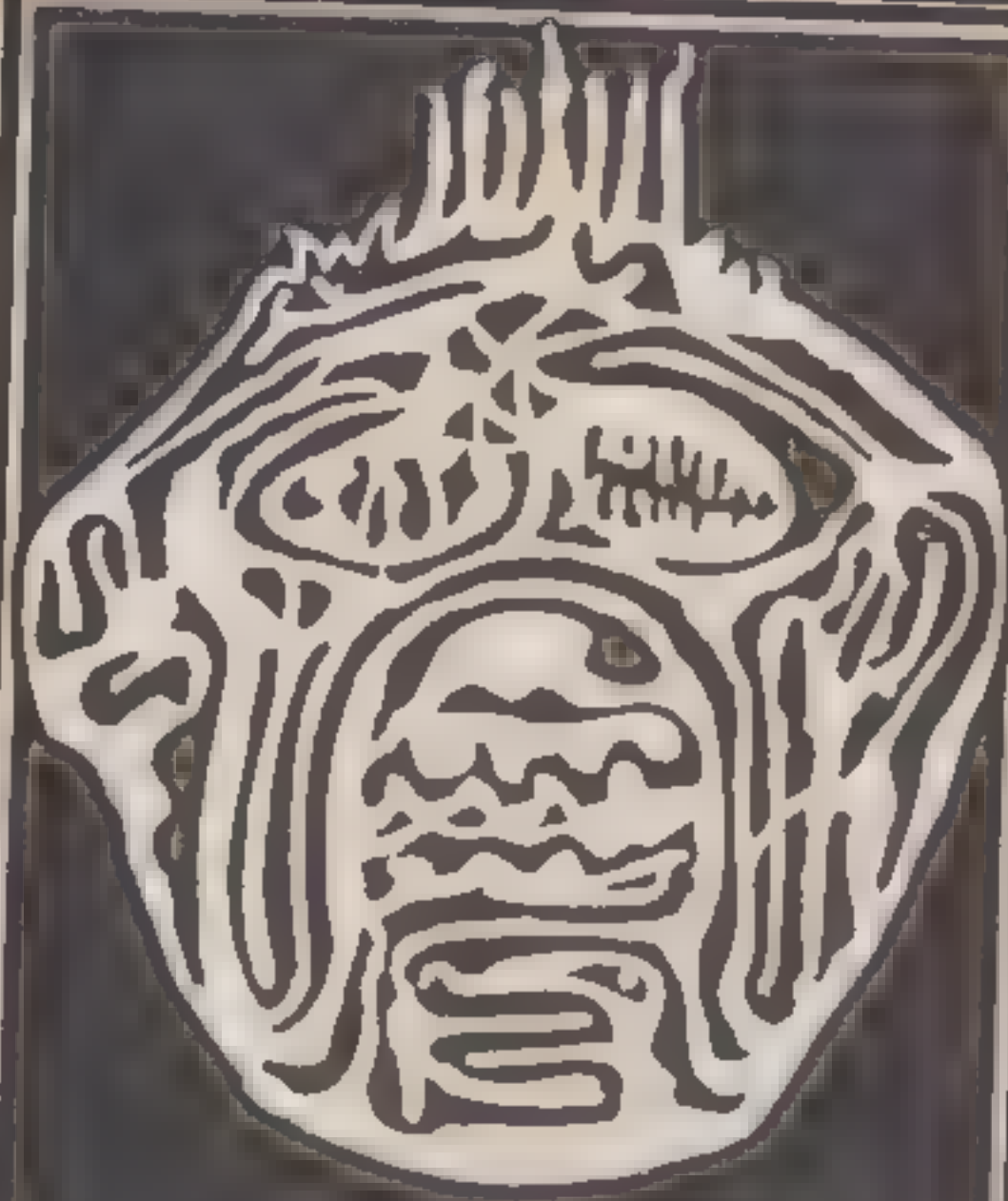
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leather gloves, EVERLAST printed in gold on the top outside of the wrist; on the inside, around the small metal grip rod sewn crossways into the fingermit of each glove the punchfucker makes a pair of tight fists. The jabs build faster, harder, fiercer against his tender butt. The rhythm of the big fists with the big, tattooed arms pounding on his cheeks sends shock waves to his hooded head. The sling rolls slightly with the fast, hard punches. He feels the sweet sweat-spray from the heavy-weight's body splattering down on his balls and belly. The rod catheterizing his dick, and the back rubber wrapped around his shaft, keep his dick rockhard. Clear fuck juice pearls up from his piss-sit on the left side of the metal rod, then roils down the shaft of shiny black rubber.

The Lords of Leather use his shaved butt for their punching bag.

He hears a hawker spit. A glob of sweet chaw-bacca juice hits his hole.

"There was that movie called... What the fuck was it? Can't remember."

The body builder has no idea where they will torture him next.

He knows they are marking his body: his flawless exhibition body.

He cries out!

If he is marked, he will lose contest points.

If he is marked, he might never compete again.

Heavy electrical clamps pinch each nipple on his hard pecs. Chains pull his tits up and away from his chest. The smell of isopropyl alcohol, sprayed on his nipples, burns his nostrils. Through the clamped flesh of each hard-squeezed tit, they push, slowly, agonizingly, large-gauge needles. The sterile points cut and slice through the nipples, the triangle shape of the needles makes each edge a slicing blade, three cuts per insertion. The pressure of the clamps causes thin lines of blood to trickle down his pecs, down his side, mixing with the sweat from his exposed armpits.

Hours pass in minutes. He feels another needle, another injection. He is a past master at injections. This strange one is not unlike the weekly steroid injections, the Decadurabolin he shot into his own buttocks to build his muscular mass to manimal size. He begins a trajectory down a long, dark corridor where he feels his body at a distance so far that he cannot distinguish any longer pain from pleasure.

"Killing me softly..."

They slap hard dicks against his hungry asshole. They spit. They laugh. They roughfuck him. They set a heated dildo on his belly, pushing its hot latex head against his skin, making him imagine how that plastic head will feel pushing up Alien-like through the hard muscle of his famous abs.

"One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock, rock!"

Electrical clamps nip his flesh in a twelve-point clockwise circle of intense pain around the closed iris of his asshole. He feels a greased finger probe inside his fist-virgin hole. Then two fingers. Three. Four. The twisting revolutions of hard knuckles following the thumb tucked under the fingers. The nova-light spread of body-builder sphincter, unloosed from its tight discipline of heavy squats, stretching open, popping closed, tightening on the downhill slide of the fist, feeling the elongated fingers inside the first chamber close down tight around the thumb. The classic fist-and-ass position: fist at rest, fingers around thumb, inside the first chamber.

"Handsome is as handsome does, and you don't look so good anymore."

Then the fisting begins. Unseen hands work his blond ass. They fist him painfully through the circle of pinch-hot electrical clamps. Plunge deep. Left. Right. Twist. Pull. Full-fisted exit. Fast, hard-punch reentry. Slow draw out. The sizes of different hands and styles of different men.

He is screaming. He has never been treated this way. Still leather-hooded, his head is lifted and placed in a rubber-lined, wooden box. A coffin for his head. He deafens himself in the

DRUMMER 100



soundproof box

*"Just another sailor fallen from grace with the sea."*

The fisting moves from man to man; smallest to largest. Heavy gut-punching thrusts into his writhing body. Sure hands of mysterious strangers. The Lords of Leather pleasuring themselves, torturing his body, fisting the attitude out of his deep guts.

The last fist, in halfway to the elbow, holds him by the sheer power of its penetration in ultimate bondage.

He cannot escape off the fist.

He cannot sweet-talk

He cannot flex his golden body.

He can only grind his screams through his teeth, as the piercing pain of the electrical clamps, each one a nerve release, flare up ablaze in the ring of fire around his slimy hole. Then comes the long shoot-the-shoots downslide of the fist suctioning down from and out of the smooth sleeve of his deep belly.

*"Please. Please. Please."*

His boxed head cannot see the completely tattooed arms of the red-bearded biker whose hands lave his shaved crack and buttocks. His boxed head cannot hear the high ZZZZ's of the biker's tattooing gun. His boxed head can only imagine what he looks like as the Lords of Leather strap him down tighter, immobile in the sling, as the big, calloused hands of the red-bearded biker begin to tattoo across his ass the hot lines that feel like slicing cuts from a red-hot razor blade. The needle etches in blacks and yellows and reds, drawing flames blasting from inside his fisted-open pucker, out and up and across both of his fresh, white cheeks.

No posing trunks in the world can cover the flames shooting out of his ass.

His boxed head swims

He cannot think

He can only feel

He has become the slave, the animal, the beast, the thing of the Lords of Leather.

He is fisted, cut, branded, catheterized, tattooed.

His once-perfect body now displays the real marks of his soul.

*"This has to be a joke. No ink in the needle."*

Then he feels the cool steady hands of the tattooist writing in buzzing, burning script across the width of his broad chest. Nipple to nipple. He knows he'll never compete again. He sees the sports stage change to a freak-show stage at a carnival. People must look at him. No matter why. No matter how. It really matters. He screams and screams and screams some more until he is hoarse. until no voice comes from his throat inside the rubber-lined head coffin, until after the red-bearded biker finishes his needlework.

Hands reach inside the box. A tube is attached to his mouth gag. He cannot push it from his lips. He cannot lift his tongue depressor from its fit. He thinks this cannot be happening to him.

With no choice, he chews and swallows.

Then in drugged sensation, he's able to visualize from the inside out, as if he is looking into the mirror, what the tattooist has written in large script and scarlet letters high across his massive pecs, reading shoulder to shoulder: *"Remember My Name."*

*"It was the name of the last video cassette his lover had shown him."*

And something else. Something else was tattooed below the first tattoo.

It was the name of his betrayed lover, rose-tattooed forever, nipple to nipple, across both his mounded pecs.

Even if he could have thought his way to why they did this, he would only have found, that for anything, a betrayed lover needs no reason.

*"Don't cry for him, San Francisco."*

Driven from the village, ridden out of town on a rail.

Don't cry for him.

*"High-flying adored, where do you go from here?"* □

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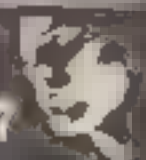
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# B E Y O N D

Alex was three hours late getting to the Spike last night. Do not think I was upset or even surprised by this. In fact, when he finally did arrive at the Spike, I wasn't even there but had moved on to the Mineshaft. (How did I know that he had showed up at the Spike at all? I know Alex.) When Alex saw me at the Mineshaft, he explained that there was no need for him to come to the Spike at the time we had agreed on because "I knew you were coming here anyway." Alex followed this remark with a comment on my "predictability—very bottom, a very bottom quality." Did I know, he said, that I could always be found in exactly the same locations at the Mineshaft? "Four primary locations, three secondary ones. You never deviate more than a few inches. Very predictable. Very bottom."

We always return—Alex and I—to the Mineshaft. Where would we return to, I asked Alex once, if there were no Mineshaft? Or if we lived in Des Moines or Phoenix or Sri Lanka or...? The question is absurd, he said, it is a bottom's question. If there were no Mineshaft, we would return to another place or to no place.

Perhaps because I have never successfully buried my romantic tendencies, I think we always return to the Mineshaft because we met there. Like the swallows returning to Capistrano. (Did you know that the tourists waiting for the swallows to return now outnumber the returning swallows themselves?) Like criminals returning to the scene of the crime. (I've been working on a screenplay for the past twelve years called *Scene of the Crime*; Alex says I will finish it when I am able to define "crime.") Like something.

After Kenneth had whipped me with a riding crop I had purchased in a store that supplied Preppies in Princeton, New Jersey with everything they needed for fox hunting (Yes, they still have fox hunts in Princeton), the man who was Alex but who was nameless to me then said, "You take it quite well."

And what did I say to that? I must have said something. "Thank you"? "Thank you, Sir"? What had I said to encourage Alex? How did I find out his name? Did I ask? Did he tell me? And why do these matters matter to me? Or do they matter? Is it just something I use to occupy my mind? Like a game of Trivial Pursuit? Or does it all really matter?

Alex says he doesn't remember much about our first meeting. "This concern of yours for history...what does it really matter? What happened then has no meaning now."

When Alex and I first met, we lived a toll-call away from each other. Anal compulsive Virgo bottom that I am, I have my phone bills from that period. (I have every phone bill I've ever received, my autobiography according to Ma Bell.) In the first three months that we knew each other, Alex and I spoke on the phone for a total of 2,931 minutes. What did we say? Does it matter? Alex would say. It must, I would reply.

What do we talk about now? We don't talk on the phone much anymore. We live three blocks from each other now so talking on the phone seems strangely wasteful. We meet rather too frequently, I think, for austere elegant dinners at precise Japanese restaurants with perfectly servile waiters who if they notice the seven pierces in my right ear are too polite to stare at them. And I complain about Gregory and Alex discusses some





# REASON

by T.R. WITOMSKI

Illustration by HARRY BUSH

new nuance he's discovered in Robert Bresson's *Four Nights of a Dreamer*.

"I know Gregory is trying to screw up the AJA account to make me look bad and he's going to take E.C.C. down the tubes."

"Gregory has been taking E.C.C. down the tubes since you've been with him. By the way, the octopus didn't seem too fresh tonight. Why do you stay with Gregory? You always say you are not a masochist in life. 'Butcha are, B anch.' Strange how those lines from those movies stay with one. 'Butcha are, B anch.' Intriguing. Like Bresson—everything is mobile but frozen. Let's split a full order of sashimi."

After our last dinner together, we went to Alex's apartment where he whipped me with a thick black leather belt until I bled and then he carried me into the bedroom where we made affectionate love for hours.

I think I've reread every issue of *Drummer* cover to cover, searching for something that would help explain or define or illustrate the relationship I have with Alex.

The fact that I've not found that something is not to criticize the magazine. I jerk-off to *Drummer* frequently. And I don't mean to suggest that my relationship with Alex doesn't fit the conventions of SM behavior," but that would be erroneous. Alex and I are quite conventional. Perhaps we've not done everything that has been featured in those pages, but we've given SM the old college try.

After reading a first draft of this story, Alex said, "You are looking for a way to say *cosa nostra* without implying anything Italian. But that's not what you really mean. You don't know what you really mean, do you?"

I know

I remember. I remember when Alex first listed me. I remember when Alex pierced my tits. I remember when Alex branded me. I remember. I remember that all these moments were very erotic, but I can't summon them up and make them hot now. Here. For what I remember is not "his thick wrist slipping past my sphincter, his face intense with passion, his hand forming into a fist, his depth increasing." What I remember most clearly are the eyes of a young man who was watching Alex fistfuck me, eyes filled with horror mingled with fascination, and I remember thinking as I orgasmed, "I used to look like that at things like this once."

In the beginning it was adventure. And then it was routine. And now? Is it wrong to bring up AIDS here? Well, if it is they won't publish this. But AIDS brought about the first real shift in my relationship with Alex. Before AIDS, Alex and I lived in the heart of sexual darkness and we loved it. We would have continued...

Who doesn't hate a pushy bottom? I am a pushy bottom. In the beginning, I used to attempt to be perfectly passive, to give Alex total control over me. He liked to whip me, fuck me, and then piss up my ass. I liked it too. But then I wanted other things done to me. And I would bring these other things up. At first I



was almost shy about them. ("Do you think we could, I mean, do you think you could...?") Later I was not. Finally I was writing out scripts for the scenes I wanted us to enact.

"You should publish these," Alex said once. "They are certainly more entertaining than what you do publish."

"I never kept copies. I wrote them for you. You publish them."

"Maybe someday I will. In alphabetical order. Let's see. A. Anal sex. You went to the baths and laid on your stomach, getting fucked by everyone who wanted to fuck you. Trying not to look at the men who fucked you. No little peeks over the shoulder. And after you had been there for hours or days, I showed up, found and fucked you when your asshole was bloody and told you it was okay to go home now. Yes, I remember that one.

"And B. Beating, I guess. But there were so many of those. Everytime you got a new toy. Can you ever understand how tired I got sometimes of beating you?

"And C was for crucifixion."

"One of your better scripts, I think. At least you didn't go in for nails. I couldn't have handled *that*. Walking into the Mineshaft with a hammer. My God!"

"And D for drugs. And E for?"

"Enjoyment. You did it because you enjoyed it. And I enjoyed it too, I guess. I must have. I don't think I would have done it just for the sake of doing it, would I?"

"F for fisting, of course."

"How about G for guilt? Partake daily of the three central guilt groups: Catholic, Jewish and sexual. Or G for games, games and more games."

And then came the plague. Alex was one of the first faggots in New York to become obsessed with AIDS. His sex life became very circumspect. For him. For me. We even went through a period of not doing it. Not with each other. Not with anyone. We spent a lot of time going to doctors being tested within an inch of our lives. Alex's immune system was "depressed." He was "pre-AIDS." So was I. So was everyone else we knew.

There are certain doctors in New York whose practice has skyrocketed due to AIDS. Doctors who in the past dealt with faggots who had syphilis and hepatitis and amebiasis were now dealing with faggots terrorized by the prospect of death. Alex and I had had syphilis and hepatitis and amebiasis (oh Christ, had we ever!). And now we were having death.

"Did you ever think of death before? I mean—"

"Why must you continually think you must further explain what you just said to me? I know what you mean. And I don't know if I ever thought of death before. Because whatever I may have thought of or not thought of then has nothing to do with now. I think about death now. But what I think about death now I don't know."

One thing in particular strikes me as very strange about our friends who have died from AIDS. Except for Edward's, we attended none of their funerals. Did they have funerals? The bodies of our friends were claimed by their families in Paradise Valley, Arizona or St. Petersburg, Florida or Toledo, Ohio or claimed by no one and disposed of in whatever manner unclaimed bodies are disposed of. John Randolph, who hosted scat parties in his tiled living room in Soho, Robert Carlisle, who wrote a book on cock piercing, Michael McPherson, who was into leather before I was born—they, quite literally, disappeared. I used to listen to Michael talk for hours about SM life before the Eagle. ("He satisfies your passion for the past with a fuckin' vengeance," Alex said once.) When Michael died, I knew of no one to send a sympathy card to.

After our celibacy period, Alex and I resumed doing it. At first, only with each other. But monogamy was just not our style. In the first draft of this story, Alex underlined the word "our" in

that last sentence in red and noted in the margin "Fiction stranger than truth?" He meant that I should be honest and admit that monogamy was just not my style. Alex was ready to "try." He would have failed, of course. But I was not ready to even try to fake monogamy. I had grown accustomed to the thrill of different men.

"No, you're not being accurate."

"It's a story, Alex, a fuckin' story."

"You can't believe that. Maybe people who don't know you can believe that. But that's not accurate either. Don't you always get letters from people who realize that whatever you're writing about is basically true? For Christ's sake, you don't even change names anymore."

"Because there are no innocents to protect. But what's the point? What are you getting at?"

"You were just accustomed to the thrill of *difference*. Not different men. I've watched you, you know. You despise most of the men you have sex with. But the men you despise on Friday are different than the men you despise on Saturday. The difference itself is what turns you on. For you, sex has nothing to do with other people."

Alex and I drifted back to our old ways. But we have made some adjustments. I don't let people come in my mouth anymore. Alex uses condoms by the gross. I don't get fisted by all comers at the Mineshaft anymore. Alex refuses to visit San Francisco. I don't do scat anymore. We complain a lot about the changes we've had to make in our sex lives and hate ourselves for complaining. We wait for the plague to abate. Like characters in the *Decameron* we tell each other stories. "The Boy from Minneapolis Who Liked to Have His Balls Nailed to a Board," "The New Year's Eve 1979 Scene at Hellfire," "Roger's Last W/S Orgy," "Gregory's Secret Kink," ...

The pain isn't enough," Alex says. He is more than a little drunk. We are both drinking a great deal these days. We are drinking a great deal and taking vitamins by the pound. "I suppose it is enough for a bottom. That's the point, isn't it? You wrote about that once, didn't you? In one of those dreadful heterosexual smut magazines you are unaccountably so partial to. But for the Top, or at least for *this* Top, the administering of the pain is not enough. After I've gotten the bottom to that place, that place where the pain is so exquisite he is beaming with a speechless ecstasy, I want to fuck him without having to shove a rubber on my cock. And then I want to have him suck his shit off my cock—you taught me why (you are so big on all the fuckin' whys) that is so exciting. And then I want him to drink my piss or eat my shit. But..."

"But what, Alex? Say it."

"You bastard. I am afraid. I know, I know that someday our beloved doctor will come out with it and say, 'Okay, Alex, you've got it. Forget what you've read in the *Times*. The cure is years away. You are dying. Two years, faggot, tops.' And I can accept that, but I don't think I can accept that I am the cause of other people—"

"Okay, stop it."

"Goddammit, don't you fuckin' tell me when to stop. Start. Stop. More. More. Stop. Stop. I don't want to kill you."

"You won't. I've done enough on my own."

"I'm not too thrilled about the prospect of us killing each other either."

When Dick's lover died, Dick called Alex and Alex called me.

"Dick wants to know who to call. Isn't there a kid somewhere? Didn't Jack have a son in New Jersey?"

"Yes, he did. Somewhere like South Orange, right?"

"I don't know, dammit. Why'd Dick call *me*? Jesus Christ, what the fuck am I supposed to do? What the fuck am I supposed to do?"

"Why don't you try living?..."

□



# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

BY LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

You wrote in one of your columns some time back that they had finally tested a number of prophylactics (rubbers), and found that certain brands were safe to use because they would contain the AIDS virus. You never listed the brands, though, and I'm not sure if all of them are really safe. Can you publish a list, or offer some general advice?

Tom, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Tom,

I saw the list, but I didn't get a copy of it. Now I don't remember just which brands were on it. However, they were all major companies, and I didn't see that any of these failed the tests. My feeling is that you're pretty safe with any of the name brands you will find in your local pharmacy. The only ones I question are the natural products; i.e., the nonlatex skins. And I question this only because I haven't seen test results on them; they may be perfectly all right, too. I'll try to get more specific information and pass it on to you later.

Dear Larry,

Reading your material, and looking at the pictures in publications like yours and *Drummer's*, I really feel I've been short-changed. I was circumcised as a baby, and have never had the opportunity to feel what it's like to have a foreskin, or (apparently) the extra sensitivity that goes along with it. Everytime I think about it, I get furious! It's my parents' fault, because they could easily have waited until I was old enough to decide for myself. All this crap about "it's cleaner." What bullshit! There isn't a single advantage that I know of in having half your dick chopped off. If they had any money, I'd sue my parents!

Cut and pissed, NM,

Dear Cut,

I really feel guilty about contributing to such unhappiness. In reality, it doesn't make much functional difference one way or the other, although an uncut cock probably does have a little greater sensitivity. I simply find it more aesthetic, as do many others. However, when I did a survey a few years back, the vast majority of guys didn't care one way or the other. As to the positive advantages of being cut, there actually are a few. For one (at least the last time I was able to check on it) there was no case on record of a circumcised man getting cancer of the penis. Likewise, it appears that it is less likely for a circumcised top to contract AIDS from anal sex, because he is less likely to have

the tiny lesions that often develop under the foreskin of an uncut man. It is also fairly common for an uncut man to be circumcised if he develops prostate cancer, in the belief that the build-up of smegma can contribute to a spread of the disease. Although these are statistically remote arguments for circumcision, they are arguments I have gotten from several different doctors over the years. Although I still think it's much prettier with skin, it's difficult to tell the difference in the dark, when it's up and ready for action. And don't sue your poor parents, even if they win the lottery. Some damned doctor convinced them that it should be done, and they believed they were doing it for your own good.

Dear Larry,

I know that you, as most everyone else at *Drummer*, are very gone on leather—the way it looks and smells, etc. But I honestly can't tell the difference between leather and a good piece of vinyl imitation. In fact, I've seen a couple of my leather friends go through quite a bit of feeling and sniffing over a good imitation before they were sure of what it was. Can you honestly tell me that you can tell the difference at first glance? If someone walks in with a black jacket that might be one or the other, do you really know?

Barry, London

Dear Barry,

In the dark, all cats look gray (or in England, I guess it's "grey"). No, I have to admit there have been times when I've been fooled. But I'd know in a hurry if I were the one wearing it. You can't fake the feel, and certainly not the smell when it's on your own body. And I don't really care what someone else might enjoy wearing, unless I'm called upon to make love to it. If you can afford it, take the leather. If you can't, well...we can always make do if we have to.

Dear Mr. Townsend, Sir:

I want to tell you, in all due respect, Sir, that I feel you are too hard on us slaves. I have a Master I have been with now for almost four years, and we are both very much settled into our respective roles. But my Master is not much of a businessman (that by his own admission), and he isn't good at handling money. He leaves all of this to me, and just lets me take care of all our financial dealings, where I have done a good job and both of us are very happy with the results. If we had followed your advice, he would have been doing

this and we would not be as well off as we are. What answer do you have for this?  
slave Johnnie, CT

Dear Slave,

If you had really studied my materials, as you should have, you would know that I always advise the slave to obey the Master. If your Master wants you to manage the household finances, that is his decision to make. I just hope he's rewarding you with a good thrashing for every buck you bring in.

Dear Larry,

There seems to be a trend lately for guys to bring women into their SM sex games. I've found this particularly true in New York and along the East Coast. Leather women now seem to be welcomed in most bars, and if there is an after-hours party they are just as likely to be there, as well I, for one, don't like it, and I know there are a lot of leathermen who feel as I do. I've read some of your more liberal comments in the past, but don't you think we're entitled to have our own bars and parties without some cunt being foisted on us?

M R., Baltimore, MD

Dear M.R.,

You're stirring up that old shit, again; and ten or fifteen years ago I might have agreed with you. As it is, I still agree to some extent. As one who has not the least interest in a woman sexually, I certainly feel that I have a right not to perform with one. On the other hand, we are living in a society that is evolving more and more toward a "no barriers" situation, where membership in a club or patronage of a business (bar or otherwise) cannot be restricted on the basis of sex, age, race, etc. This trend can only spell a positive benefit for us gay men. At least the general attitudes favor us. Furthermore, the women who show up at our bars or attend our parties are almost certainly friends—friends of specific leathermen, and hopefully friends of the leather community in general. And even in the City of Brotherly Love, believe me; we need all the friends we can get. No one is forcing you to have sex with a woman, and if you keep the door closed, you won't see, and neither will she. When you're at someone else's party, you have to put up with the guests he chooses. When you give one yourself, if you don't want women, don't invite them.

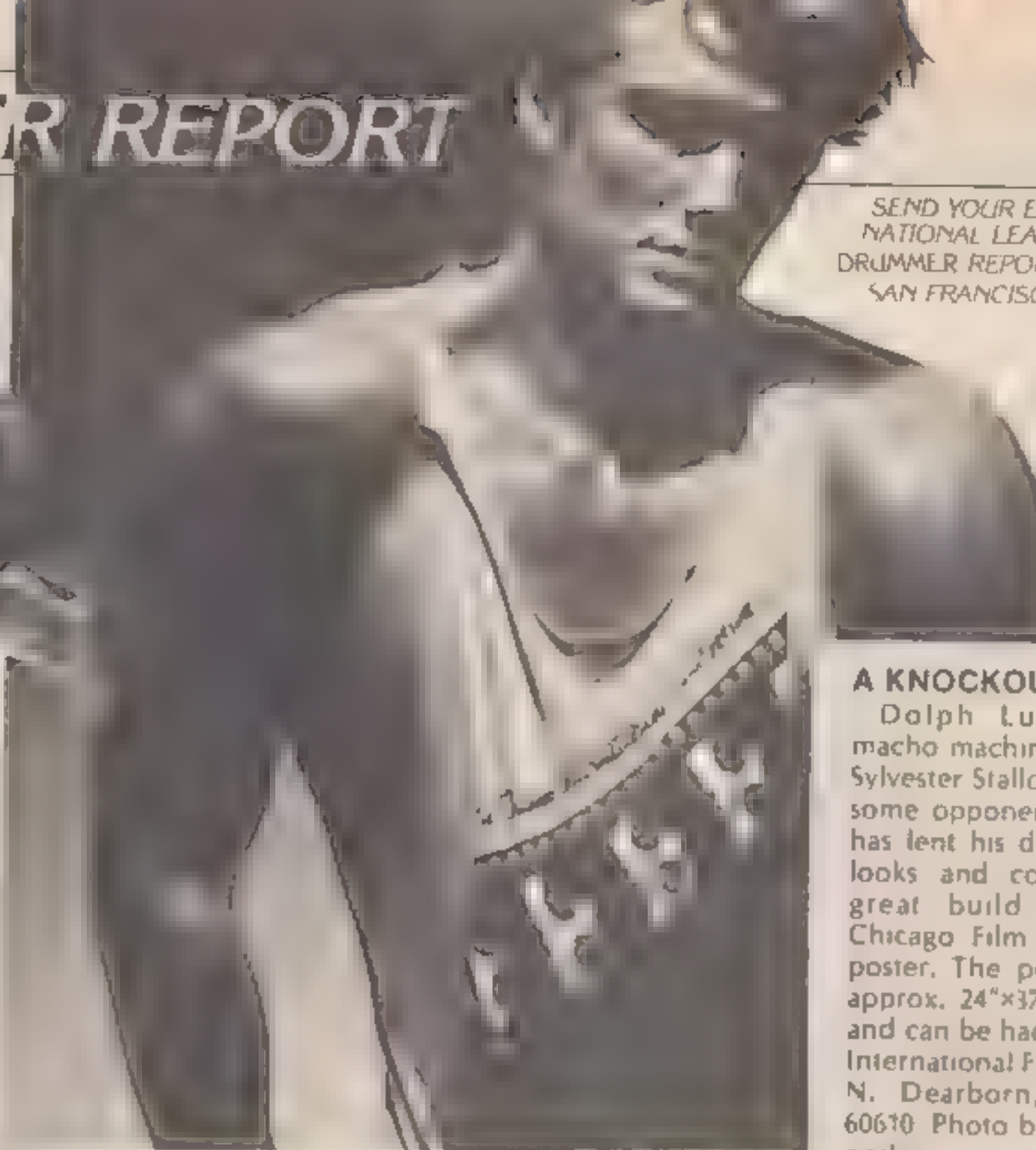
Leather Notebook, *Drummer* PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



# DRUMMER REPORT



Photo: Robbie



SEND YOUR ENTRIES FOR THIS NATIONAL LEATHER UPDATE TO DRUMMER REPORT PO BOX 11314 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101 1314

## GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Artist Bill Horgos has created a series of porno-bears. Crafted in silver or pewter, the pins come in a wide variety of positions and poses. Yes, their little furry bodies sometimes are posed in leather with whips and chains. Larger sculptures are carved from wood. Further info can be had by writing to PO Box 677, Larkspur, CA 94939.

## HAWG-TIE ME ONE

The Texas Gay Rodeo Association is meeting in San Antonio on the weekend of Oct. 17th. The butt-busting bunch will continue the fun at the Texas Gay Rodeo in Dallas Nov. 16, 17, 18. If this sort of real-man activity turns you on ...this is one of the best rodeos in the country.

## NOTABLE QUOTE

Alan Watts makes an astute observation in his book, *Does It Matter?: Essays on Man's Relation to Materiality*, available from Random House. "If they...young and unrealized homosexuals who affect machismo, ultramascularity, and who constitute the hard core of our military industrial police mafia combine...would go fuck each other (and I use that word in its most positive and appreciative sense) the world would be vastly improved. They make it with women only to brag about it, but are actually far happier in the barracks than in boudoirs. This is, perhaps, the real meaning of 'Make Love, Not War'." "We may be destroying ourselves through the repression of homosexuality."



## MR. EUROPE 1986

The European Leather Community is justifiably excited over this year's winner of the Mr. Europe contest, Thomas Karasch. The 29-year-old, German-born blond who stands over 6'3", could easily dominate most crowds, or at least

would try! His interests include motorcycles, tattoos, piercing and slaves. Look forward to more photos of this leather hunk. He's sponsored by Mr. Chaps LeatherWorks of Hamburg, Germany. Photo by Helmut Roettgen, Berlin

## A KNOCKOUT!

Dolph Lundgren, the macho machine who became Sylvester Stallone's most fearsome opponent in *Rocky IV* has lent his drop-dead good looks and cotton-shredding great build to the 1986 Chicago Film Festival T-shirt poster. The poster measures approx. 24"x37", sells for \$25 and can be had from Chicago International Film Festival, 415 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60610. Photo by Victor Skrebnesk

## TO SNIFF OR NOT TO SNIFF

Everyone seems to be taking sides in the popper wars. Rep. Mel Levin, a Democrat from West L.A., wants more done by the Federal Food and Drug Administration to determine if poppers are safe or not?

Levine's administrative assistant, Bill Andresen stated "The congressman was very concerned that teenagers are using poppers as a substitute for illegal drugs. They have caused serious injury, such as brain damage and deaths. Levine believes poppers are not safe for use and wants the FDA to take a look at it."

"It is very dangerous to put everything under FDA control. Even if you can demonstrate safety, effectiveness has no meaning (in the case of poppers)," said Dr. Bruce Voeller, PhD, a biochemist with the Mariposa Education and Research Foundation. Voeller contends that some of the studies reported on the toxicity of poppers using "very bad science," (see *Drummer* 99, p. 38) and should be re-evaluated.



# ROUGH STUFF

## MY BUDDIES

**T**he night after I won the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago, I attended a Candlelight March for people who had died of AIDS, or were fighting the disease. I wore a leather sash which spelled out my new title in studs, and when the marchers finally filed the pews of St. Clement's Church I received a few unfriendly glares. Several people, however, made a point of welcoming me and other leatherguys, including a very properly suited usher. I was once a choirboy, and am now a Born Again Atheist; but when a Mennonite woman whose husband had died of AIDS read from The Book of Job, I was freshly moved by the force and beauty of that story. And when a gay male choir sang "My Buddy," my quiet tears became open sobs. People were asked to name anyone close to them who had died of the disease; and then to name anyone close who was living with it. I named a young man living in San Francisco, talented and beautiful, who was recently healthy enough to play in the Gay Games.

I do not view AIDS as a blessing in disguise. Some writers and public figures, both gay and straight, are playing tedious variations on dubious themes. We are told we were children playing with sex, and now we are adults facing death. In both crude and subtle ways, we are told that this disease is the price we paid for swimming against the social and sexual mainstream. The Reverend Falwell thunders that AIDS is the Sword of the Lord striking down sodomites, and many folks who don't share his hellfire religion feel the same way in their heart of hearts. Much of what passes for the new wisdom and maturity is only a rehash of the old-time religion. AIDS may well make us sadder, but it is not likely to make us wiser unless we find the strength to

resist official wisdom and mainstream morality.

I have in mind a friend who had a tough time coming out as a gay man, despite natural gifts and beauty. Whatever strength he finally gained was undermined by a straight therapist who would read him psychiatric texts on gays and "narcissism," and who advised him to wear clothes which would disguise his fine physique. When my friend was diagnosed with AIDS, this therapist told him that the only safe sex for gay men is no sex—no sex, that is, except for long-distance masturbation. This therapist did not have phone sex in mind—not at all. My friend was told that he and a partner could jerk off in the same room as long as they kept their hands to themselves and a yard's distance between their bodies. This can be fun, but one sex act hardly adds up to a sexual repertoire. Precautions such as gloves, rubbers, and virus-killing lubricants would allow more pleasure and intimacy, but went unmentioned. Likewise, sterilized sex toys and massage. Nor would it occur to this therapist that bondage and SM can be safe sex.

The walls which we must often break through in order to find other gay people are now being built up again, brick by brick, and not only by people who are proud to be our enemies—but also by people who claim to be our friends. Gay people are getting some very bad advice from a number of paid professionals who often think of themselves as humane, but who may share a deep-rooted puritanism. Perhaps the therapist who treated my friend deals sensibly with her straight patients; but gay sex and AIDS do not bring out the best of her skills.

Would so many people believe that AIDS is almost supernaturally contagious, despite all evidence, unless



**FIGHT LIKE HELL:** Sharing the joy and the grief.

they believed the same thing of homosexuality itself, regarding that, too, as a disease? Would the LaRouche AIDS quarantine initiative in California ever have gathered any momentum otherwise? We can be sure a fair number of people have died and will die of AIDS for lack of sexual information. This information, simple in itself, cannot always be simply absorbed, because it requires serious and sometimes painful restrictions on sexual spontaneity. Safe sex, contrary to a recent, well-meant slogan, is not always great sex. But it helps you live at this time. Anal sex without the use of rubbers seems especially risky during this epidemic, and there are still gay men who know the facts but can't quite face them. One fellow repeats to me the old line that wearing rubbers is like wearing a raincoat in the shower. Maybe tips on safe sex would impress him more if they caught his attention repeatedly on prime-time television. In this epidemic that is precisely where such public service announcements belong. But God forbid that the networks should give homosexuality their stamp of approval by spreading the news that gays can fuck with a greater degree

of safety!

Last night I attended another candlelight procession, again in leather. We circled Philadelphia's City Hall to stress the shameful pittance granted to those with AIDS in the City of Brotherly Love. Though we did not end up in a church as the marchers had in Chicago, our final open-air rally was a predominantly Christian event. One lesbian rabbi and all the Christian speakers contrasted their God of Love with the God of Damnation proclaimed by certain fundamentalist preachers. I got their point, but my mind wandered. I remembered the young man whose family had kicked him out of their home when he was struck by AIDS. A social worker later discovered him dead in a flea-bag hotel. It would be beautiful to believe that a loving God kept him company in his last hour, and maybe that young man had such a faith. But I believe salvation comes in this flesh and in this world or not at all.

The choirs at our rally sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Oh, What a Friend We Have in Jesus"—beautiful spirituals even to my unbelieving spirit. They sang "We Are a Gentle, Loving People"—and I knew we must also be an angry, fighting people. They also sang "My Buddy." This song brought back memories of Chicago, of another night when people were gathered in grief and strength. Again the tears welled up in my eyes. I hope some salvation reaches my buddies living with this disease—Sean, Frank, George and too many others—some salvation in this flesh and in this world. Mourn the dead and fight like hell for the living.

*ROUGH STUFF* is the name of the monthly column I intend to write for the new *Drummer*. It sums up many topics to which I'll pay attention: rough sex for sure, and rough social terrain as well.



# DRUMMER MALECALL

## MORE SHIT

What a weird letter ("Don't Shit On Me") in *Drummer* 97 from the guy who has discovered that gays aren't more intelligent than straights, only more affected. Who ever claimed that gays have higher IQs?

As for affectations, well, he's right. But so what? You only stand up for rights of people you like? And while lots of gays, maybe most, are "affected," a lot aren't. There is danger in generalizing, I suspect this guy has had a bad experience or two along the road.

On to another topic. Why is it that most of the guys I see wearing uniforms in magazines don't bother to get correct tailoring, such as Mr. Southwest *Drummer* on page 7 of *Drummer* 96? He's good-looking, but the cop uniform doesn't fit correctly. Same often happens in the few uniform flicks I've seen. And in bars, most guys in uniform are not only poorly tailored, but out of shape. Why do they bother?

Regarding the story "1990," for authenticity's sake, the next inaugurations will be in 1989 and 1993. Let's get it right, huh, Mister Payne!

Sorry to make this so long, but I never wrote to you before and probably won't again. The other comment is this: Why don't you show more real men and fewer San Francisco faggots? And nobody cares a rat's ass for your long-winded movie reviews. What do you think you are, *Intellectual Film Digest*? Shitcan the opera, too!

C.P.  
Washington, DC

## RINGING SUGGESTION

As a model for your terrific magazine, perfect daddy's boy Jake Banks, the boyishly handsome stud whose generous daddy allows him to keep the beautiful dark hair on his chest, stomach and arms, always sports just a single tit ring or bar. Isn't it time that his daddy ordered him to have his other tit pierced and ringed for your camera and your readers' pleasure?

BM  
Baltimore

## ILLUSTRATED MEN

Photos of the pierced and tattooed hunks who showed up in your *Drummer* 98 feature, "Manwatching in Ringold Alley 1986" (the San Francisco, just-off-Folsom street fair) brought home to me once again that those of us who are pierced and tattooed, do not really know

that many of our brothers.

Recently Skinhead Steve and I staged a tattoo and piercing celebration in San Francisco, which brought together the faithful from up and down the coast. It was a first for San Francisco and certainly the largest such gathering ever held anywhere. And none of the Ringold Alley men pictured looked familiar.

That too many gay tattooed and pierced men remain relatively isolated from one another is a concern that several of us have been discussing, quietly, of late. It is a particular concern of Harold M., founder of Illustrated Men, the Los Angeles tattoo club. Both Harold and I have received heavy mail recently (for a variety of reasons) from men around the country who are trying to reach out, but do not know how to begin. We are hearing from men in both small and large communities who still think they may be the only gay tattooed and pierced men in their town, or state, or anywhere at all. Sometimes two or more of these men will write from the same relatively small community! And sadly, too many letters come from the urban areas, where the closets seem still surprisingly full.

We are making haste slowly toward some kind of a countrywide organization which could promote local "data networking" and gatherings large or small, for fellowship, games or whatever. A newsletter could provide exchange of information and ideas. We have no grandiose publication plans. Jim Ward's *Piercing Fans International Quarterly* and Tony DeBlase's *DungeonMaster* and *Drummer* each does what it does best. And both publishers have pledged help.

In the meanwhile, men in California interested in periodical gatherings and fellowship may write to Illustrated Men, PO Box 7091, Burbank, CA 91510 or PO Box 14073, San Francisco, CA 94114. And we welcome communication and ideas from our tattooed and pierced brothers across the country.

The Silver Fox

## AGGRESSIVE HELP NEEDED

Recently I have been diagnosed with early-stage KS and have been off work with bronchitis. My doctors both agree I am in a good stage of a terrible disease, and I realize the very real possibilities, both good and bad.

What I am seeking is someone with home exercise equipment, soloflex or free weights who will aggressively make me do all my required workout on a regular basis as indicated by my doctor.

Although the Raquet Club is next

door, I know I cannot do it regularly alone. So if someone near my vicinity, southern Bay area, gets off on body building, ordering me to do the requirements and even paddling my ass for neglect, etc. I am very serious.

Finances are tight, but the need is great, and who else to turn to but my *Drummer* brothers.

G.A.R.  
Fullerton, CA

(Editor's note: Anyone wishing to respond can contact G.A.R. by writing to TC 1171—see *Tough Customers* section for instructions.)

## DEAD SERIOUS

I would like to speak up on behalf of the hunk, ex-Marine, would-be slave who was the butt of Larry Townsend's criticism.

First of all, I'd like to say that I know Larry Townsend wasn't trying to be nasty. Second, I wasn't there and don't know the hunk-grunt personally. But I read the letters carefully and have a different perspective to offer.

The ex-Marine wrote for advice on how to find a Master for a "dead-serious" commitment. Townsend met with him and felt the guy had three problems: 1) he overintellectualized the "encounter session;" 2) he was not really a slave, but a bottom with a menu; 3) he had an attitude problem, in that he demanded to do his own thing because he was "younger, bigger and stronger" than a top he was referred to. According to Townsend, this completely shattered the "Master/slave facade."

But I don't think the ex-Marine was looking for a facade. He wants a "real-life" exchange of power, and he's looking for someone who can gain as well as claim the upper hand. In fact, the ex-Marine is more into a special kind of dominance and submission than he is into SM. The confusion arises because, although they often look like the same thing, they are radically different. The best way I can illustrate it is with an old Marine Corps saying which goes, "If you got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow." The ex-Marine's submission is only preliminary: he'll let you grab his nuts in order to see if you can change his attitude. To Townsend, the submission is "final" and he expects the right attitude so he can play with your nuts. That's what Townsend means when he says a top wants "a physically attractive, responsive subject;" and I would agree that that is what most tops are



looking for. In contrast, the ex-Marine is looking for an "intellectual encounter session" as Townsend puts it; but what's wrong with that?

It may help to have gone through boot camp in order to understand where the Marine is coming from. Sure, you're seduced into signing up—that's nothing. But once your ass is on the line, then you start to learn that there's a right way, a wrong way and the Marine Corps way, and they won't stop fucking with you until you want nothing more than to be a lowdown grunt doing it their way. Sure you're confined to base, and sure you're threatened with punishment (or worse, being a civilian again), but the whole process is 90% mental. If the ex-Marine had told his DI to fuck off, they would have made him rue the day he was born "bigger and stronger" and they could do it without laying a finger on him. It's not a question of size or strength or violence but of what the Marine Corps calls "command presence." They've got a saying that "It's not the size of the dog in the fight that counts, but the size of the fight in the dog." And once they've got you totally convinced, they'll turn around and say "Hey, can't you take a joke?" But it's not a joke; although they call it "loyalty," they in fact make you totally submissive, totally committed, and it can be deadly serious.

So sure, the ex-Marine is not a real slave; no one has turned him into one. He's looking for someone to match his old DI and then some, and it's going to be real hard to find, because it's a special kind of trip that takes a lot of work, especially without Uncle Sam to back you up. Don't think this dude isn't a lot of trouble; he's good, he knows it and he's got attitude up the kazoo. But the guy that can turn his mind inside out will get one hell of a motivated, dedicated slave.

As far as I'm concerned, there is nothing invalid with what Townsend is into. But if I read him right, the ex-Marine's trip is just as valid, and I think it should be recognized as an equally legitimate part of the SM culture, even if it doesn't lead to sales of leather goods.

P.S. I realize this letter is long, but I've taken the time to write it because in all my years dragging my ass up and down Folsom Street, I've met more than a few guys who are into this type of D/S. They are not in the majority and have often expressed resentment at Townsend being passed off as "the way to do SM." I hope I'm right in thinking that *Drummer* speaks for the entire spectrum, and if so I think resentment putdowns and cross signals could be avoided if this other approach got an occasional hearing. It's always difficult to talk about the yin-yang of SM, but I think I've drawn the distinctions correctly.

M.C.  
San Diego, CA

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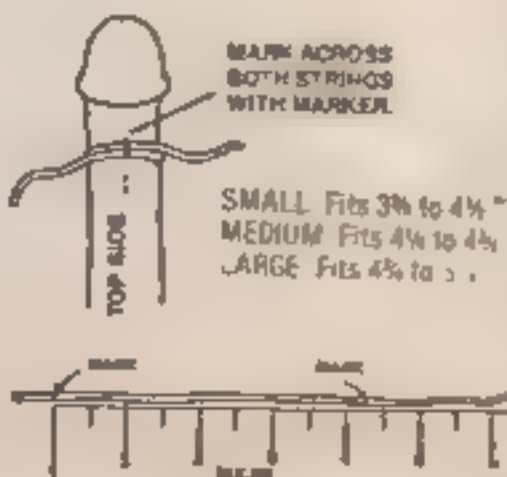
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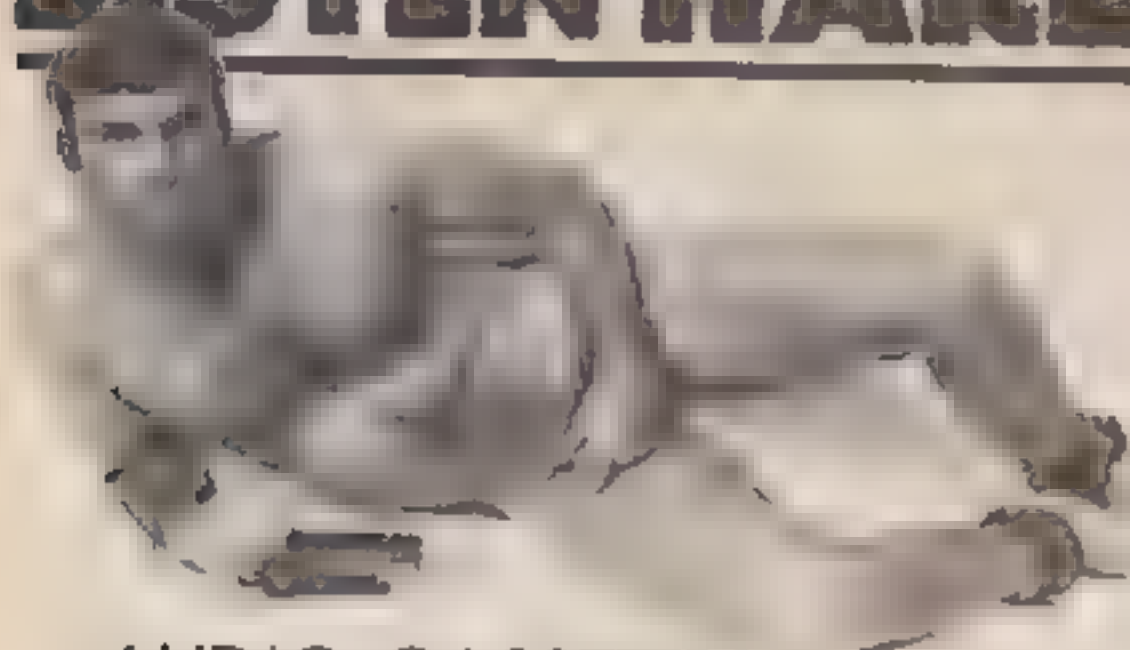
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## rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

## BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

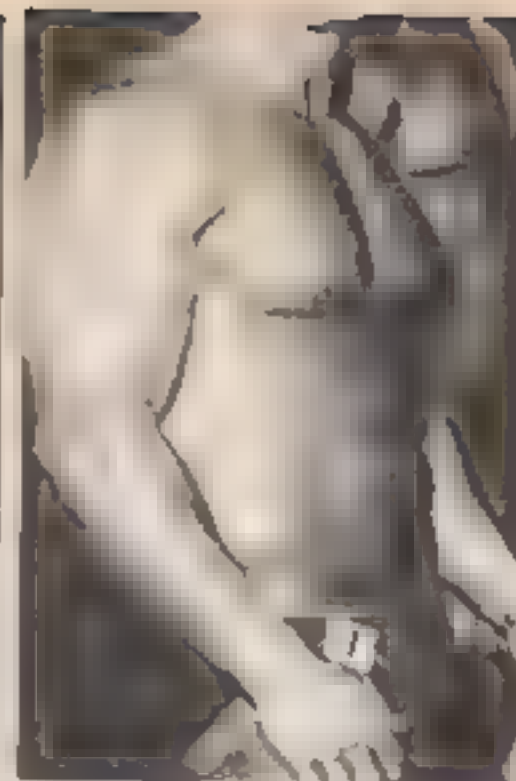
Imagine. It's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

## MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig—if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes—informs the feet of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

## HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not so innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck—like the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off, then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the latrine, you find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you feel like you're right there to help him out.



## MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps, eyeing each other, their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

## DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight taran guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity, soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

## AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. As an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guys begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time in one of the hottest and kindest scenes ever recorded.

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## THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

## MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

## KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot, too hot and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape.





## TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

## TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

## TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

## THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue's going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper... get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



**FATHER/SON**—A father becomes his son's lover.

**MARINE BRIG**—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

**PORN CALLS**—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

**SAILING TO HELL**—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

**THE CONFESSIONAL**—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

**THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

**THE HITCHHIKER**—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

**THE HUSTLER**—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

**THE WARDEN**—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

**TV REPAIRMAN**—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

**WHIP FIVE**—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

**BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING**—The hows and whys.

**INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE**—A young male whore tells all.

**MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION**—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

**SM AND LOVE?**—Frank O'Rourke feels whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

**THE ART OF FISTING**—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

**THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE**—Its values and what it is about.

**THE MASTER**—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

**THE SLAVE**—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

**TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS**

MASTER MARIO



## GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

## DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

## THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the DI proves who's in command.

## THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

## COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

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- ☐ BREAKING IN RECRUIT
- ☐ TRAINING THE HARD WAY
- ☐ PUNISHMENT IS REWARD

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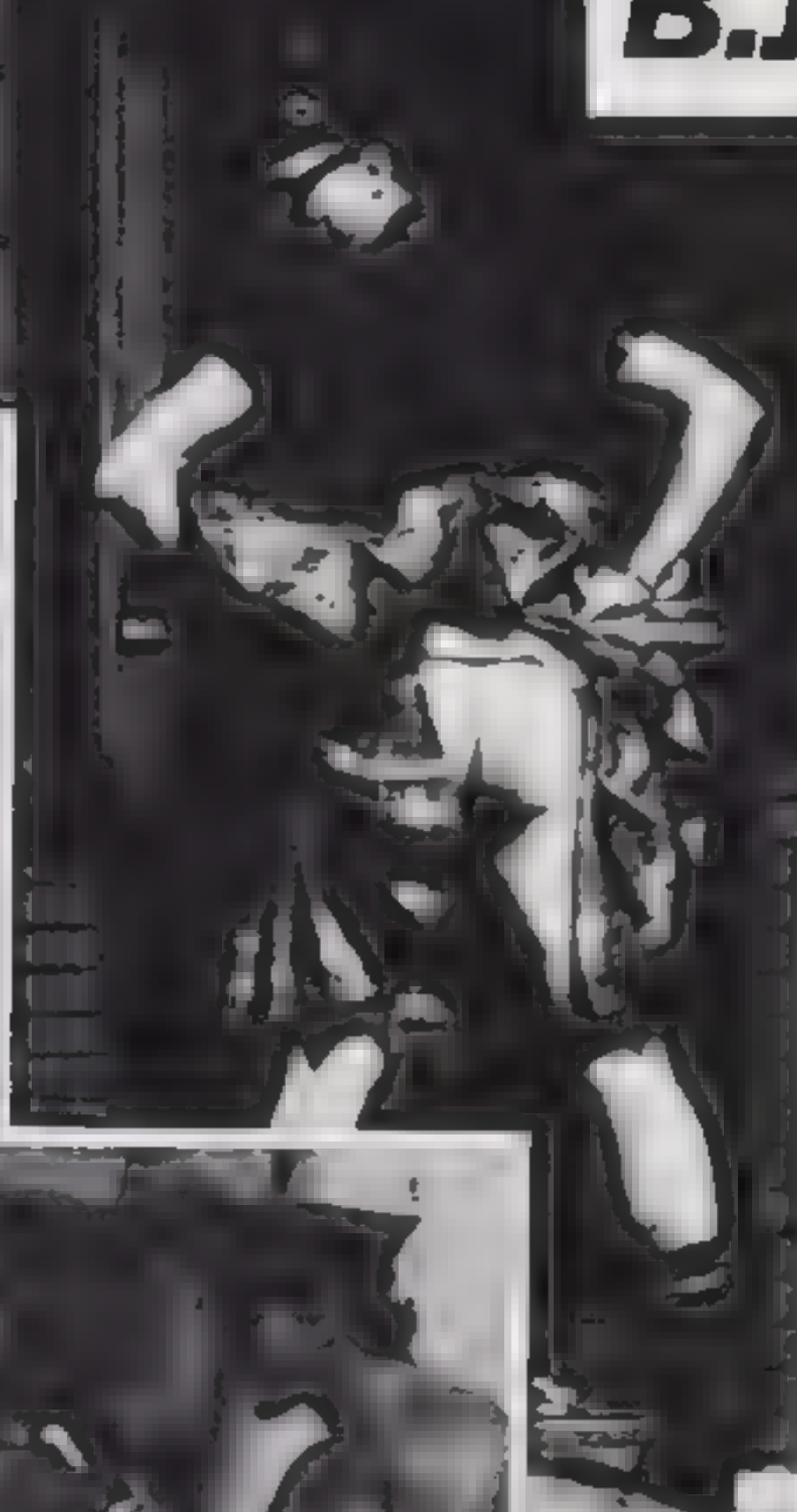
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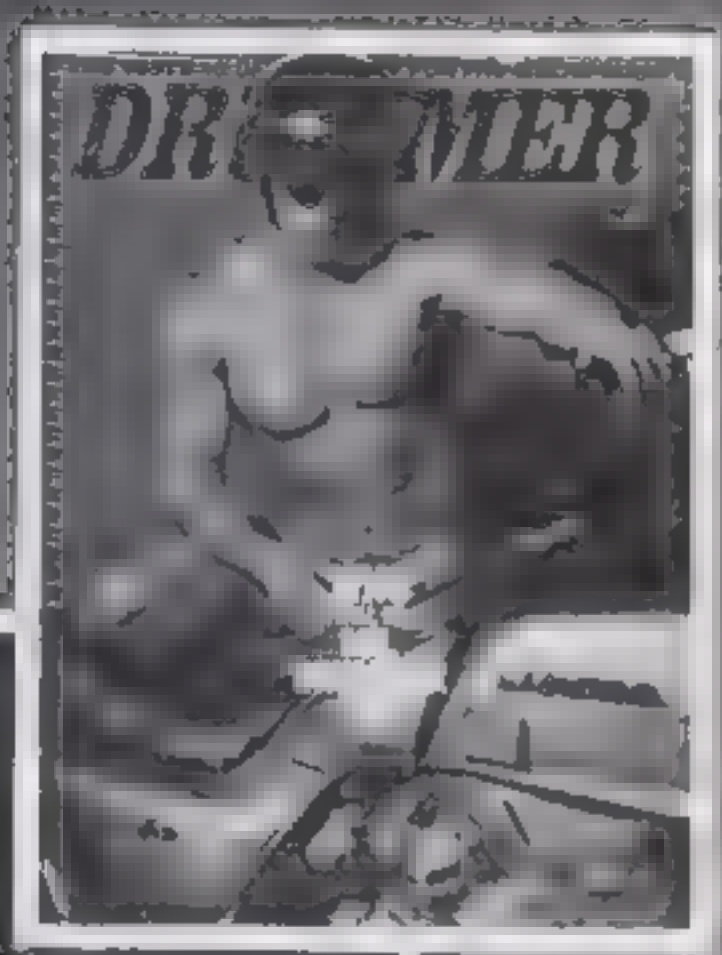
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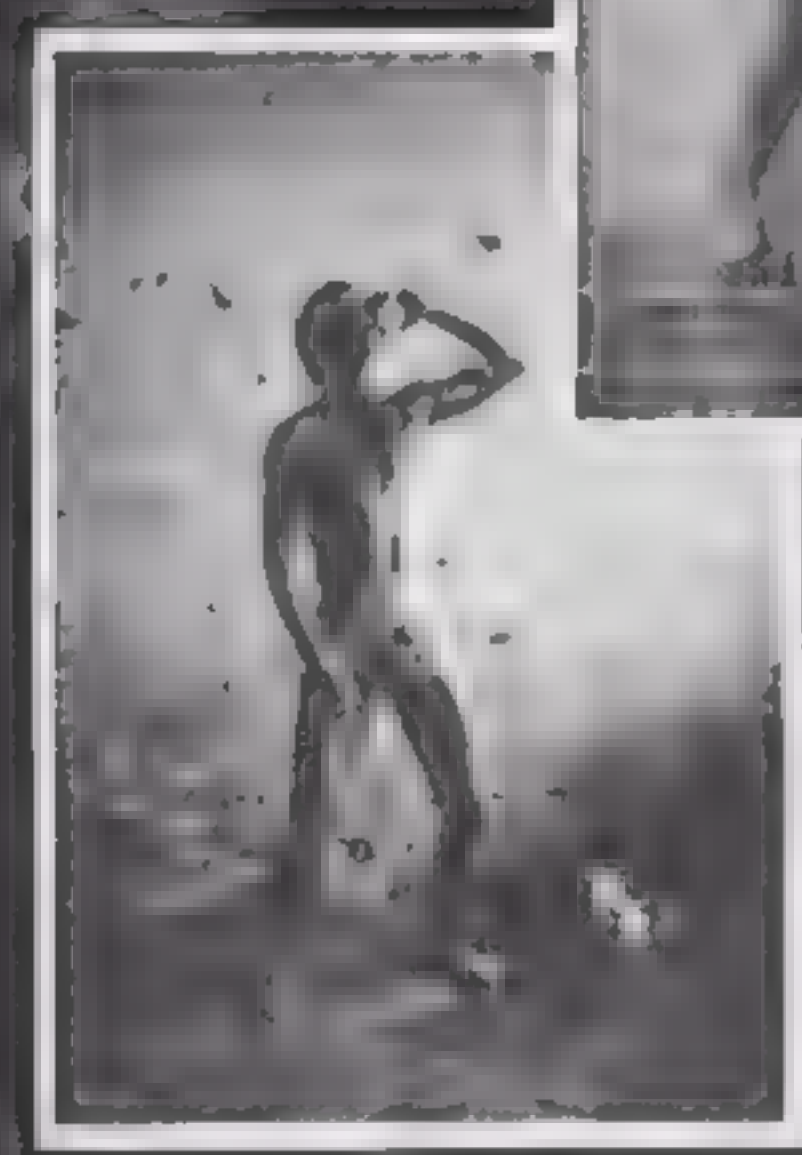
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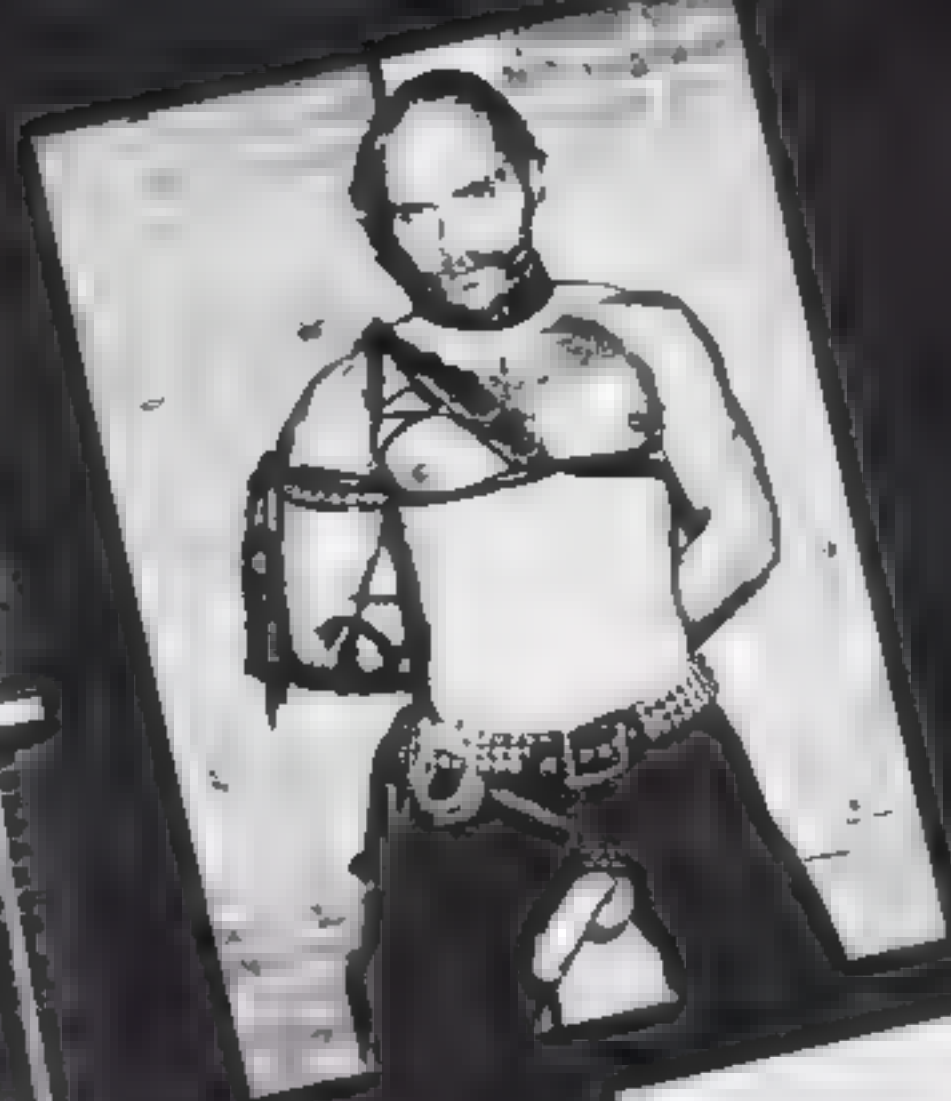
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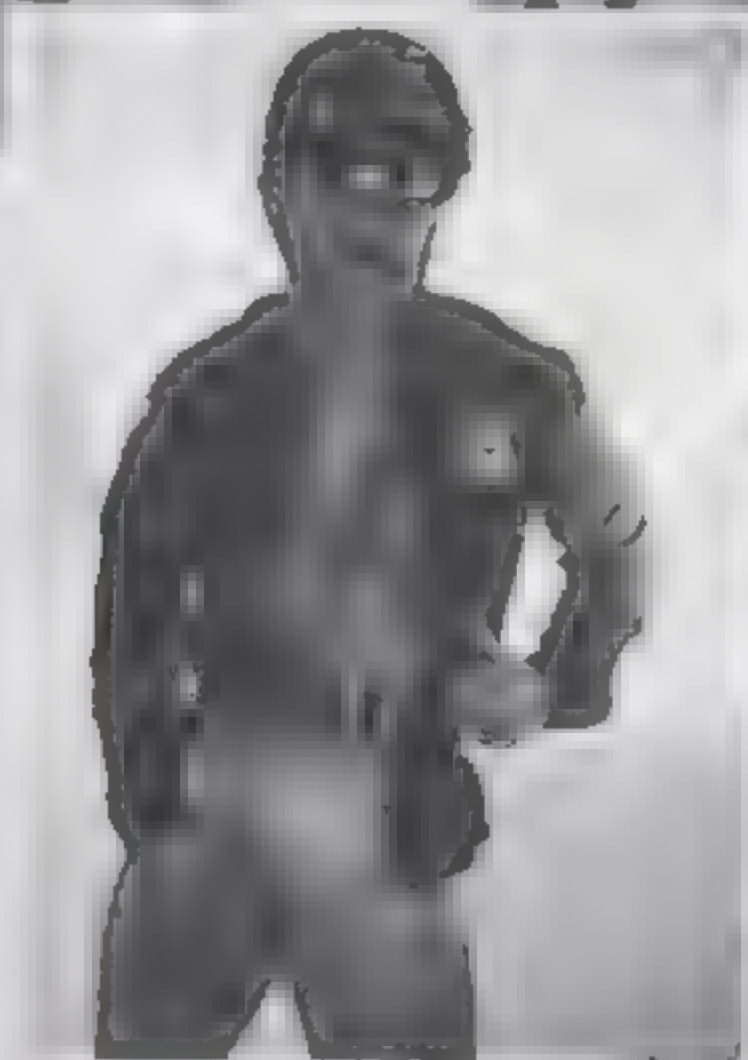
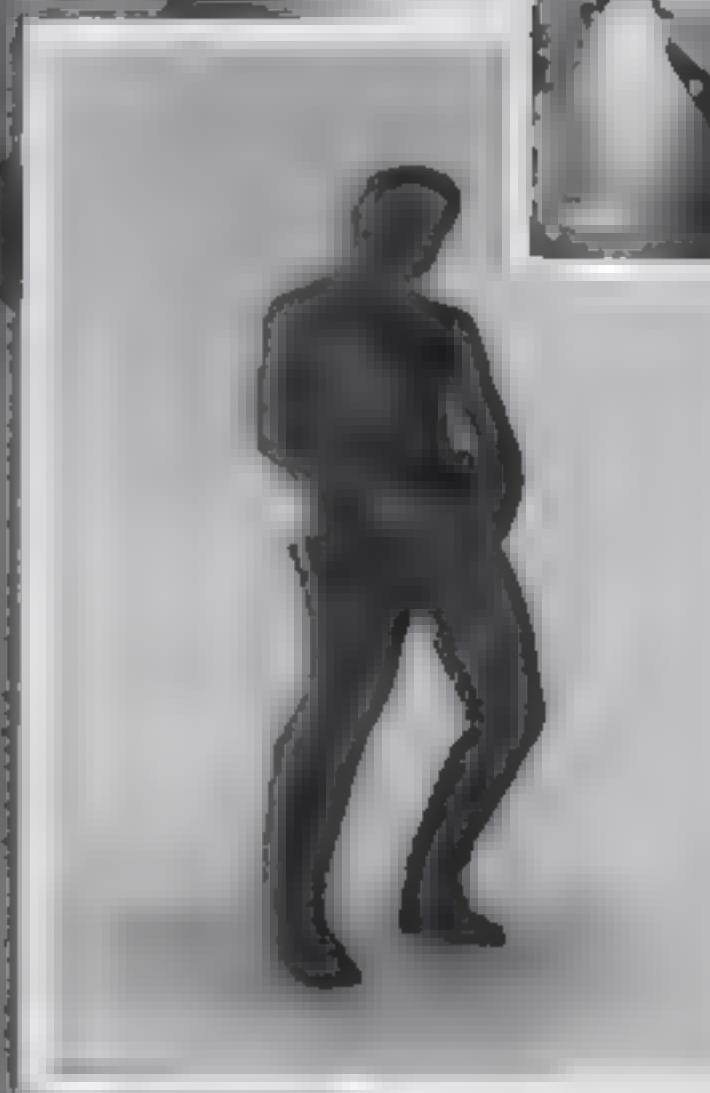


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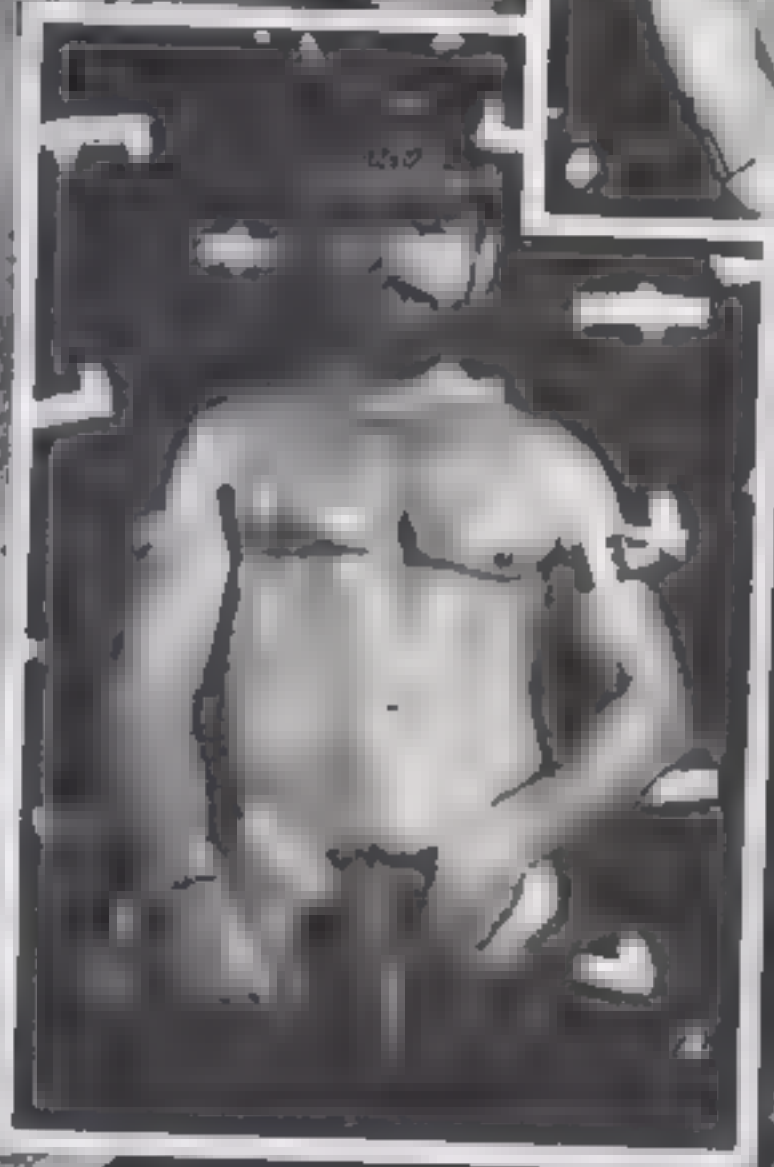


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**Payment?** Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**Censorship?** No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

**How to reply to a DRUMMER box number:** Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

**IT'S THAT EASY!** And that's the way it should be.

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word.

**FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS:** Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that. The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain.



## Dear Sir,

**DEAR SIR**

DESMODUS INC

PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY \_\_\_\_\_

**BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)**

**AD COPY (please print)**

Cost of Ad (\_\_\_\_\_ Words @ 50¢) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Number of Insertions (x \_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Box Number (Add \$1.00) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Total Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order  
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card No \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 (I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I so provide of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is not responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through \_\_\_\_\_



**HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50c PER WORD!**

# DEAR SIR:



## NATIONWIDE

### SHIT, PISS

Tell this shit slave how you'll dump and squirt it into my mouth 6'2" 185, 29 Letters, photos videos, asswipes Let me be your to at. S r Box 5275

### TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-hungry WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. TT, padded canes, CBT, cigarettes Begin slow work up to heavy action Masochist must have high or nonexistant pain limits Good bond required Sadists 43, 170 6' blond HOT No fluid exchange or permanent damage/marks. Western JS Box 5278LF

### YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10" 170) and Brother (37, 6'2" 165) both G/a F/p for sex & servitude for once or forever You will be owned protected controlled trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited humiliated, worked bound, used abused & know that you are loved Menta. surrender is first the rest is easy No phoneys, dopeys, or alkieys Pot & poppers okay Submit & expose yourself by writ ng Dick & Bill 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222 Near Baltimore & D C Photo returned A nswers (LF5395)

### KEY WEST FANTASY

28, 175, 6' white boy Great tale great body Want together, intelligent masculine man 30-50 for possible relationship. Into most scenes with right man like to live the fantasy Letter with photo, phone. Box 5447

### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM 31, 5'10" 155 bs. brown hair/ blue eyes x-farmboy masculine bottom-man Seeks hairy-chested masculine dominant aggressive top-man for permanent one-to-one relationship I especially like farmers/ ranchers, but will answer a) who respond I can relocate Sncere only u m, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA 94142

### SOUTH FLORIDA CAPTIVE

Former military 40s, needs occasional captivity and torture Not slave training or leathersex but stud prisoner with good body for restraint and classical torture whipping rack whatever a prisoner should have to take Make it long slow gradual deliberate Can travel all US Jeff Brennan, PO Box 21772, Ft Lauderdale FL 33335

### AVAILABLE NOW

Opening for submissive obedient manly male. Intelligent mature mind will help you accept my lifestyle Key West will be home Call (305) 296-8630 after 6 Ask for Jim

### I DO EXIST

Macho Bi WM 27 go d, blue 6', moustache, 7", 185 bs. wants topped by the guy who reads these ads and doesn't ever answer don't like make-believe and know you are not invulnerable If you have a dominant and strong personality—serious and quiet I will match it with the kind of submission only you know about Box 5555

### FOR REAL MEN ONLY

Hot cross-country trucker Looking for workout buddy/friend on layovers I'm mid-30s, 5'8", 165 lbs., rugged, masculine and hung Into hot, safe sex Pix appreciated Sam Box 5553

### CIRCUMCISION

Interested? Hung cut stud seeks you, espec a y teen/adult cut, or contemplating A so dark circ scars and foreskin, 2215-R Market St., #168, San Francisco, CA 94114

### DELAWARE

Proud white Virgo Delawarian nonracist Dad 50s, seeks +18 responsible s/m consensuals Box 5541

### RANCH SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, seeks full-time permanent chained slave Heavy SM bondage, discipline. No limits or excuses Expect hard labor from a harsh slave owner You must be 20-35 lean, healthy and serious. No drugs, WS, FF, scat, damage. Photo required. Box 5562

### OTR TRUCKER

Burly rugged trucker needed by husky 35 y o WM good buddy for OTR training Box 5540

### A REAL CHALLENGE!

Attractive late 40s Master seeks sons over 25 Weekend adventurous B/D Equipped playroom. Masculine safe sex Boxholder Box 28852, St Louis MO 63123

### COPS/UNIFORMS

Handsome airline pilot 34 5'11" 165 into boots, striped breeches Service his 7 1/2" tool, lick his shiny zipper explore each other PVE GOT LAPD USMC USN, CHP tailored tight Seek guys, hot cops I can respect/service too. Phone/photo Box 552

### BOOT WORSHIPER

34 6'1" 165, moustache, needs total permanent slavery with mean Master You scene your way Sir Box 5523

### DES RED

by slave boy 35, 140 lbs, moustache a concous caring Master/daddy, supporting of slave's spiritual activities Must be expert in whipping and bondage Must be patient and open in process of enslavement mutual ownership, wear leather/uniforms well Please, Srs, be safe sane and serious. Thank you Box 5516

### HUMILIATION NEEDED

GWM 35, 5'11", 155 lbs, attractive 8" hard dick big balls, seeks moderate to heavily experienced CBT asswork VA, face slapping, some pain, heavy embarrassment Make my queer dick stick out Open minded, safe, kinky West Central FL, can travel. Photo, your scene Box 5508

### MARLBORO SMOKERS

Also—those who appreciate Do you dig smokin' Marlboros? Let's correspond. White, 35, muscular tattooed, trucker Box 5511

### ORAL PHOTO EXCHANGE

Hot hunk 28, with unbelievable mouth seeks photo exchange with dudes who have big oral cavities. Hot shots of mouths get mine Box 5510

### LET'S KICK BALLS!

Let's punch balls, knee balls, slap balls, squeeze balls Can travel anywhere PO Box 791443, Dallas TX 75244

### LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2" 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride a long with me on my Honda Gold Wing There is no such thing as too much black leather I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average Box 5028LF

### BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions Light SM Can be top or bottom Sncere muscular preferred Age not important Travel PA OH & FL Box 5071

### SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man 40, 150 bs 5'11", well-built handsome (black hair brown eyes trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful If you're exceptional patient, mindbucking man, I'll knock your socks off Letter with photo gets mine Mitch PO Box 9395 Scottsdale AZ 85252 (LF5077)

### SLAVE—DOG

36 5'11", 170 with good manners obedient, stable healthy needs experienced mentally and physical strong and harsh owner to fulfill Master's desires under his absolute control No limits free to relocate Please no built-shit or phoneys. Call 011-49-69-587249 or write UPJ PO Box 101154, 6000 Frankfurt W Germany

### SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

### LIFE IS PAIN SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal violent act of hatred Your cock is an angry weapon charged with a boiling load of viciousness and contempt You a powerful man for whom violence is as natural as breathing choking kicking, beating punching and stomping are your idea of sexual foreplay Gay, straight or bi: you are totally vicious, unrestrained, and don't give a damn for other people's notions of right and wrong The more I scream the more you enjoy venting your rage Age, race and looks don't matter to me as long as you are strong enough to tear me apart with your bare hands Me WM 32 cocksucker 5'10" 160 lbs, no stud, an unworthy subject but an eager and discreet victim seeking the ultimate sexual experience Total screaming fear and excruciating relentless torture wanted Unbearable terror and agony are my only hard-on orgasm is simultaneous with blinding pain. No limits, no mercy I supply the body you supply the pain degradation and suffering for as long as you want Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only Not into master/slave games Not into "safe and sane" scenes, if you're not dangerous don't bother to write Seeking a permanent, lifelong scene Deliver me Box 5026

### MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM 37 vice president of leather/Levi club seeks slave or trainee into G/r/p, F/r/a, CBT, S M, B D, toys, for permanent live-in persona slave All Jude and desire to serve more important than looks Send photo and phone n first letter Must be willing and able to relocate Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky OH 44870. (LF4958)

### UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do I am 37 GWM 5'10" 175 lbs, who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable Most services possible for right person Live in North Carolina but can travel One-nighters, friends or lasting relationships a possibility Not into role-play ng but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it Box 4937LF

### THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy suburban West Coast Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars Willing to work and contribute to good home life Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me No tats, alcoholics or drugs Serious, respectful reply includes name address, phone and returnable photo Box 4930LF

### LOOKING FOR B+G BROTHER

Small brother looking for big dicked jock/sneaze brother (under 30) who is into caring daddies, bondage also S&M and your help financially I will relocate Am 5'4" brn, hazl, independent and want to go to college Send phone # and photo. Bondage a plus Box 5354LF

### BIG 88 LOOKING FOR HOT DAD

GWM, 27 years old 6'2" tall 220 lbs, black hair/beard, dark eyes 48" chest 32" waist, big hairy pecs with super-sensitive tits Looking for a Master/dad with similar description Please send photo or slides Travel frequently in US & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe Please write soon Dad I'm on my knees (LF5714)

### VERSATILE SAFE-SEX LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR GWM approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality similar interest and preferences for friendship and possible relationship MYSELF GWM 38 6' Br 180 bs, warm personality Into SM (espec a y mental & verbal) leather uniform TT fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips Enjoy BB boat ng, swimming, hiking other outdoor activities, opera symphony ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things NOT INTO Drugs, dope smokers alcohol, p a s t i c people and fuck buddies If interested respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF



#### HANG 'EM HIGH!

Have strong desire to hear from studs obsessed with neck-oriented bondage fantasies of the hangman, executions by hanging, literature, and photos of condemned men who are guests of honor at a formal cowboy necktie social of the Old West. Box 5534

#### WANTED: BIG THICK COCKS

to keep my cocksucker's ravenous appetite satisfied. Just prior to your using my suck machine, I'll use my stiff battering ram to make sure his whore-mouth is hot, juicy and ready to receive your throbbing hunk of meat. Then I'll jack-off to the beat of your cock plunging the depths of my cocksucker's throat and you'll thrill to the height of his expert's service that I've taught him. When he's sucked your nuts to hot and boiling, we'll watch as your cock explodes. It's thick juice all over his face. If your cock flexes to this hot scene, calm me—The Stud—at (907) 276-5016 and I'll make sure he's on his knees, ready and waiting! L.F.4805

#### MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM 37, 5'8", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man can be most flexible. Box 4869

#### HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while so enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

#### MASTER

Handsome, muscular firm, well-built 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is firm under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked toilet trained, whipped heavy flogging FF, WS scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

#### WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive expand my lim. I'm novice in WS bondage C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky hairy build. 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

#### OK, WRESTLING FANS!

GWM 36, 5'5", 200 lbs., clean-shaven, br/br hairy chest and gut. U/C. I love playing the fat villain to thin to W. BLT. Hero villain. Briefs, jock, G-string, nude. Sapping, titplay, V/A, fantasy only. But no fantasy too brutal. My Manhattan mattress or I have to CA. L DM M DC. Send photo, fantasy challenge photo to Box 138 DMs 132 W 24th St. New York NY 10011

#### ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline lol sh? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM attractive, 6' 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H. 495 Ellis St. Suite 204, San Francisco CA 94102

#### WESTERN NY/ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

#### BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/heel soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4431LF

#### TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy big-dicked, bearded, naturally top, fun-lovin'. Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as lol lover/boy/partner, not slave. You support us, I keep you happy or you whip me. Into smoke, beer. Photos answered first. Box 5043LF

#### BECOME THE FANTASY!

Two blond body builders—MASTER top, WM, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs., smooth, well-defined, muscled body, patient but strict SLAVE top/bottom 25, 5'9", 170 lbs., smooth rock-hard, well-trained and mean. We are into whips, B/D, S/M, bodyworship, sweat, pain, endurance, piercing, servitude. We're real, physically superior, good-looking and seeking same. Age is unimportant, but young novices will get my boy's personal attention. Tops responding must KNOW what they're doing or you'll find your ass hung up and raw! Bottoms can expect same as a matter of course. You don't have to be a body builder (if you are write immediately) but you must be firm and firm. We travel and entertain. Your photo (nude preferred) is a must with letter. Write with full details of what you're into. Box 5485

#### GRANDDADDY

Young 60s dominant, accepting applications for grandson for SM training service, affection. Send detailed letter. Photo and phone (returned) desired. Box 5504

#### BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes, heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, tight discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East US but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

#### CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor, a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons, a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

#### FLOGGINGS—MILITARY

Prisons—Gaileys. Anyone with interests in bare back lashings with the "cat." Particularly youths 18-20 in prison and military history. Anyone in Canada, England, Australia, U.S. with knowledge of court sentences. Also gailey slaves—same age, and punishments, slave labor, auctions, executions. Write not after Jan. 1, 1987. PO Box 394, M.dtown Mall, Worcester MA 01614.

#### BD WILD TICKLING

Hot handsome man seeks others into wild BD tickling—sensual trips—wilder the better. Act or pass. PO Box 36034, Richmond, VA 23235-8034. Box 5492

#### BONDAGE, MATCHES, FIRE

Masochist seeks sadist. Cock, torture. PO Box 4731, San Francisco, CA 94101-4731.

#### HOLIDAY STUFFING

Pig out, stuff your gut on your favorite food, then in hot raunch sex, puke. Smeared with grease and mud in du ge. Your hot photo/story gets mine. SFX 3701 W. Alabama, Suite 450, Box 357, Houston, TX 77027

#### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

DESPERATELY SEEKING DADDY. GWM slim, blond/blue, 21-year-old country boy seeking stern teacher/guide. I'm attractive a little shy but playful. I want an older, affectionate man that cares enough to discipline me and patience enough to teach me about love and life and together we will explore the perimeters of sexuality. I'm writing and waiting to relocate. Will answer all (phones first). Write to Kenny. PO Box 92623, Lafayette, LA 70509-2623

#### SCOTT (THICK-10) TAYLOR

Self-suck, self-fuck, vacuum pump, subincision, size king, porno stag, hot beater! Your photos and letters get mine. East-West and Europe. Write to Scott Taylor, 2040 Polk St., Suite 111, San Francisco, CA 94109

#### BLACK BODY BUILDERS

wanted as live-in slaves/ido's to be worked/worshiped by sane white mid-aged uncle/Master. Only serious dudes with desire drive to carve themselves into gleaming ebony showpieces. Work/training info. PO Box 37451, Jacksonville FL 32236

#### LOOKING FOR LOVE

In all the wrong places—spread-eagled and red-cheeked by SM aces—condom-trapped tongue inside studs who dig sitting on face—harnessed and hot-waxed for slave scenes and kinky embraces—hog-tied for the sleaze needs of raunch groups and drenched with the traces of everyone looking for love. White only. Bob, 20s, husky, uncult. Hot photo, descriptive letter to Box 5497LF

#### MY BOOT IN YOUR FACE?

Hot bearded leatherman with heavy size 11s wants boot workouts and leather action with boot lickers and leather lovers. Letter with photo answered first. Boxholder. PO Box 16588, Denver CO 80216

#### JON-ERIK HEXUM

photos/info sought for projected book on late actor. Especially anything on his interest in leather and uniforms. D.L. PO Box 3291, San Francisco, CA 94119.

#### TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM 39 slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive, dominant, endowed, Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent

attention and punishment. Not into attitude, games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

#### NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Shackled, tied, bound, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a large, soft foam ball as torturous titclamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Buttocks reddened, burnt & blister as an eternity of padding swats them into tormented firmness. Your asshole stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one larger toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather on distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a constant erotic reminder. If you never serve another Master. Can pay my own travel expenses within 200-mile radius of New Orleans. Will occasionally combine pain and business trips to Virginia, D.C., MD, plus Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver and West Coast. Will begin each scene by giving you complete health checkover; you'll start—and stay—healthy. Bottoms must have dungeon or playroom lined up at their own expense. Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205 pounder at Box 5034LF. Save your pictures. You'll be interviewed before Jon Corager agrees to top you.

#### READY

Yes, I'm ready...to want a man, one who wants me to want him. I am 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., moustached, balding, considered handsome and hunky and very hairy (basically a man looks). I'm also safe, sane, healthy (but not paranoid), responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached, at the very least responsible, has good physical presence, has no need for alcohol, tobacco or drugs, is aggressive (dominant, too), is assertive and communicative, seeks and offers commitment and devotion, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied sexual gratification. I'm included at times which is no less strong than his desire for intimacy and affection. Indeed I want it all. If you are such a man, then encourage you to write to me and include a recent photo. Thanks. Send to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102

#### NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocate on possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo. Sir! Box 4849LF



#### WHITE GOOD-LOOKING

mature executive, 46, seeks a man, 18-37, for mature relationship—to include sex, social and ski weekends. I am strictly top, aggressive, interesting and no bullshit. Live and play in nongay environment. Like hairy butts and clean and safe mansex. Photo to PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803

#### STRIP 'IMI ROPE 'IM DOWN!

Castrate him! Seek correspondence, sadomasochistic fantasies about involuntary forcible emasculation of virile masculine men. Experienced ball-cutters, sadists and masochists interested in methodical C&BT castration. Box 5535

#### HANG, CHOKE, TORTURE

Hang me, choke me, strangle me, suffocate me. This 25-year-old, ex-military 185-lbs., hairy man gets into wild breath-control scenes with semi-sane tops. Tie me up, chain me, swing me from the rafters. Force me to breathe cigar smoke until I gag. SM/BD/CB/TT interests are there. Right wild top will have a good time. Put it all on video and enjoy. Plastic, rubber, leather. All letters will be answered. I need this trip bad. It is my me, or turn-on. Box 5538

#### PILOT WANTED

Is there a pilot out there, mil' or airline who's looking for a true, discreet, hot, very masculine friend, one you can always depend upon? I'm a Tucson white male attractive, intelligent, 29, who seeks genuine fun and lasting friendship with aviator. Photo welcome, receives same. PO Box 42342, Tucson, AZ 85717

#### HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy muscular anal fistfucking dildoes. Box 5238

#### LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10" am into Fr, Gr, FF spanking, tight SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

#### WIN \$1,000 (DONATED PRIZE) FOR WINNER

Be a contestant in the Mr. Leather NY Contest, an AIDS benefit. Win a trip to Puerto Rico in our raffle. Admission and raffle tickets now available. Info. Write Box 410, 132 West 24 St., NYC 10011

#### STRAIGHT/BLUE COLLAR TYPES

Especially big, burly, bearded bears. Little guy 30, boy sh, into boots, cigars, leather, rubber, longjohns, titwork, JO, condoms, smelly/sweaty jocks/socks, gloves, ace bandages, gas masks, Daddies, trucks. SAFE SEX only! Like straight looking/acting guys. Husky, verbal, cigar smokers, beerguts, beards/mustaches. A-Photo Box 5348LF

#### CORRECTIONAL LIFESTYLE NEEDED

Spoiled, undisciplined, long hair seeks strict Master to introduce me to a correctional lifestyle, turn me into an obedient, uniformed, convict-cropped inmate. Am 35, 6'1", 180 lbs., with an affection for motorcycles and leather and a need for steel restraint, and above all discipline. Box 5332

#### AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write BJ. Box 4973.

#### S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr-old 6'4", 230 lb. very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include titwork, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O salessex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred, other locations considered. Reply with photo to Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114

#### CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient, ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs. FF scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF

#### MIDWEST HOLES WANTED

to fuck, fist, stuff, whip. ME Leather top, 38, 150, 5'7", bearded, good health looks, body & stamina. You: needing it now or experienced, open or closeted. Forward photo, experience, specs & # Box 5413LF

#### PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK

St.m, attractive passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7" cut, fair-skinned, smooth, healthy or ented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. PREFERENCES: over 35 years tall, big build, foreskin, bearded, hairy, heavy hung muscles, earning power. Description recent photo, SAFE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

#### HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM 34 yrs., 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm a stable, well-educated, healthy, professional. Interests include photography, BB h-k-ing. Enjoy mutual titwork, long hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or feds. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF

#### HELLWEEK LIVES

27, 6'2", 195, blond pladgemaster seeking recruits in excellent shape. Reply with nude photo/phone experience to Tightropes. PO Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901

#### EXPERIENCED

Masochist-slave seeks SADIST for genital torture. Box 5536



## CONGRATULATES DRUMMER ON ITS 100<sup>TH</sup> ISSUE

GMSMA meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays  
September through June (except December 24)  
at 8:30 p.m. at The Center 208 W. 13th St., New York  
Meetings are open to all interested gay men  
(\$2 members, \$4 nonmembers)  
For more information, write to  
GMSMA, Dept. D, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011

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**QUIET—MASTER DADDY**  
41-year-old good-looking easy going but firm, very health conscious together loving looking for a special son's love for mutual satisfaction. Dad's that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad's looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father, master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in S&M being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes. be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonferm. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested send photo and letter to Box 4711LF

**CIGARETTES AND WHIPS**  
Cigarettes and or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy? Need give or

take bareback med. to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115 100 Valencia St. San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

**RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!**

**SEEKING LONG-HAIRED DAD**  
Hot slim, hairless 'boy' desires to serve, obey and belong to dominant hirsute Dad with long hair and beard. I will groom and care for body, beard, boots, etc. Not looking for yuppie or clone. Seeking aggressive man who wants care and respect. When I don't meet requirements, bondage and discipline or verbal abuse remind me of my place. I am honest, discreet, loyal and ready to obey the man that understands this ad and my desire to serve and please. Will help with relocation or travel. Photo and phone replies answered promptly. I am 5'9", 32 and 145 pounds and in Texas. Box 5327

#### VERSATILE

Hot leathermen wanted for top/bottom bondage, SM scenes by well-built, muscular good-looking man, 32, dark hair, moustache. Letter with photo gets mine. Joe Box 5527

#### RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45 like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

#### EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs 6' 8" seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164 (415) 777-1111

**TOP UNCUT BLACKS, LATINOS**  
wanted, who are macho, not fat and are into heavy raunch sweat headcheese scat, piss. Sacramento and San Francisco areas. By WM bottom, 45, 6'1", 150 lbs. Box 5438

**WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD**  
19-35 years o.d. who wants to share leather sex with 36-year-old Daddy. Must be turned on by small feet and look of black leather or police uniforms. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me at home and ask for Rick at 415/863-7384

#### TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

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## BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy do you ache to pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop) win his trust over time, and then in late night bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? *Objective* monogamous safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs, a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but will be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youngful 40s, fine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drug-free, progressive thinker. Optional bearded outdoorsy artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588, LF4952.

## MASSIVE MUSCLES

Don't go to the gym, use my body for a workout! Get off on pumping up in front of the mirror using my nipples for dumbbells, my balls for cable pulleys and pinching bag, my face for squats and lunges! The only thing that interests you is watching yourself work out on my hapless body. The fact that I am handsome but out of shape and no comparison to you drives you to beat the shit out of me, pose before me, make me worship you, disgust you as you overcome me with sheer strength until you verbally humiliate me. The sight of your own vein-studded body sends you into uncontrolled tit-ripping, not crushing, face-slapping action until you can't do another rep. Now it's time to relive all that swollen glory. Go for the burn! Sick minded muscle jocks write, with photo. SF Bay Area only. Box 4943LF.

## GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 35-55, any race. In time anything goes that's safe. Like colars, chains, metal abor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF.

## BODY BUILDER SON WANTED

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined, workaholic, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo: Box 4944LF.

## DRUMMER DADDY

WM 40s, 6'1", 180 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular, bottom, any age, whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, T/T, C/B/T and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my pad, but everything else goes. Will discuss your price.

and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF.

## CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKERS

Write if you're turned on by the look and feel of a hot smoker. I'm mouth-ached. 38 hot WM—will answer a letter. Would like to start smokers club. Pix a plus. Box 5512.

## WHIPPING BOTTOM

GWM 47, 5'9", 160 lbs., into bareback and ass whipping. Have pierced nipples, tattoos into leather SM scene as novice. Want to expand my limits and new scenes, such as VA, bondage. Want Master in good shape only, not over 47 years. Box 5519.

## MASTER NEEDS

### DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKER

36 yrs WM 210, 5'11", hairy dirty talk, lots of VA. Looking for a 20-30 yr man who can take care of daddy's cock and make him feel good in northern CA. Write to Box 5530.

## NAUTILUS AND SM PARTNER

Newcome to SF seeks friend in Levis and boots for Nautilus workouts and whipping up trouble. I'm WM 43, cut 6", 6'2", 205 into whipping. BO SM ball work. TT, SS, Fr, SS, Gr. Not into WS, anal, FF, rimming, piercing, prods, drugs, damage, uncuts. Can be M or S. Box 5545.

## BONDAGE FANTASY

Older bisexual, white male, complete novice, seeks fantasy fulfillment by mature man 25 to 40. Interested in bondage and padding. Limits must be respected. Your place. No fluid exchange even with condom. Box 5550.

## PAST THE ELBOW

Hot Latin leatherman, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs., pierced, uncult, work out. Looking for another experienced bulch stud for heavy mutual FF action. Box 5554.

## HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you. Call (916) 391-9755.

## MASCULINE BUTTBUDDY WANTED

Exceptionally handsome, hung, over-sexed, smooth WM, 38, with kinky butt seeks similar to explore sensuous fantasies. Must be versatile, hung, huge, circumcised, healthy, discreet. Secretly you dig giving/receiving enemas, need steady buttbuddy and love giving head. Monogamous relationship possible if sexually compatible. No bar types. Box 5557LF.

## BUDDY WANTED

For weekend man-to-man get-togethers with someone in his mid-ies like me. I like men bigger than myself, built like linebackers, wrestlers, powerlifters. I am honest, direct and to the point. I want a man who is the same. Like sweat pits, pecs, nipples, shaving and wrestling. Your physical advantage alone will not be enough. Domination is a state of mind. Box 490, 584 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

## ASS EATER

Stick your butt in my face and make me worship it. Love Latin and white asses riding my tongue. WM 6'1", 165 lbs, 30 black hair and beard. T/T, W/S. Box 5498.

## BOTTOM DADDY WANTED

Good-looking, 30, Japanese, daddy's boy, but top, seeks white, 35-55, masculine, bottom daddy into leather uniforms, light SM, W/S, B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo. Box 5566.

## BOY NEEDS

Gym body, good-looking, 30-yr-old boy needs big, hairy, masculine daddy (35-45) for safe but raunchy JD sex. Box 4973.

## BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, C/B, T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on weeknights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF.

## BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34 wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102.

## NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, o Box 4136LF.

## GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage discipline and much more. Smallie cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5168LF.

## OBEDIENT SLAVE SUBMITS TO

horse-hung Masters: cops, military discipline, while being used for heavy whippings, group submission, submits to being hooded, gagged, forcing of huge toy insertions, w/e enemas, medical and mind conversion, torture, st. aightjacket, kidnapping for wild torturing. (415) 552-6786. Permanent.

## PAIN TRIPS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masochists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say no! This is not a fantasy or sensual SM trip. Whips, Alligator clamps, Cigarettes, Beatings with 3" fiery rattan cane. Bruises, most likely. But safe and sane. No damage, or permanent marks. Interested in torture for torture sake. C/B torture and intense bondage till torture a speciality. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letter with photo to: The Man, PO Box 4622, San Francisco, CA 94101.

## GWM COUPLE AVAILABLE

Couple new to San Francisco seeks couples and singles for safe sex. One 34, one 37, both 6'1" and attractive. 34 yr old needs deep plowing by well-hung leatherman or whomever. Box 5479.

## DADDY SLAVE WANTED

29 yr old, good-looking, good body, needs a daddy to abuse VA, CP, TT and more. Daddy must worship his boy. My pits & feet need special attention. Safe sane only write with phone #. Box 4973.

## CASTRO COUNTRY BOY!

Hairy-chested, horny, versatile, hot has field that needs plowing! Call: (415) 431-4293.

## HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM 6'2", 170 cut 7-8" needs experienced Master or top for nipple ball, cock work, munching, electrostimulation (mutual with shaft) balls tied together a real turn-on. Bondage, increase limits. Hot wax shaving, corsets. Box 5184LF.

## HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot horny hairy man for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime. SF residents or visitors send photo, phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151.

## SLAVE

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., brown/grn smooth clean-shaven, 7" uncult into WS, shaving, enemas, plugs, camps, dildoes, FF wax, bondage, TT/BT, needs heavy training. Looking for a Master who can do the above and more. Please call (415) 750-9015. (LF4820).

## REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy it, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots, NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807).

## SONOMA COUNTY

WM 44, 6' 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up. I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! Come, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too! Box 5150.

## RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8 1/2", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dom male, aggressive Daddy. Big Brother to train me, use, abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strap me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature over thirty-five and want a boy that's real, then please send detailed letter about yourself what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF.



# MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 180 lbs. muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7 1/2 inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

# SF LEATHER DATE

6'2" 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

# HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, 11 torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816 (LF5222)

# SCORPIO MASTER

Show me you're worth my time and I'll make you my property. NO FANTASY. S&M B&D. Torture—Limits Expanded. My scene, My way. Strict Discipline. Domestic duties slave requirements obedient, silent, dedicated, very passive, employed, moustache, tight butt, trim, clean. PO Box 5233 S.F., CA 94101. No FFA/drugs. (LF5406)

# FULL SERVICE

To let to relieve dirty shitholes and horse-hung pisser of handsome, well-defined muscular back by clean-cut athletic white boy. (415) 535-0867

# FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180 lbs., GWM into A/PF FFA WS. spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

French Master, 40, 6'4", 200 lbs., sexy gay, moustache, dark haired, clean, attractive. 8" seeks cocksucker slave (45-60, no beard, no moustache, good body) in San Francisco where I will stay for a few days in December. I enjoy all work, bondage, orders, submission, friendship, tenderness and a million other things. I would see the city and SM scene, I can show you Paris in return. Send photo (nude) and desires. Emile Blanc, PR 108, 75009, Paris, FRANCE

# SF CROTCH CLEANER

Seeks position under dirty talkin' facesitters, 40 yrs.-plus. Working conditions requested—ripe fartin' assholes, cheesy, pissin' cocks. Suds and rimseat furnished. Serious only. No jack-off calls. Fgmouth (415) 776-2844

# FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

SMALL MASTER WANTED. WM slave, 5'6", 150, seeks stim/muscular little guy into domination verbal abuse discipline, humiliation, leather into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O, Blacks Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6855 San Francisco CA 94101

# NIPPLE WORK

Lean, smooth, defined GWM looking for satisfying mutual chest work with trim in-shape, imaginative men. Safe sex only. PO Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco CA 94114

# BLACK BOY

English raised, versatile, seeks order, well-built, white Master. Boy is submissive but not cowed. Health conscious. 31, 6', 165 lbs., uncut, hairy good body. Moderate BD and SM. Greek TT, CBT. No scat, WS, FF, drugs. Hoping for long-term relationship. Please write with photo, phone, and orders to Box 5391LF

# ARE YOU A BONDAGE MASTER?

Sir, GWM, 39, 5'9", 155 lbs., would like to meet a bondage Master who is looking for a mature Master-slave relationship. All types of bondage OK, age or race no obstacle. Please reply to, Boxholder, 584 Castro, #634, San Francisco, CA 94114

# SEEKING ASS MASTERS, TOPS, HUNG STUDS

Hot SF asshole needs good-looking fuckmasters, topmen, well-hung studs into total, safe, extended assplay trips. Tie me down, paddle my buns red hot. Fuck me with rubbers, stretch my hole hungry with dildoes, FF, CBT, TT, VA. Make me your asshole slave in a prolonged action fantasy. I'm 35, GWM 5'10", 165 lbs., dark hair/beard, BB, hairy, tan line, exceptional ass, capable of hard fucks. Preference to Masters with dungeon play room where space/time cease and only high ass fucking fantasies exist. Latinos, 3-ways or more, facial hair. Letter with photo (a must). Qualifications/photo sent upon your order sir. FUCK MY ASS! Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114 (LF5390)

# DICK-HEAD TEASING

Clean-shaven guys for prolonged and intense J/O in bondage who want to go nuts taking turns tickling, massaging or vibrating only our sensitive dick heads. Box 5493

# UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER

# WANTED

WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in very good health and shape. Looking for motorcycle and mounted officer in his tall boots—Dehners—breeches, leather or uniform. Full gun leather, black leather, gloved hands and cap or helmet. I'm into the taste, smell, feel, sound and the look of black leather. Bondage, motorcycles, camping, J/O and safe sex a must. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs and in return all I ask for is to be your leather bondage prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115. Can travel. (LF5292)

# HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

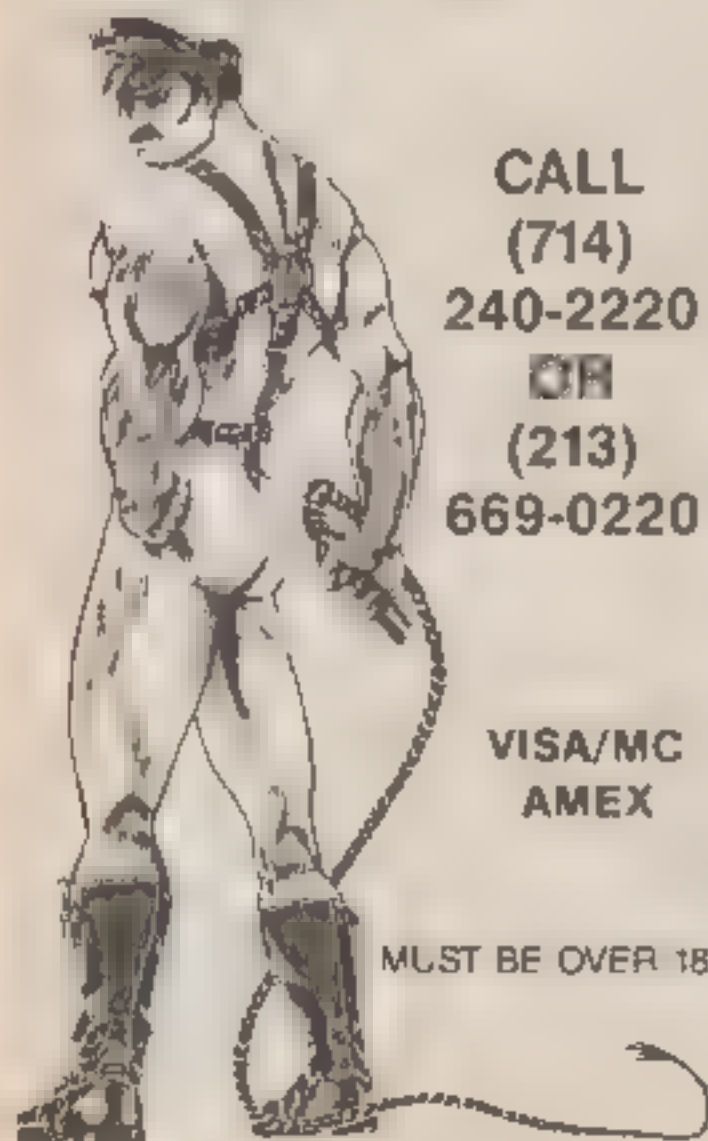
# DOMINANT BLACK WANTED

You! In charge of this Sacramento GWM 28, 5'10", 155. Box 5385

# HORNY DUO

Two guys, 32, 5'8", 140 lbs., br/b, and 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., br/bl, one smooth, one hairy, both well-built, seek partners for hot, long sessions of cocksucking, ass rimming, fucking. Seeking healthy masculine guys, 25-40, trim bodies for size sessions. Hung, muscles a plus. Photo/phone to PO Box 5921, San Francisco CA 94101-5921

# PETER'S PHONE ACTION

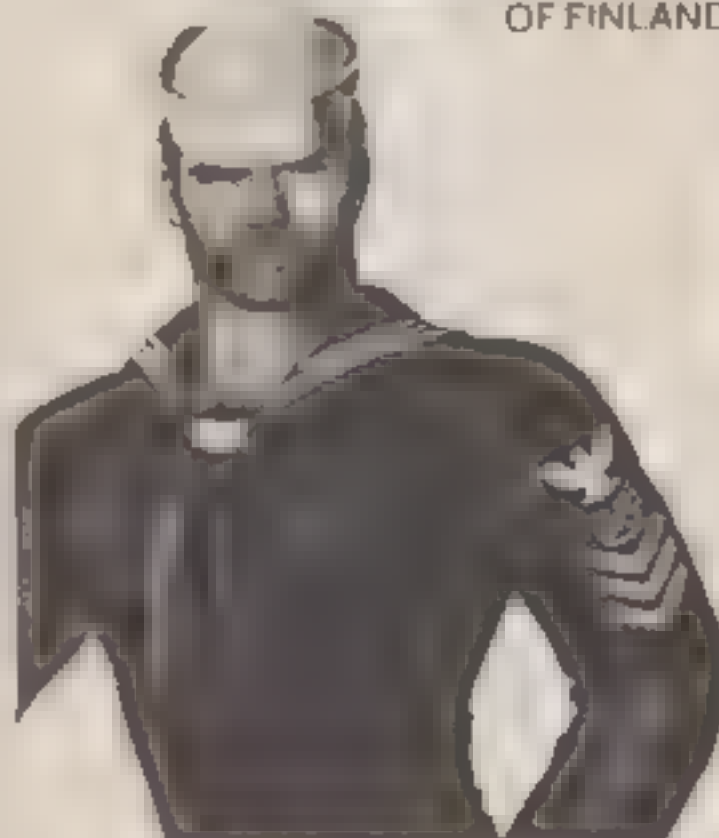


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### TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry 8" clipped, oversexed. seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Serras. Humiliation, body shaving ass beating piss, tilt-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me if you cage me you can keep me. Age looks, cock size unimportant however heads-pace is. (Harry preferred, but...) Hot dirty phone calls can be arranged Mark PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. Box 5439LF

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs. seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's Boy who's on a serious heavy Father-Son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware I'm not a sugar daddy I'm a Topman a Master a man to possess dominate love take care of play with, and fuck a docile dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own and needs a Daddy. Peter short 5'6" and under 150 lbs. even scrawny boy with smooth body and bare ass but this size boy not mandatory. Attitude and submission more important than height. Slightly handicapped or unemployed boy okay. I'm searching for a real special kind of boy. Where's he? Reply with phone number. Revocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

#### LET'S STOP TRAFFIC

I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs. and above average all-around. Sound arrogant? So what! I want a Master, not a mouse in leather drag. I want commitment and trust and the envy of all who know us, or see us together. I want the best things in life. Does that mean you? If you're young, strong, healthy and find your leather sex life colder than it could be, I need you. And having said so I'll shut up. Send photo, phone and a piece of your soul to Mail Box 5129LF

#### OBEDIENT BLOND BODY

needs contact with dominant, aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2", 185 (solid) lbs. jock late 20s. blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50 have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss. I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets me, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discreet. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

#### HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy 52-year-old BB 6'2" 200 lbs. clipped beard balding, with expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply Daddy PF Box 4888

#### LOVES DEHNERS

Call (213) 666-1191

#### MASTER WANTED

by WM 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, latpooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mutilation, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write Occupant, 1265 North Harper #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

#### MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

#### CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy 6'1" 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling swimming cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used with right guy(s), willing to submit to a most any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

#### SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd. #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

#### TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony. (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

#### WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Slave/houseboy wanted by two hot, professional GWM. 27 and 33, with playroom, into B&D, S/M, CT&T hoods, gags, stocks, shackles, shaving, leather, rubber and more. Will be dressed in leather, receive allowance, healthy nonsmoker, inexperienced OK if eager to learn in safe and caring environment. Detailed application with photo to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

#### BONDAGE MAN WANTED

All types of bondage, the tighter the better. Call Paul (805) 966-5256. Santa Barbara. 6:30-10:30 P.M.

#### BOTTOM READY

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger, experienced top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428

#### SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd. #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

#### SAFE RELATIONSHIP NOW!

WM, 39, 7'2", 180 lb., br/bl, H chest above avg looks, masc. bottom-vers. fit myotherapist. Into: SAFEsex, leather lrvl, BB, chains, home, pits, reading, bondage, sailing, skiing, T&C&BT music, jocks-2-tux, hiking, piercing, theater, shaving, affirmations, toys, success, Gr/Pr, spirit, exAF. Off friends. NO smoke/drugs...hence. Want honest, successful, hairy, fit leather top-man with humor, intelligence, goals + adventurousness, & comtd to soc justice. Who wants & will communicate, touch, support friendship and more: mutually satisfying and multifaceted sexual/mental/emotional/spiritual balanced relating. Important you have positive & dominant nature with fantasies to be realized like C&B-bull-tit Master pain-pleasure Master and... You now are capable aware sexual pleasure a valued friend & bond the real bonding pleasures and dynamics of the S/M in a fun and happy L.A. area preferred. Reply w/ photo Box 5412LF

#### WHITE MASTER (TOP) NEEDED

White slave bottom, 34, 5'11", 185 lbs., husky, hairy wants to serve white/Latino top Master. Am into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S & more. Please sir—sincere only—send orders & info to slave at PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

#### GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candy ass stacking cans or whatever. Sweet face, Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

#### NO EXCHANGE

Seeking bluecollar guy in Levis and race-ups, over 35, beer gut okay, who would get turned on by forcing a good-looking mature exec. to tongue clean his sweaty boots, pits and low-hangers. Box 5437

#### WANTED: A MAN TO RESPECT

Law student with little time to waste needs a man that can make me respect him. I am a willing, eager sex dog for the right man. I am 29 years old, 5'10", 155 lbs., good body, good face and the ability to laugh at life's bullshit. I am seeking someone who works hard, enjoys physical exercise and is happy. I am usually attracted to tall, fair-haired, moustache or beard, moderately well-built men—but most attracted to masculine. If you have a picture, send it. If not, send a letter with a phone number and I will give you a call. Or call (213) 483-9892, Box 5526

#### A BIG DICK'S DREAM

Very handsome Greek-Italian 27, 160, 5'11", one of the finest cocksuckers available to regularly service your meal. Get the kind of service your oversized crotch needs and deserves. Be healthy, fit, imaginative. Tag team buddies and national replies welcome. Accurate description and photo if possible. PO Box 691475, Los Angeles, CA 90069

#### ITALIAN BB

Italian BB, very masculine, 30, wants to be emasculated, ridiculed, VA, dog training, body worship and humiliation phone scenes. (213) 850-6598

#### BLOND NORDIC MODEL

Young top wants slave who is ready to be stripped, chained, whipped, abused—to have his limits carefully but forcefully expanded. I am experienced and extraordinarily attractive. You must be attractive and willing to explore your limits. Send photo. Box 5491

#### HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

WM 29, average looks, build, looking for dominant Latino or Middle Eastern types in L.A./O.C. Will grovel, worship, serve. David, PO Box 97, Perris, CA 92370

#### SERIOUS BALL PLAYERS

equipped with C/B toys, candles, shaving gear, electro CBT equipment, etc. wanted for serious ball games. Good-looking WM, 38, 5'10", 150, nice build and big balls. Contact Chuck, PO Box 691375, West Hollywood, CA 90069

#### RAUNCHY BOX-FEEDER

has need of Raunchy Sox-Eater. Hot handsome Black Master, early 40s, enlists the service of a young, greedy, hungry-mouthed White slave-dog animal. Master imposes to keep his slave-dogs mouth humble and obedient, stuffed and used, dirty and raunchy from servicing his sweat-soaked feet, dank, smelly unwashed dirt-encrusted soles. Drop me a line w/ pix. Boxholder, PO Box 60331, Los Angeles, CA 90060-0331

#### SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

#### PISS & SHIT

WM, 35, 6'4", 200 lbs., hairless ass with juicy pink hole, seeks slave, 18-40 for toilet service. Erect, thirst-quenching cock. Firm, tasty turds. Box 5460

#### DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF





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### HEAVY BUTT PLAY & FISTING

White, mid-40s topman seeks hot good-looking bottom white man under 40 for safe mansex (213) 438-0917 or PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803

### NAZI VICTIM

Lean, bootlicking queer (part Jew) youthful 35, craves 1940 SS camp scene. Seek Aryan Master(s) to conduct experimental on involving isolation sensory deprivation, immobilization, brainwashing, controlled breathing. No body fluids. Deadly serious. Box 5564

### DEPRIVED Fucker

Fucking hot action, only bottom men needed. Be experienced. Turn on! heavy pain, torture SM and give damn good service. No fantasy or j/o. Be short, slim, hairy NO limits. ALL scenes. Be ready to have ass and brains fucked over and tortured. The Stud that'll be working ass is 6' 160 lbs. hairy. 42 7/8". When ready to put your balls in the hands of this stud, send pix & phone no. Poss. be permanent position; safe sex. Box 4827LF

### 165 LB., SOLID, 6'

Masculine Leo. Self-confident, intelligent, experienced into fantasy fulfillment. Seeking relationship based on mutual trust and honesty. Masculine attitude and versatility a plus. Experienced in S/M B/D, uniforms FF No scat, penpals, or bulshitters. All replies answered. Rodger, 248 No Sierra, Solana Beach, CA 92175 (LF5361)

### LEVI SLEAZE

WM 36, 6'2", 175, trim, bearded, looking for creative, raunchy crotch action in filthy skin-tight Levis, boots, leather, into sweat piss tits, underwear nylon, uniforms, mutual verbal abuse and exhibitionism. Seek friendly imaginative jaded men 30-50 n bulging, dripping 501s for sensuous, sweaty all-night raunch scenes. Live in S.B. Mountains, work in L.A. Safe sex only. Phone/photo Box 5324

### RUBBER SLAVE

Lanky WM, mid-30s, digs total enclosure immobilization, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing. Seek experienced San Diego area Master in full rubber for radical J/O scenes. Box 5473

### POLICE DOG/SAN DIEGO

Bootlicking puppy is good-looking, lean WM 34 (human years) requiring prolonged confinement/obedience training by uniformed police officer(s). No sex. Box 5559

### ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox 50s, 5'9", 140. Cauc smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT CBT at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 68824, L.A., CA 90069

### COLORADO

#### FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver CO 80218

### HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11" handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only please. Limitations. No drugs. FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

### YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M I'm GWM 48, lop, uncut, mountain climber Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423

### HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutual ty with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

### INSATIABLE MALE CUNT

doublewide and deep wants expert FF tops for prolonged sessions. Cali Larry (303) 832-3906. Box 5544

### MAN SCENT WANTED

Tired of deodorant and cologne! Good-looking, wiry, bright, masculine. Caucasian bottom, 35, looking for similar top with facial hair. Have a little muscle, flat stomach, plenty of manly musk. Full body picture a plus. Box 5546

### SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older, experienced, loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational physical career goals should call Mike (303) 692-8021 PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218 (LF5506)

### DC-METRO

#### LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB into body worship and leather service by hot submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

#### HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8" 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

#### HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

#### GRADE-A SLAVEMEAT WANTED

(18-35) by aggressive, hard-ass Master, 35, 5'9", 150, far-real body builder, gets obedience, punishes failure through progressive, expertly applied mental and physical bondage/torture accommodating your interests, limits without health risk. Your application letter, photo included, will cover complete physical description, previous experience/interests. Letter of acceptance will include my photo. Box 5518

#### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10" 155, B/BI, moustache, goatee SM, BD, CBT TT, WS, FR, GA. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696)

### LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

### WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent house-boy, private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35, straight looks, decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

### SON LOOKING FOR DAD

WM early 30s, in search of a Dad Me, very Gr/pass. into d/does, spanking, FF, jockstraps and mild S/M. I am looking for that one person to share my life with. No heavy pain and no J/O calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017. Dad, your son is ready (LF5025)

### EROTIC HANDS

Dominant young top needed by well-trimmed European gentleman in his forties. Also into tits and foreskin games. Box 5499

### STUDENT NOVICE NEEDS

Athletic, attractive WM college student, 23, inexperienced, ISO, affectionate, manly, well-built, attractive Master to break me in. Photo (if possible) and phone. Box 5549

### FLANNEL SHIRT, HAIRY CHEST

GWM, 34, 6'3", 185 lbs., brown hair/eyes, hairy in-shape, looking for muscular, hairy outdoorsman 25-40. Must be sensible, respect limits and friendly. Your cock is hard because you have me staked out naked at our campsite. I strain against the ropes that have me bound, waiting for the first drop of hot wax to hit my dick...I smile now knowing you're next. Send photo. Box 5531

### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM 40, 5'11" 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular, no drugs, nonsmoker. Healthy safe sex only; independent lover, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O* J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

### SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

#### BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

### K.S.

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident, flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mild case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Bail's n your court. Box 5199LF

### FLORIDA

#### RAUNCHY MOUTH

GWM, body builder 28, needs to eat your shilly brown hole—no limits! Also W/S titwork. Greek You: 18-40, good build. Phone/photo. Boxholder, Box 3182, Orlando, FL 32802

#### BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, gagged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4846)

#### CENTRAL FL—SEEKING TRAINER

WM into body building needs supervision. No fluid exchange, FF scat, tats or lems. Looking for workout partner to get our bodies into shape at gym. Reply Box 5219LF

#### TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD SM, shoving, enemas and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominant, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

#### OLDER MAN—NORTH FLORIDA

Professional would like to meet or correspond with someone who is really into leather. I prefer bottom role; willing to fulfill Daddy role with person who is understanding, adaptable and interested in safe sex. Swimming and classical piano are two hobbies. Box 5253LF

#### NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced 39 WM, 6', 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

#### NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 48, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or feds. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast Fla. Want younger under 35 preferred, smaller man. But answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

#### MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471



### 3-WAY POMPANO BEACH

We are two GWM 35 yrs., 180 lbs., 6' clean and handsome, looking for a similar type MAN for very good times. Send serious letter with desires, phone or picture BB a plus. Box 5454

### ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10" 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911 Key West FL 33041

### SLAVE/HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM, 30s, wants GWM 18-28. You should be slim, muscular or smooth. No smoke, drugs. Bottom into pleasing Master in every way. Write with photo to PO Box 2072 Stuart, FL 33415

### WANT TOTAL SLAVE/SON

Young needing permanent affectionate home with bearded, mature Dad. Include photo. PO Box 1871, Miami, FL 33168.

### NEOWADA

#### VERSATILE

Attractive WM 38, 6'2" beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking slender smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, any toys, enemas WS light bondage, shaving, greasy wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to Drummer Box 4857LF

#### ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist) into leather BD whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex. Looking for singles, couples or groups into all or any of the above. This top is 5'8" 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8" clean-shaven muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write 1098 Monroe Dr NE Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

#### ATLANTA B/O DADDY WANTED

by college student. 21 5'8" 135 lbs. dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal inst. not who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

#### FISTFUCKER

#### PUNCHFUCKER A.P.

seeks same with HUGE hands. Box 5520

#### ASS-LICKING FART SNIFFER

Masculine, good-looking GWM 31 needs humilation, degradation, ridicule verbal/physical abuse (no heavy pain) from older guys any age weight but must be masculine. PO Box 146402 Chicago IL 60614-6402

#### SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM 42 5'11" sensitive loving professional straight appearance. Active G passive seeks well-built heavy-hung B W/ Spanish man to use hungry deep throat and hot eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592 Springfield, IL 62705

#### CIGAR SMOKING

#### LEATHERBONDAGE

awa. I ng leathers ave s care and ustol boots and leather. Varying degree of S/M available including whipping and ashtray. No drugs. MASTER: 45, 195 6'1" MCP PO Box 233, Plainfield IL 60544

### NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me deep, hard, repeatedly, w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ friends pass me around. Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 1090H 3952 N Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ (LF5215)

#### FORMER MASTER

Has been PRO-wrestler type (big bearded balding 210 lbs., 6' 46) gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, bullplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

#### BONDAGE WITH A TWIST

Slm, smooth, blond GWM 26 seeks husky very hairy bottom for sale but heavy bondage scenes with TLC. Prefer beard, moustache, nice hairy beard gut. No pain. Serious only. Chicago area. Box 5543

#### WOULD LIKE TO SERVE

And take care of masculine man 25-50. Will travel. I am into Levis boots and western GWM 38, 170 lbs. 6' brown hair, green eyes, 42" chest, 32" waist. Gr a/p. Fr a/p. PO Box 1571, Rockford, IL 61110

### NEOWADA

#### LINCUT INTO KINK

Let's try it. Tits B/D either way. Control stimulate. Box 5563

#### BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

SW Indiana submissive WM 5'8", 135 lbs., 39 years, cut, brown/blue, moustache seeks older bigger Top to service and to please. Let me minister to your needs. Hot mouth, hungry ass eagerly await! Box 5214

#### REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male. 32 6' 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are 21-45, sadistic and imaginative —Great Photo & phone answered first. No tats. No scat or FF. Box 5567

#### S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM 40 5'8" 135 lbs. brown/hair, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pressure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect and worth. Box 5359

#### EVANSVILLE AREA

30 years old, looking for man-to-man action. Must be 25 to 40 and willing to get down and bend over. Have sling and want to tie your ass down. Call Matt, (812) 477-9469. Let's talk about meeting.

### NEOWADA

#### BONDAGE FANTASIES

Initiated by slave. 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311

### KANSAS

#### MASTER DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master PO Box 1373, Manhattan KS 66502

### KENTUCKY

#### KENTUCKY LEATHERMEN?

Leather bottom, 35, 5'6", 145, beard turns on to leather and cigars. Am Fr/a, Gr/p. No need for artificial role-playing. I know what I am and what I like to do. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

### LOUISIANA

#### PUSSYBOY BUTTS SLAVE

WM, 30, bl/bl good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313 New Orleans, LA 70172

#### LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider write me So La close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom? It's a plus. WM 44, 6'1", 200, bald beard & very hairy into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber boots shaving toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train, Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Ser. or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 PM

#### MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30 5'9" 225. Write to PO Box 2364, Slidell LA 70459

### MARYLAND

#### SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year W/M 6', 175 lb. hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits, drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn? Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

#### BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

### MASSACHUSETTS

#### BONDAGE SLAVE

34, 5'11", 170, GWM hung, nice chest enjoys being tied down and displayed. Will take orders from health-conscious, muscular dude 25-45. Tease me with, then deny me/force feed me your dick, while you play with my body. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Box 5458

### CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112

#### GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6' tall, 160 lbs +, with good build. No facial hair into heavy rubber, leather, ready for S/M bondage. WS masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate immediately to small New England town live in large ranch house with extensive toy-room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

#### MASTER SEEKS MUSC SLAVES

Master 34 tall, well-built, construct on workers body successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders. In need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physique. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master Box 451 89 Mass Ave Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

#### BOTTOM SEEKS HOT HUNG MEN

GW bottom 28, 6'1" 190, seeks hot, hung men any age. Especially like hung black studs into SM, TT, WS, dildoes. PO Box 6687 Boston MA 02114

#### OH SHIT!

Save, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, total service, shit worship, forced feedings of all male body fluids—no exceptions—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, tit-clamps, ballwork. Needs smelly unwashed hot Masters, —younger the better—for training and punishment. (617) 661-4657 PO Box 1736 Cambridge MA 02238. Relocation possible. (LF5468)

#### FIRST TIME AD FROM LOWELL

Is this novice (no experience) man enough to be trained in BD, SM, TT, CBT, WS, Fr/a, Gr/p FF trained dildoes, bull plugs, etc. This 33-yr-old white male, who stands at 5'2" tall weighs 130 lbs. (medium built, hairy chest) would like to find out MY LIMITS. MUST BE RESPECTED. Please send a description and a photo of yourself and a way to contact. I'm being sincere and honest. No age preference. Write to Box 5542

#### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

#### TOUGH GUYS

WM 39, into being choked and abused, will worship tough, concerted guy in tight jeans, leather or bus suit, jocks and boots—uniform guys too. PO Box 1542 Boston MA 02104



# NOVICE

seeks Master WM 43, 5'8" 145, uncut bottom seeks topman/Master to initiate me into BD, SM CBT/T. Box 5529

# MICHIGAN

## WM BOTTOM

WM 36 5'2" 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS. tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits Box 5138LF

# MINNESOTA

## DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship Daddy Master 6' 165.41 stable sensitive sincere loving dominant leather. Son slave sim smooth 18-30 youngest given preference all others considered submissive obedient needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked, must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and serve his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

# MISSISSIPPI

## LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n basket buiges, hard-balling games climactic exorcization. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8" 143 lbs. I'm a ba ding, bearded booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for please write Harold, PO Box 5172, B. loxi MS 39534 (LF4831)

# MISSOURI

## LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, g oves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather rubber uniforms, pags, plugs, boots, etc., Want man to play, talk and be with Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

## FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM 5'10", 175, 37 two years into red hanky nght and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break n my new sling. PO Box 507 F orissant MO 63033

## TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/ blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "p ayroom" (with sling)—SM, BD CBT TT, FF WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to ?) Limits discussed and respected prior to ong extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters Special

interest in jocks/USN/USMC/Bi s. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to Box 3931 Springfield, MO 65808

## FIST-HUNGRY SON WANTED

Hot GW dad, 40, experienced fist top, wants awesome-bodied studboy, 18-28, any race, with adventurous ass. Novices opened with care. Will consider other dad/son fantasies. Photo must accompany detailed application. Don't bullshit your dad Box 5561

# MONTA

## COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same Mark Redford Box 1462 Conrad MT 59425

# NEBRASKA

## OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM, bondage Master, 35, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733 (LF5474)

## BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10" 160 lbs. enjoys being BOUND CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo I would like to get together for mutual fun Box 4818LF

## SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

## NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

## SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

## BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'6", 170 lbs., and Jncul. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible Box 5163LF

# NEW HAMPSHIRE

## LEATHER SON/SLAVE

I need leather Daddy/Master to break me in. I am GWM, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs. I need lots of leather love. Motorcycles a turn-on. No fat, fem drugs or SM. Just love Box 5522

# NEW

## RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, ampits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1" 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smoke s, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable) T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757

## TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 6 PM EST, anytime weekends (LF4769)

## HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

Can you top this extremely handsome healthy, 26-year-old WM? I'm 6', 155 lbs., with all-American-boy good looks. If you have wide good looks and are intelligent and secure, as I am, experienced in FF and using toys, then my greased hole won't disappoint you. Safe sex only! Possible permanent relationship. Phone/photo. PO Box 5411, Somerset NJ 08873

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING. Union County slave is 26, 5'7" 158 lbs., brown hair brown eyes. Very hairy muscular w/d, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

## ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black virile, muscular athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs) en, oys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling forced safe sex, or no sex. Butts of lying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty lean hairy hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary healthy. Want to meet long lasting, lean, jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City NJ 08404

## SLAVE SERVICE

offered by 28-yr-old Fuck humiliate, and piss on me. No pain. Trenton-Princeton area Box 205, Morrisville, PA 19067

## DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

## GENUINE DADDY

Masculine, level-headed Master requires attractive slaveboy (athletic) cocksucker. Clean, trimly muscled sons (18-35) get my attention. Warm, demanding Daddy likes spankings, body worship, titwork, VA hot tongues for my suckable cock, body boots, respectful approach, photo essential. Daddy is 50, 6'2", 190, called "Sir" NJ, NYC, so welcome Box 5495





### HOT STUD

Hunky handsome big-dicked 34-yr-old wants horny buddies for long hot session. Am tall, muscular, moustached and versatile with a wild imagination. Send letter and photo to Box 5528

## NEW MEXICO

### NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM 27 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM. BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

## NEW YORK

### S/M BUDDY SOUGHT

by well-defined, good-looking GWM 34, 5'11", 165, for same, mutually enjoyed sessions of gradually increased intensity. Interests include litwork, CBT, ass beltwork, harnesses, cuffs, blindfolds, gags, leather restraints, rope bondage, forced calisthenics, humiliation scenes. Prefer top. can switch for right person. Ongoing friendship a consideration. Safe sex only. No fluids exchanged. No drugs. Box 5455

### BUST MY BUTT AND BALLS

Total bottom, 41, 5'8", 145 lbs., works out, solid trim body, needs discipline, punishment, intense cock and ball abuse and torture. Mar-ne-style verbal and corporal training, heavy and complete training duty! You Total leather or military sadistic disciplinarian 35 yrs or older. Box 276, Port Jefferson Station New York NY 11776

### FF—FABULOUS SAFE SEX!

Let's o-l-wrestle—then power fistfuck each other's wild holes all night! Manhattan expert, 155 lbs. of horny clean cut smooth suntanned muscles, 5'10", 37, seeks similar hot list buddy 21-40, or will train serious student. No fluids exchanged. PO Box 3035, NYC 10185

**I CAN REDUCE YOU TO AN INHUMAN THING.** I get a photo. Box 5204

### SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I. NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a peasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF

### ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You good body, smart. Goal hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwch Ave., New York, NY 10011

### DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM 25, 215 lbs., 5'10" brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Is and seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, litwork, Greek? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

### SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT, vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651 Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45. GWM 6' 210 lbs

### LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

### ARE YOU OVER 60?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things maturely in this direction. I've been told (on several occasions) that my French abilities are the incredible ("the best ever") And as this was always by someone with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued... either the regular type revealing, in action, whatever. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who has these images, I would very much want to bring pleasure that is to satisfy him in every way. I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. at present). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

### MUSCLEMAN SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754

### MR LEATHER NY 1988 CONTEST

This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W 24th St., New York, NY 10011

### PR ME MEET

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

### VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be left. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

### LEATHER, BONDAGE

NYC WM, 34, 5'7", dark hair attractive, seeks other leathermen up to 38. Am into bondage (hoods, collars, restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young studs in full leather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. LF5356

### ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather toy collection, boot hoist sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

### MASTER SHAVER SEEKS LOVER

Live-in share expenses, lifetime. You'll be bound, beaten and balded—and loved. Box 5377

### SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 30, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 between 9 P.M.-12 mid. to meet for real exciting locker room action.

### WANTED: POLICE ACTION SCENES

Cop wants action with motorcycle or mounted cop in uniform. Action could include bootlicking, uniform worship, buddy trips or being used as mounted cop's horse. I'm 32, 190, muscular and tough. Must have uniform to reply. White only. Write Box 2120, Elizabeth, NJ 07207 2120

### KINKY SLEAZE MAN WANTED

This bearded white man, 32, 5'10", 200 lbs., would love to drink your piss and eat your hairy asshole. I am also into fucking, sucking sweat or whatever raunchy scene you may suggest. Please write with photo to PO Box 20480, LTS, NYC 10011, or call (212) 691-3436

### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

### PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safe sex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy levis, leather boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

### ENEMA MASTER NEEDED

Hot, 35, good-looking Italian slave needs training from enema Master. Bondage and discipline. CBT does, spanking. PO Box 1256, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150

### NAXED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

GWM 32, 6' 185 lbs., handsome, intelligent, obedient, seeks life in service of same, demanding top Master. To be trained for His pleasure, comfort and convenience, not reduced to a victim of meaningless brutality. Seek non-live-in scheduled situation to begin. Can travel surrounding area. Box 5509

### CUTE YOUNG NYC SADISTS!

Handsome white Master, 22, forming exclusive AIDS-safe group of similar studs to help discipline and humiliate my slave-daddy in gang bangs. Offer open to healthy attractive tops only. First time in SM okay. Face photo gets quickest reply. Box 5525

### BE UPGRADED, NOT DEGRADED

Be owned by butch bearded leather-master demanding live-in slaveboy classy enough for luxury lifestyle. European travel with rich writer. Standards high, rewards permanent. You'll be bodybuilt, groomed, disciplined into perfect possession. Pass on? Potential? Detailed letter photo (returned), phone. Chance of (and/or) a lifetime. Box 5533

### NYC PIG WANTED

White male, 51 yrs, 5'7", 7" uncult wants shit-, piss-hungry pig for regular sessions. Smoke aroma OK. Box 5537

### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

### LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist 5'10", 170, muscular and hot. Restrain my power clamp on my firm protruding nips, stimulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights, etc. If you are sane and sadistic—and can convert a bottom to slave—send description of yourself and scene. Phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5110

### BB SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man looking for live-in, possibly compulsory bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs, large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter photo/phone to Box 4717LF

### PUNISHED BY YOUR PARENTS

Which one? Both? How? Why? If you have true experiences tell me. No way out fantasies! If I believe you, you can punish me as they punished you, or I will punish you. (212) 874-1325, or Box 7 250 W 57th St. Suite 1527 New York, NY 10019

### HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS

Phomosed, and leather-encased cuts and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins. PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. LF5347

### BIG SOFT NIPS ON B.G. HARD PECS

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area handy man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 18" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22 1/2" thighs, 16 1/2" calves, 7 1/2" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

### BUFFALO AREA PIG

Bearded ass-eater cocksucker pisspot animal queer seeks beefy ex-jocks tops for raunchy wet hog wallowing. Bottoms, mutuals, truckers, sleaze groups welcome. No scat, drugs, fems, pain phones. Box 5489



### HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31 good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top/s as body servant and dog trainee. Do Will receive harsh use, Fr heavy bondage, humiliation padding WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/mental role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement public humiliation, long-term bondage and trial hazing. Want to try frequent Scal Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E 11 St. New York, NY 10003 (LF5201)

### HOT & BUTCH NYC BOTTOM

White stud, 39, 6' 185 lbs. thick 8" cut dick, handsome with thick, dark-brown hair, moustache and eyes needs to be pussy to a hot hung butch, dominant TOPMAN. Pussy is horny very masculine construction worker type who wants to service hot and wild and butch TOPS with BIG dicks. Besides sucking cockmeat and getting powed, I can get turned on by leather, fantasies, submission, verbal abuse, wrestling, body worship, ass toys, bondage discipline, and other SAFE SEX turn-ons. Not into pain but enjoy a good light and spanking. Also dig hotscene jerkoffs and porn and parties. Dominant and masculine TOPMEN, send photo (if possible) phone and letter to: Box 4776LF

### STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural masculine barefoot lifestyle and all tude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot masculine, barefoot studs, young punks and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you then contact the very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB who is W 5'10" 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bolder the tough, the daring the better. BF 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768 (LF4872)

### WS SLAVE SEEKS DOM. STUD

Attractive, 6', 175 lbs., hung, good body, sexy, submissive, great mouth and ass, wants big beer drinkers with big thick cocks to fill my mouth and pound my ass. I piss a lot, if you want to drink it, Sir. PO Box 6619, Yorkville Sta. New York, NY 10128

### GET SHITFACED

Rubber/leather Master sludboy (23) seeks trashman who needs game of craps. Position "open" for pickup/receiving dumps, loading up on overstocked rear warehouse—"backlog" of goods must be liquidated, you are in charge of handling. Rubber/leather uniform REQUIRED for recycling waste. Employee benefits include direct position under boss, all sports. Excellent lightend for good receiver. Seminars on puke, spit, snot, spit, toejam, farts offered. Shitbear, bathing/wearing brown juice/crappy clothes, making/eating your own mudpies, plus slench fith, raunch, degradation. Experience not necessary, wicked desire for job is limited experience preferred. Health conscious, heavy visuals. Butstuds only offer Box 5552

### GROVELING SCUMBAG WANTED

for heavy sessions, bareback whippings TT, C&BT body punching wax shaving ropes enemas, piss, shit and lots of sloppy kisses, cuddling by a romantic, brutal, beer-bellied pigtop. 30 hairy bearded, who smokes, drinks too much. Looking more for pig buddy than slave who needs to be used, abused and cared for. Age appearance unimportant. Attitude is NYC NJ Box 5496

### TIT WORKOUT

37 6'1", 190, beard seeks body builder with huge tits, supply nipples to work over. Your chest will cry out with pleasure. Art, PO Box 4 New York, NY 10014

### LEGIT PHYSICIAN NEEDED

who believes that regular extensive examinations of the rectum penis and testicles is essential to the maintenance of good health. I am serious professional. You are also (212) 874-1325

### MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN

Complete physical including thorough rectal/genital exam leading to repeated enemas if you are young clean, hot. Very clinical approach used. Enemas until clear! Other therapies included!! Box 7, 250 W 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019

### EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 8' BB seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

### HAIRY AND BEEFY

dominant in daily life, submissive m sex. 6', 190, 35, handsome, healthy, successful professional, masculine, green eyes, brown hair (thinning) active, supportive, serious, bright, caring & sexy. Not into gay lifestyle. Interests: exercise, travel, NYC, cultural activities, body building, food & running. Turn-ons (but not necessary) Wasps, muscles (especially biceps) beautiful dicks (especially vertical dicks) & cocky men. Safe sex only. Relationship possible. Suite 2123, PO Box 788, Madison Square Sta., New York, NY 10159

### TEACH ME

GWM 25, 5'4", 125 lbs., just out, needs training in being a houseboy. Light SM. Looking for dad or Master. Buffalo area. Photo/letter Box 5500

### HOT YOUNG HUNK WANTED

by together daddy for wide variety top/bottom, BD scenes in well-equipped game room. Every imaginable wild, wayout SM scene possible, along with hot safe sex. Send age, measurements, photo, phone, interests to PO Box 1579, Grand Central Sta., New York, NY 10017

### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

### BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense kinky but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, fit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

### SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOD Master, Daddy Top masculine healthy heavy built hairy muscular we endowed 5'10" mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring extensive training, and total commitment. ME slave/son/bottom, WM 30 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action expanding limits. Sir please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir

## NORTH DAKOTA

### EASTERN NORTH DAKOTA

Masculine, straight-appearing health-conscious GWM 30, 6'2" 200, hairy-chested, wants to meet/correspond with similar men. I enjoy Gr a/p, toys and would like to learn mutual F/F in a sensual and sane atmosphere. Photo phone if possible. Box 5466

## OHIO

### CIN. CITY PIG SLOP

Into Mud holes, grease pits, slime and stinkin' filthy raunch. Send letter and photo. PO Box 128719, Cincinnati OH 45212

### CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs. 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159

### WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs. stocky moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncult, bear belly but a mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida, and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

### THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE

White, 35, 6'4" 200 lb. dude seeks hot looking men who drink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, journals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs only no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo OH 43693

### PLASTIC TOP

White male, 32, 150, 5'10", blond blue seeks young guys into Saram Wrap breath control. O.C. PO Box 261001, Columbus OH 43226

### HANDSOME MAN

Men This is my first ad in Drummer so here goes! I'm a prof GWM 34 155 lbs 5'9" Br/bl, healthy I'd like to meet a L/L hung top/daddy for FF toys, TT assplay and see what dave ops. Cleveland area. Letter's enough. Box 5452

### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

### MASTER HAS HOT SLAVE TO

### SHEDD

GWM overs Levi/Leather Master 40s, will share hunky, handsome ready-to-serve slave. 20s. Seek Master and or Master with slave for safe, hot 3- or 4-way fantasy sessions. Leather, BD, CBT, WS, SM, FF. Photo, phone and letter to Drummer Box 5521

## Bull Balls

## WEIGHTED . . . SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG

Closure: ☐ snaps ☐ Velcro ☐ Lace Stretcher: ☐ 1-1/4" ☐ 2"

Lbs: ☐ 1-3/4 \$34.00

☐ 2-3/4 \$44.00

## EUREKA LEATHERS

308 Eureka Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114  
(415) 641-4213

## MASTERCARD-VISA



#### DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr P, Gr, submissive Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45 for SM BD WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas Expand my limits while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies, Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

#### DAYTON MASTER, 30s

accepting applications for slaves Weekly visits, my place, CBT, TT and intense whippings Reasonable limits respected, expanded The abuse and humiliation you so richly deserve await. Letter with complete description of past sessions required Photos answered first. Let me take you on a walk through hell Box 5490

**BARE ASS SPANKINGS BY DAD**  
51 From mild hand-spanking to spread-eagled strapping in special punishment building in the country Akron area. Box 5524

#### OKLAHOMA

##### BALLSI BALLSI BALLSI

hunky, ex-football player 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers Will perform special Hot fire technique to balls that make this man take notice PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City OK 73154. (LF5319)

#### OREGON

##### NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM mid-age, physically active 6' 180 lbs. cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body large nipples, seeks trim young male Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping discipline shaving, self-stimulation and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo Box 5279LF

##### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

##### PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded 5'6" 130 lbs Box 4455LF

##### MANHANDLER

Portland-area WM topman (5'11", 190 lbs.) seeking steady loyal partner willing to be held, loved and roughed up once in a while, I'm old enough to know the ropes and how to use them. Young enough to tour the back roads in full leather on my 850 and wave at the kids Want honest, bright, kind healthy hunky men to trip with me now and for good! Write: Buck, Box 621, Oregon City, OR 97045. (LF5505)

#### PENNSYLVANIA

##### COCKSUCKER WANTED

Leatherman, 44 yrs old, 5'11", 160 lbs. looking for trim younger men to age 40 You must be able to take rough face-fucking, VA, raunchy talk, swearing and have a submissive attitude. I am versatile and can get into most any other kind of action. No scat or drugs tats or fets. Photo and phone a must Box 4840LF

##### DUNGEON MASTER

6' 165 lbs., 48 year old master Greek active French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia PA 19101 LF4836

#### WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Good looking, masculine WM, 38 5'8", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

##### DISCREET

seeks discreet holes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT toys, "smoke," aroma, J.D. safe-sex Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112

##### BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill Instructor Basic training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough preinduction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military jump boots and physical training Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with light SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penned, PA 19647-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first (LF4257)

##### BOUND TO BE HAPPY

If you are ready for total restraint, suspension immobilization, hoods, blindfolds, gags, mummification, sensual deprivation and stimulation, C&BT, TT, light to moderate pain, and other forms of bondage/submission, read on I am looking for a slave/son for training or enjoyment. NO DRUGS, WS, FF, permanent marking, scat, damage, tats, fets or one-night stands. Safe sex scenes only and discretion assured New to Philadelphia and dislike bar scenes and cruising among persons not serious about their needs or expectations You: 18-35 5'6" tall moderate build muscles a plus but not a deciding factor Me: 36, 5'7", moderate build, dominate but sometimes enjoy bondage from the bottom role. The sincerity and style of your reply will tell whether you are worth seeing Past experience not necessary; limits respected and expanded Your photo and phone/address with your respectful reply ensures prompt reply Box 5415

##### BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master Possible permanent life with right Master Limits set by Master No drugs Box 5394LF

##### PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance Wimps, fets and fets need not waste the postage Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master PO Box 55, Glenshaw PA 15116. (LF4484)

##### DADDY DEMANDS

Prompt reply inspires casual kinks. Will offer rigorous sensual hardships in penance Answer nicely degenerate with humility in picture. Box 5507

#### WANTED BOOTED BLACK STUD

White boy wants black fucker  
boothound

(215) 234-8665. 6-10 P M

#### WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncut WM, 180 lbs., 46, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W JO, Fr Gr, A-Z All fantasies considered... most realized Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it...fuck off! Men only need apply Box 4406LF

#### GENTLE, MATURE, SUBMISSIVE

White male, 55, seeks male Master who will handle fondle touch, inspect his slave in a very possessive manner Have responsive nips. Love oils. PO Box 15791, Philadelphia, PA 19103

##### WET PANTS

41, 5'6", 140 lbs. WM beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes Your wet pictures get mine J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627 (LF5494)

##### STUDENT JOCK WANTS SLAVE

to worship his 21 y.o., 6', 160 lb. body This hot BM seeks an older dogslave into spanking/whipping, body worship, dildoes, G/P, Fr/A, rimming, TT BD and heavy ass play Both my penny loafers & 5"-5" cock need a good tonguing. Live in Phila Travel to NYC, DC Send a photo and descriptive letter and do it now!

##### PISS MASTER WANTED

By handsome, masculine GWM, 29: very humpy body Piss on me, fuck me humiliation, fantasies—all safe. Sir send returnable photo/letter to: Boxholder, PO Box 81765, Pittsburgh, PA 15217

##### BLOND BLUE BOY/ LITTLE BROTHER

Good catch! New kid is definitely attractive, cute, boyish, innocent-looking 28, 5'6", 150, super-aggressive bottom. Seeks to be "broken in" by handsome body builder Dad/Big Brother, 21-45. Your little guy begs to be in top condition via total domination and forced body development, i.e. strict gym workouts and whatever else Dad/Big Brother demands. Needs to give absolute worship, unending loyalty, complete servitude and unconditional love. Please teach me Leathersex? Pittsburgh area or willing able to relocate Serious, descriptive letter/photo, please? Sir, can we get a puppy, too? Thank you, Sir! Bif, Box 5556LF

#### RHODE ISLAND

##### ASSPLAY PARTNERS NEEDED

by 35 year old, 6', 155, average looks, lightly hairy, swimmer's build. Photo must Moustaches, hairy bodies plus. Experienced but respect limits Dildoes, video +? Newport-Boston. Box 5337

##### COPS MILITARY/ CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe water-sports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex. A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motonst. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain I travel New England and New York City If you're interested, send a raunchy descriptive letter

(photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF

#### SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD

Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather Not into drugs, but into good times Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir Box 5075LF

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

##### HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32 married male looking for hot stud for daddy uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot submissive eager-to-please masculine partner contact Boxholder PO Box 16291 Greenville, SC 29606 Complete discretion expected and assured (LF4829)

##### SLAVE/BOTTOM

White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862

##### HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master Do anything within my power to please lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF

##### MYRTLE BEACH LEATHER CLUB

Seeking men interested in starting a Leather club in South Carolina Let's converse (803) 448-5531

#### TENNESSEE

##### LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., graying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right Dig sweat hair, holes, nipples foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a n-bt. Lshit note my way Travel is possible Box 61LF

##### GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair blue eyes moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 526LF



### MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

### SMALL MASTER

5'6", 145 lbs., large cock, wants bootlicking, ass-eating, piss-drinking pet. Prefer larger and trained, but will teach. Attitude all important. Send proper letter and pic for some fun in east TN mountains. Box 5397

### PRO BY DAY, SLAVE BY NITE

Thin, white, bl/bl, 35, seeks Master to abuse my asshole, body and mind. Degrade, shave, fuck, rape, piss on my mouth and ass, gangrape, slap, and spray you with your own piss. Will support right Master. Age color looks unimportant. Most detailed degrading letters get this slut for slave and lion. Box 5389

## TEXAS

### "PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "1 sh!" Drummer Box 3853

### MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

### HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European 36, 5'9", 150, uncult, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncult, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

**EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE**  
42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

### HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 180 lbs., Houston area. Porno wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

### MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncult moustache and beard, masculine educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship into leather uniforms, lavis, boots, BD, SM C&BT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF

### DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

### GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8 1/2" uncult, into jackstraps, J/O W/S, deep throat fuck, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7 1/2" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. (I'm very near Nashville), have large private place. Ray Rt 3, Box 730 Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613 (LF5287)

### CROTCH SNIFFER

Arrogant, heavy-hung Houston stud, 6', 165 lbs., humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5371

### DALLAS

Hot, horny, hote needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above BB a plus. Nude photo gets response. Box 5459

### WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6 1/2", 175 bs., well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF Houston area

### SLAVE/BOY WANTED

Must be well-built, young (25-35), attractive, under 5'11". Must be submissive and willing to have limits expanded. Interests include: piercing, B/D, CBT, electrostimulation, catheterization, shaving. Send revealing photo, phone number and letter with qualifications and experience to D/M Sir PO Box 57311, Dallas, TX 75207-1311

### EAST TEXAS DISCIPLINARIAN

33 GWM 6' 180, attractive, educated, ath etc. Will administer strict, realistic paddlings to men of all ages/races. Box 5547

### MEN SEARCHING

28, 5'8", 158 lbs., handsome, good shape, sincere, intelligent, straight, acting, trim, professional, mature, these seeks same, WM, 25-45 for friendship/relationship. Moustache/beard, hairy/muscular a plus. No drug, pain, lems. Blacks. Will travel all major cities. Please write with photo to Jerry Young, PO Box 814431, Dallas, TX 75381-4431

### WEST TEXAS LEATHER

Extra safe and discrete. Married, top 39, trim, hard, muscular. Want boy (21-29) in need of loving but firm discipline. Spankings given with hand, paddle or belt. Your choice, boy! Also meet or correspond with other tops, studs, for videos, J/O, sharing and storytelling. Box 5567

### O/FW GAY BBS

Gay computer bulletin board system. D/FW area only. 300/1200 baud. 24 hours. (Metro) 577-1495

## UTAH

### NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations: no drugs, scat, fems or fals. Sir. Please reply with photo and phone no to PEP, PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402

## VIRGINIA

### READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

### SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6' 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt #1 Box 632 Wytheville VA 24382 (LF4854)

### HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fellow, let's meet. N Virginia area. Box 5477LF

### CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter. We'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to, I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

### DADDY SEEKS SON

Good-looking GWM seeks younger 18-35, submissive man who can take care of himself, but would love to meet the needs of a dominant, educated, successful, tender but firm, passionate sexy daddy. Into TT, B/D, spanking discipline, experimentation, safe sex, developing a relationship and serving as a great Master. All letters with photo and phone will be answered. Live in DC area. Reply PO Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

### CENTRAL VIRGINIA

GWM 5'9", 155 lbs., 38, 8" seeks others into B/D light S/M, safe practices only. Top or bottom, no drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 5445

### BEARDED DADDY MASTER

43, 6' 185 bs, aggressive, masculine, almost too much and a little bit of a sadist. I seek a dominant, experienced slave/son over for a relationship. If you think you can handle my verbal abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking but some TT & C&BT), light bondage, have few dirty sexual hangups and a serious, intelligent attitude, please write and let me know. I will respond to you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance, I will and share my pleasures. Send your photo anyway. Cocksucker with your application. Write Sir PO Box 1095 Richmond, VA 23208 (LF5501)

## WASHINGTON

### BACKPACK, XC-SKI,

### FULL LEATHER IN SEATTLE

Japanese-American, 32, compact/light build, bearded & butch, into malesex in full leather, cycle caps & jackets, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball stretcher, kiss, suck, fuck, CBT play rough contact, wrestling, 70% top, 30% bottom. Safe, no smoke/dope, raunch. Spend most weekends biking/backpacking, bridge player, MBA, Catholic, witty & energetic (Interchain #509). You, while relationship-oriented leatherstud, strong outdoorsman, 27-40, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, no smoke/dope, SF & VanBC replies welcome. Photo, phone, letter to Box 4544LF

### NOVICE PIG SLAVE

Sir, GWM 34, handsome, intelligent, needs Master to serve in groveling humiliation. I beg to worship your excrement and drink your urine. On my knees I humbly await your letter. Returnable photo preferred. Box 5465

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For information on models, see page 100

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Beige yeah that's it... in part the...

WILLEN 86



# DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

## LEVIS, LEATHER AND "VELVET"

**T**hose who persist in thinking of SM sex as sick, perverted and dangerous will find reinforcement aplenty in *Blue Velvet*. That gives *Drummer* readers a logical reason to add to the abuse that has already been heaped on David Lynch's brilliant film.

My motto is, it's only a movie. That gets me through some bad situations, on screen and off, and lets me appreciate films I may not agree with.

*Blue Velvet* is a howlingly funny, erotic suspense thriller, sort of like *Moonlighting* for grownups. Kyle MacLachlan (*Dune*) is the hero. Joe College come home after his father has a stroke. He finds a maggoty severed ear in a field and turns it in to the police.

"Yes, that's a human ear, all right," deadpans detective George Dickerson, whose daughter, Laura Dern, falls for MacLachlan and tells him, "I don't know if you're a detective or a pervert."

Enter Dennis Hopper to make sure no one else is mistaken for a pervert. This leather-jacketed sadist has delusions of grandeur ("I'll fuck anything that moves!"), talks dirty, administers serious beatings to men and women alike, sucks on a portable respirator when he has sex (we're never told what it contains—oxygen? Or perhaps helium to help him get it up?) and is involved in murder, drugs, kidnapping and probably jaywalking. This is one bad dude.

MacLachlan gets mixed up with Hopper through his favorite victim, Isabella Rossellini, a singer in a seedy dive that may be the nicest club in this small North Carolina town. Tipped off by Dern that she might have something to do with the ear he found (remember the ear?), the youth spies on the singer from her closet. She catches him and makes him strip (nice ass) at knifepoint.

Don't touch me or I'll kill



**HOLD THAT THOUGHT:** Kyle MacLachlan doesn't seem too sharp on having Isabella Rossellini force him to strip so she can avail herself to his situation. The cutting dialogue and MacLachlan's body make *Blue Velvet* worth seeing.

you!" she warns him. Beat Beat. "Do you like talk like that?" She obviously does, plus action that hits harder than words; but it takes a couple of attempts before the virginal hero gets into her style of lovemaking.

Hopper takes them on a tour of the town's underbelly, including a stop at the whorehouse run by Dean Stockwell, a simpering queen who packs a mean right. Hopper smears on lipstick and kisses MacLachlan, threatening and beating him to the tune of Roy Orbison's "In Dreams."

Like Orbison's high notes, nothing in *Blue Velvet* is quite what it seems to be. Or perhaps it never seems to be quite what it is. Ordinarily when I'm warned that I'll either love or hate a movie my verdict falls obstinately in the middle. But I loved *Blue Velvet*.

### SWINGING THE "BLUE"

The other hot new nonporn that will be sleeping—er, opening around the country in the next few months comes from France and Jean-Jacques Beineix, director of *Diva*. It's purely heterosexual, but Beineix told *Drummer* he's thinking of making a film about the AIDS crisis in the future.

Meanwhile, *Betty Blue* deals with the obsessively passionate love between Jean-Hughes Anglade (Patrice Chereau's gay protagonist in *L'Homme Blesse/The Wounded Man*) and Beatrice Dalle. She's young and unstable. After she burns down their honeymoon shack and stabs a bitchy customer with a fork where she's waitressing, we know it's just a matter of time until she causes some serious grief.

Beineix was careful to in-

clude at least as much male nudity as female, and he shows us all of both stars from every angle. Anglade is uncut—sorry, no erections or closeups. As I said, *Betty Blue* isn't porno; but it does open with some pretty serious fucking.

### AMERICA'S FAVORITE "MATE"

Among the more general entertainments, for those who survived another teenybopper summer, the fall has brought us some movies about men—daddy Paul Hogan, granddaddies Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas and older brother Sean Connery.

A pleasant comedy, *Crocodile Dundee* may not equal its popularity down-home *Down Under* (where it surpassed *E.T.* in three months of release) in the U.S., but a lot of people who have seen Paul Hogan's Australian tourism commercials would like to slip their shrimp on his barbie.

Back home in Walkabout Creek, Michael J. "Crocodile" Dundee (Hogan) is a legendary bullshitter. The legend part reaches Manhattan journalist Linda Kozlowski, who tracks him down for an interview. He impresses her with his machismo, ditching his safety razor for a Bowie knife when she approaches, so she invites him back to New York, which the naive foreigner sees as "the friendliest place on earth."

This being only a movie, they naturally fall in love. You may think of Tevye's question from *Fiddler on the Roof*: "A bird may love a fish, but where would they build a home together?" The answer will have to wait for *Crocodile Dundee II*.

### GREY AND BUTCH

Burt and Lancaster and Kirk Douglas play another kind of innocents abroad in *Tough Guys*, which ain't *The Sun-*



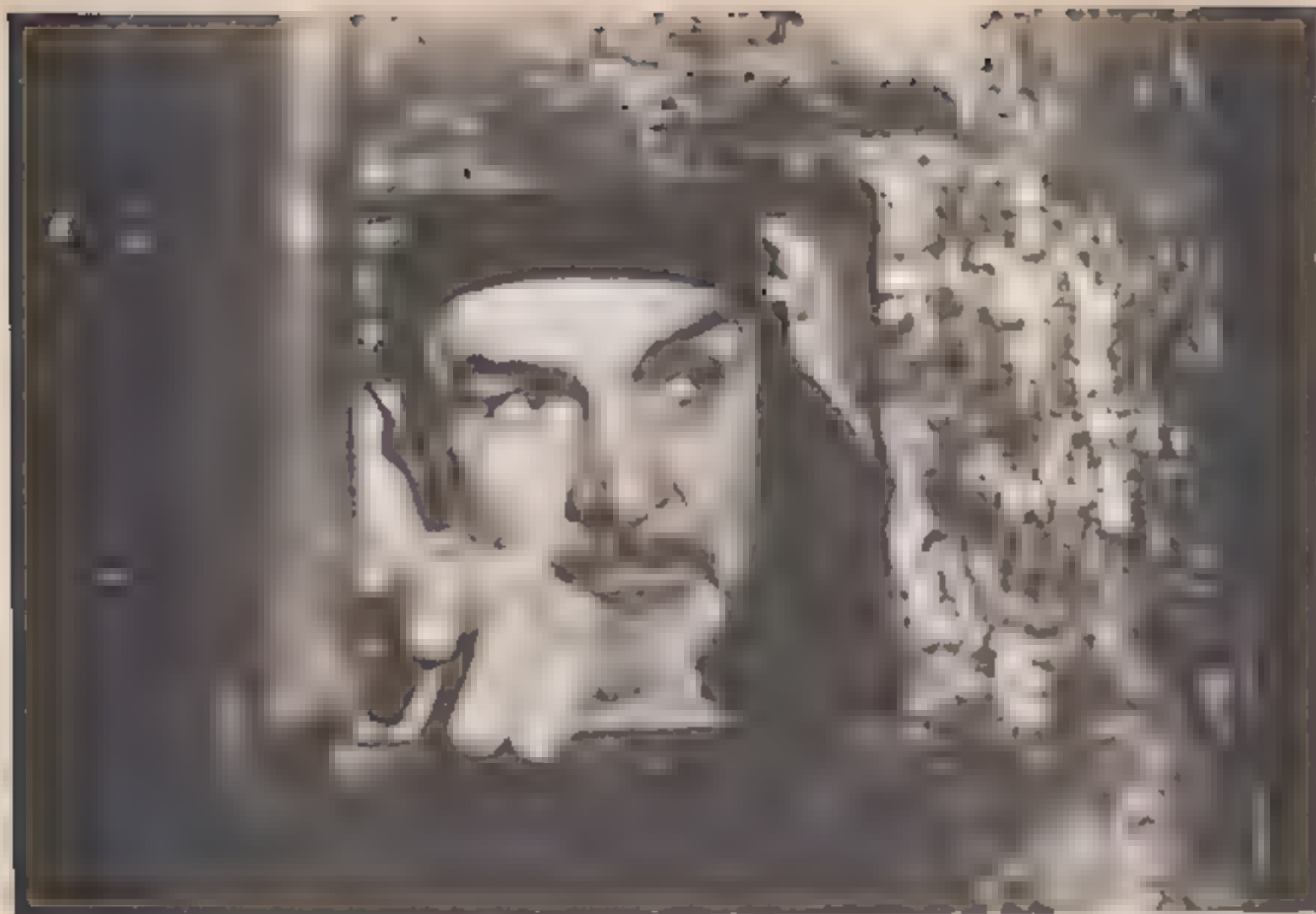


Photo: Mario Turi

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?** Sean Connery continues to exude his masculine charm in *The Name of the Rose*.

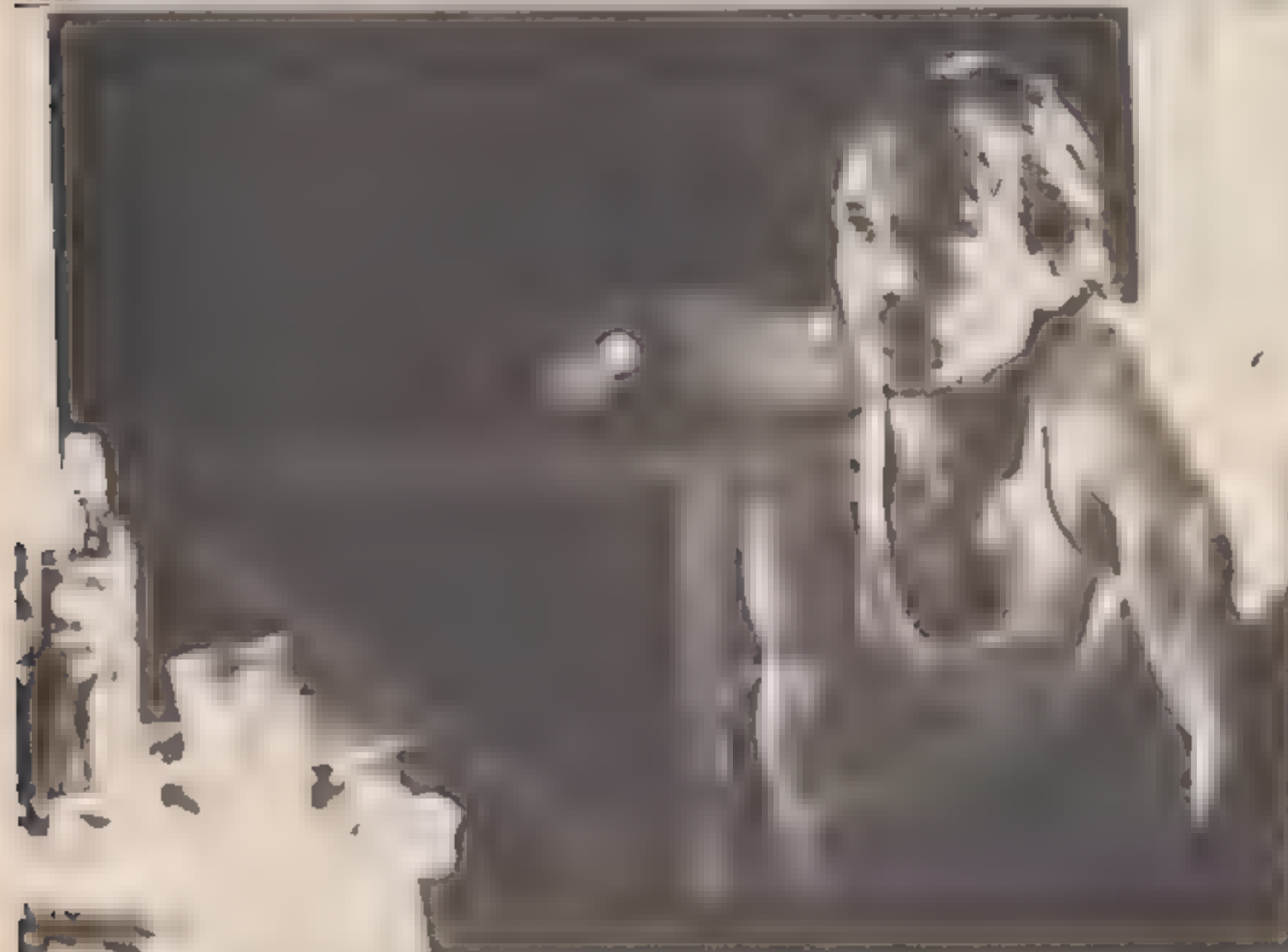


Photo: Marianne Rosenthal

**UNCUT VERSION:** Jean-Hughes Anglade gives a totally revealing performance in *Betty Blue*.

shine Boys but it ain't bad. In their case the foreign world is the '80s, because they've spent 30 years in prison for being "the last guys in America to rob a train." They shared a cell all that time, but we're not supposed to think they ever—oh no! not Burt and Kirk! (Well, not Kirk anyway.)

Most of the picture is devoted to the future shock they

experience—their old hangout has gone gay, etc.—as if they hadn't seen a movie or TV show in prison, and to showing how society strips senior citizens of their dignity, treating them like children and considering them useless.

All that is just a setup for one last, great train robbery in which Kirk, who has stayed in shape, does some of his own

stunts, and Burt does the best he can.

Incidentally, did you know Lancaster came within a heartbeat of playing the William Hurt role in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*? It was all set when he suffered a heart attack. The funding fell through and it was years before Hector Babenco could put the production together again with a new cast

## FOURTEENTH CENTURY SOLUTION

The Name of the Rose would be a typical medieval murder mystery if there were such a genre. Since there isn't, it doesn't know what it wants to be and winds up as an intellectual, ecclesiastical Sherlock Holmes story in a time warp.

Sean Connery plays brother William of Baskerville, who investigates the "tantalizing conundrum" of a series of murders in a fourteenth-century monastery. Only one brother is gay-identified, but you won't need Connery's powers of deduction to spot several more faggots between the lines.

You might even be dirty-minded enough to suspect the relationship between Connery and young Christian Slater, the novice who travels with him. Gay brother Berengar stares at Slater over dinner, then flagellates himself as punishment(?)

F. Murray Abraham takes advantage of his Oscar (for *Amadeus*) to claim star billing for a glorified cameo as the inquisitor who arrives well into the second hour bearing new issues of oppression, hypocrisy and torture.

*The Name of the Rose* is entertaining, but too much of a hybrid to be satisfying to anyone.

## HARD NIPPLES

The sparsely distributed *Hard Choices* is worth catching if it turns up in a local theatre or seeking out when it's released on video. It's about a 15-year-old boy (Gary McCleery) in prison and the social worker more than twice his age (Margaret Klenck), who become lovers after she breaks him out of jail. (It's okay—he's turned 16 by then.)

Pardon me for noticing, but both stars have big, firm nipples. That's beside the point, as is a trustee's attempt to fuck McCleery. The point is that life is full of—you guessed it—*Hard Choices*, involving sex, drugs, and whether responsibility to individuals and family outweighs one's responsibility to society.

That's a heavy load, but writer-director Rick King's simple, economical film carries it well.

—Steve Warren  
DRUMMER 100



# DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

## WHAT A DUMP...

**T**he practicality and ease of videotaping has liberated viewers from a mainstream diet of vanilla sex, but that same ease of taping has permitted an outbreak of "directors" who lack the artfulness to produce erotic tapes that rise above the dully documentary—witness our last report on shaving, spanking and toe-licking videos, all eagerly awaited by men of particular tastes, and all disappointing in their robotic documentation. A few — Old Reliable, for example, and Christopher Rage's *Live Video*—can inform their work with a style or vision that conveys sexuality to us. Since few people are willing to work on the frontier, however, it is usually those uncomprehending camera wielders who tape the unexplored, forbidden areas of sexuality that most beg artful depiction. The resultant tapes lack the shape, pace and sense of climax to lift us from passive observance to erotic engagement. Such dead-on taping, abetted by the video camera's factual eye, is a dead-end for viewers: it has resulted in a resurgence of the verite style. This is quirky even when well applied; the distancing effected when the inartful plug in their cameras turns verite to vapidty. That's enough to turn viewers back to the dependability of the vanilla sex tapes put out by more practiced video makers. They may lack our longed-for fetish or fancy, but at least they come through with sex.

Fetishes first, and a case in point demonstrating how the differing approaches of two companies, each marketing the work of one director, can arouse or defuse.

A scat fetish may rank second only to necrophilia at the top of taboo lists, and perhaps first in the disgust it arouses in nonpractitioners. Accordingly, there are few scat tapes on the market. It should thus be easy for such a tape to be



**FUCKED UP:** The redoubtable star Casey Donovan is, Christopher Rage's video isn't

arousing—the field is wide open. That makes it surprising that *Scat*, a Horny Toad video put out by Sirco, should invoke little more than indifference.

It's admittedly a volatile subject—you're either into it or definitely aren't. But indifference was the last emotion I

expected to encounter atop a pile of shit. Especially from the previously intriguing Horny Toad, whose homemade videos, "Piss Pig," "Foreskin," "Cum Chronicle," and "Peeping Tom," (reviewed in *Drummer* 94) had been skillful enough to prevent its real-porn approach from founder-

ing on the rocks of verite. *Horny Toad's Scat*, however, is verite at its most dramatically unfocused.

In several different but unvarying segments, the same model kneels doggie-style in the same position and excretes thin strands of soft shit from his caked asshole. In one segment, pouting farts accompany each plop of turd, and in another segment a blue T-shirt adds a fashion note. A third segment finds the same model in the same pose, though presumably the shit is new; the fillip this time is that the shit falls into a plastic doggie bowl.

Is this exciting? To someone, I'm sure, but I found it...what? Repetitious, uninvolved. I've never confused bathroom functions with sex, but I'm not here to be judgmental. I just wanted something to happen. Something finally does, when the model fingerpaints a thick layer of shit over his ass and fat cock before jacking off with the shit as a lugubrious lubricant. He's not too excited, though, and needs to talk dirty ("I'll take a dump in your mouth," and "Lick that shit off my dick") to stiffen his cock and encourage his barely visible orgasm.

So okay, it's real—messy and colorful and taped with precise detail, including a (single) great close-up of a turd arriving through a winking asshole—but the sole activity and point of view left me rather clinically objective.

There's more to scat than this, more things to do and ways to see and feel it, and Christopher Rage knows it. So if you want scat, the tape of choice would be *Live Video's Custom Tape #3*. Rage's camera roams under porta-potty seats for changing views of several attractive models. Better yet, there are pairs of models, whose scatting proclivities heighten their rimming and tucking, hardens their cocks, and demonstrate the multiple possibilities of scatology.

Photos: Christopher Rage



Rage doesn't tout his scat work. "I feel it's sort of up there (down there?) with pedophilia and incest in terms of being accepted by the public, even the *Drummer* public," he writes, but the tape exists. Avail yourselves of it as you wish.

One entertaining aspect of *Horny Toad Video* is its nose-thumbing stance towards convention. Their dubbings frequently—and I think purposefully—leave snatches of previous tapings. My *Sirco Scat* tape had a moment of a smarmy Johnny Carson interview at the end. So, late at night, as you watch a tape of some guy eat shit, it's a reminder that while the rest of the country isn't watching the same tape, they're eating shit, too. One last scat note. Butterflies, my research reveals, were named not for the color of their wings, but for the color of their excrement. If there's a corollary here to young Girl Scouts being called Brownies, I think we should discretely continue our video reviews.

Other new titles from *Horny Toad* include *Enema Fun* and *Rim Dog*. I went for *Grampa Finds a Dildo*. This actually stars a grandpa—a silver-haired gent, handsome of face, still trim and lithe of body at 70 (!), with a fat, hard and very uncut cock.

Despite the title, Grampa is hardly an unsuspecting finder of his dildo. He arrives in a sunny suburban living room and unloads a suitcase full of di does onto a chintz-covered sofa. He puts on a metal cockring, straps on a wide and tight ball harness so his nuts are distended and solid, hangs his poppers 'round his neck, and goes to work on those dildoes.

He starts with the hefty size, works his way to huge, and then squashes heavily aground and around on a Chris Burns Special (that's really BIG, if you've somehow missed Burns and his ubiquitously gobbling buns).

True to *Horny Toad* standards, Grampa doesn't seem to have douched well. So a slight beige slime appears as his plugs slide in and out, and dots of shit catch under their rims. Grampa is careful to wipe stray splatters off the sofa, but despite the promising begin-

ning, things tend to peter out.

For one, the color disappeared on my dub, leaving a hard and glinty black and white. But more important was Grampa's lack of reaction. He's less intent on enjoyment, it seems, than on moving methodically from dildo to dildo, and absent-mindedly from position to position. Despite his hefty hard-on, and the sometimes vigor with which he smashes his balls against his thighs and the base of the di does, he doesn't manifest either enthusiasm or sensation. The lack of ritual and the mechanical action removes eroticism. It's fast and it's clinical. It's clearly photographed so that one can watch those big things go in and out, but once again, the verite of this action needed to be bolstered by a greater sense of performance from Grampa or more artful videographing. After the lengthy and largely uneventful plugging, Grampa snorts his poppers, loses his hard-on, finger-fucks his generous foreskin, and then works up a good JO finale.

There aren't many dildo sequences of this length available, and I've never seen a gay movie with a gentleman of this age, but those factors are outweighed by the detached air of the entire proceedings. The lack of music and sound (Grampa is silent throughout) detracts further from this verite casualty.

The antidote, and one of the most amazing film experiences I've ever had, is Christopher Rage's *Fucked Up*. While Rage's technique lies in verite, he circumvents the pitfalls of the style by employing a star and videographing and editing the performance with deft skill.

Casey Donovan is the redoubtable star. With the fierce dedication of a dancer, he's given himself to sex as a profession, so that at slightly over 40 years old, he's sleek, polished and more practiced than ever. His tawny flesh radiates warm desire, and his eyes telegraph the hunger within. He's well matched by partner John Clayton, a slightly older, craggier version of Donovan; they could be brothers, and that heightens the charge of their coupling.

In *Fucked Up* Donovan

gives the kind of performance which in Hollywood would bring a star a well deserved Oscar after years of admirable work. If he hadn't shoved it up his ass in this video, I'd award Donovan *The Big Dildo*: this crowning performance is the most intense, revealing and sensational work of his career. It's also a strange, unique video from Mr. Rage, who here moves past his progressive studies in outrage to document a scene of demonic possession.

*Fucked Up* begins innocently (hah!) enough as Donovan and Clayton shave each other's assholes. They move on to some extended play with their nipples, distended and sensitized, then pulled and stretched. Concentrated cocksucking and rimming interludes intertwine with nipple play until we're let in on what the real action is to be. "Let those fucking hot drugs just numb that hole," Donovan whispers. His ass thus prepared, Donovan pulls his legs up to receive from Clayton a succession of ever-larger dildoes.

This is the longest and most satisfying dildo action I've encountered on video, with Donovan not only moaning his appreciation and pumping his cock, but watching the scene on a monitor and instructing the cameraman.

He holds tight on a close-up of his ass lips bobbing over the dildo. "Stay right in there," he says, then whispers directly to us, "laying around the house, watching TV with that big ol' dick stuck up your ass..."

Exactly what you'll be doing as you watch Donovan. Rage's camera catches every wince and ripple of Donovan's asshole as a giant rubber cock spreads the star's sphincter and it milks the dildo.

The mood changes, though. The drugs are taking effect, and Donovan is snorting something from a rag in an oversized vial. Sweat drips from his body, his eyes get glassy and his face glazed. A crazed smile stretches tightly over his clenched teeth, and Clayton exchanges the dildoes for his arm before giving Donovan two fists up the ass.

The camera begins to concentrate more on Donovan's face than his ass as the video

moves beyond fuck-flick territory into its mesmerizing latter portion. The transfiguration of Donovan's face is at once morbidly attracting and horribly repellent. As snorted tumes fill Donovan's lungs and arms pound up his ass, Rage duplicates in sound effects and camera work the mad rush overtaking Donovan, a horrifying paroxysm of possession by the dual demons of sex and drugs. In this maelstrom Donovan chants a filthy litany, "I wanna get fucked, I wanna get fucked."

Boy, does he ever.

*Fucked Up*, in transcribing the ascent/descent of a drugged sex experience, is an achievement both beautiful and ugly, seductive and scary. The combined talents of Rage and Donovan move past the initially arousing into uncharted territory to not only exceed the artistic promise of verite, but to produce a tape of haunting power. There is transcendence here, and damnation.

It's enough to throw one with some relief into mass-market vanilla tapes, and here are two recommendations.

*Stiff Sentence* (His Video) gives a twist to the brutes-behind-bars genre of prison movies—it has neither bars nor brutes. The cast are all sleek, young things, with the notable exception of sleek-but-adult Eric Ryan. He guest stars as The Judge, naked and erect beneath his robe, who sentences Justin Rhodes to reform school and then fucks him silly.

Rhodes get it up the ass uncountable more times after checking into the "reform school" (note to video makers: a tract home is a tract home, no matter what you call it). He's initiated by the other boys and upstaged by the upturned ass of Michael Cummings in a relentless and long gangbang. This scene takes on an Antonioni air; its length and the sometimes abstracted attitude of its cast encourages objectivity and brushes ennui. But the star presence of David Ashfield with his thick rod, plus great close-ups, deep plunges and heavy orgasms all around, make it a highlight in a video full of highlights.

The newcomer and two inmates next meet master of the



grounds Chris Burns, who leads them in a circle-fuck. Now, an orgy needs an odd number of people to prevent pairing, but this quartet has no problem. Burns knows how to put the other three to work: has he not two orifices and a phallus? And it's so egalitarian of him to arrange for them each to have a crack at his ass; he's just what the industry needed, a thoughtful porn star.

Dialogue throughout is unbearably bad, though mercifully brief. Fun music by Cooltoons; good color and focus, except for a brief double image in Ryan's scene. But Leo Ford's hair! Girlenel! Over the years it's gone beyond platinum—I think the current color is Snowblind #9. Perhaps it's the glare that prevents him, as narrator, from reading his cue cards convincingly. She'll never be an actress, but haven't video makers heard of rehearsal? These are minor cavils, though, about a basically entertaining fuck flick.

*Oasis* (His Video) is southern California prettyporn. Birds twitter near sun-swamped swimming pools, electronic music ripples soothingly in our ears, and the handsomest, hairless young bucks sturdily suck and fuck. Too cosmetic? Too vanilla? Why quibble. Here's ninety minutes of nonstop sex with Coie Taylor, Chaz Holderman and other tanned boys in Speedos, every-ready and ever-hard. Richard Morgan has taped his stars like Bruce Weber icons, so that even viewers into more isoteric sex will be aroused. You can go home again.

As always, very little of the activities in these videos can be recommended as safe sex. Sex toys, if not shared, are fine only if they do not break the skin; users must know that blood and body fluids conveying viruses may be transmitted in this manner. The decision of performers to have unsafe sex should not be construed as permission for viewers to do the same. Thanks.

Sirco, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114

Live Video, Inc., PO Box 1791, New York, NY 10116

HIS Video, 9333 Oso Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311

—John F. Karr

DRUMMER 100



**JUST DESSERTS:** Porn star Chris Burns receives the homage of his costars

Photos: HIS Video



**HARD WORK:** *Self Sentence* proves to be a throbbing success for HIS Video.





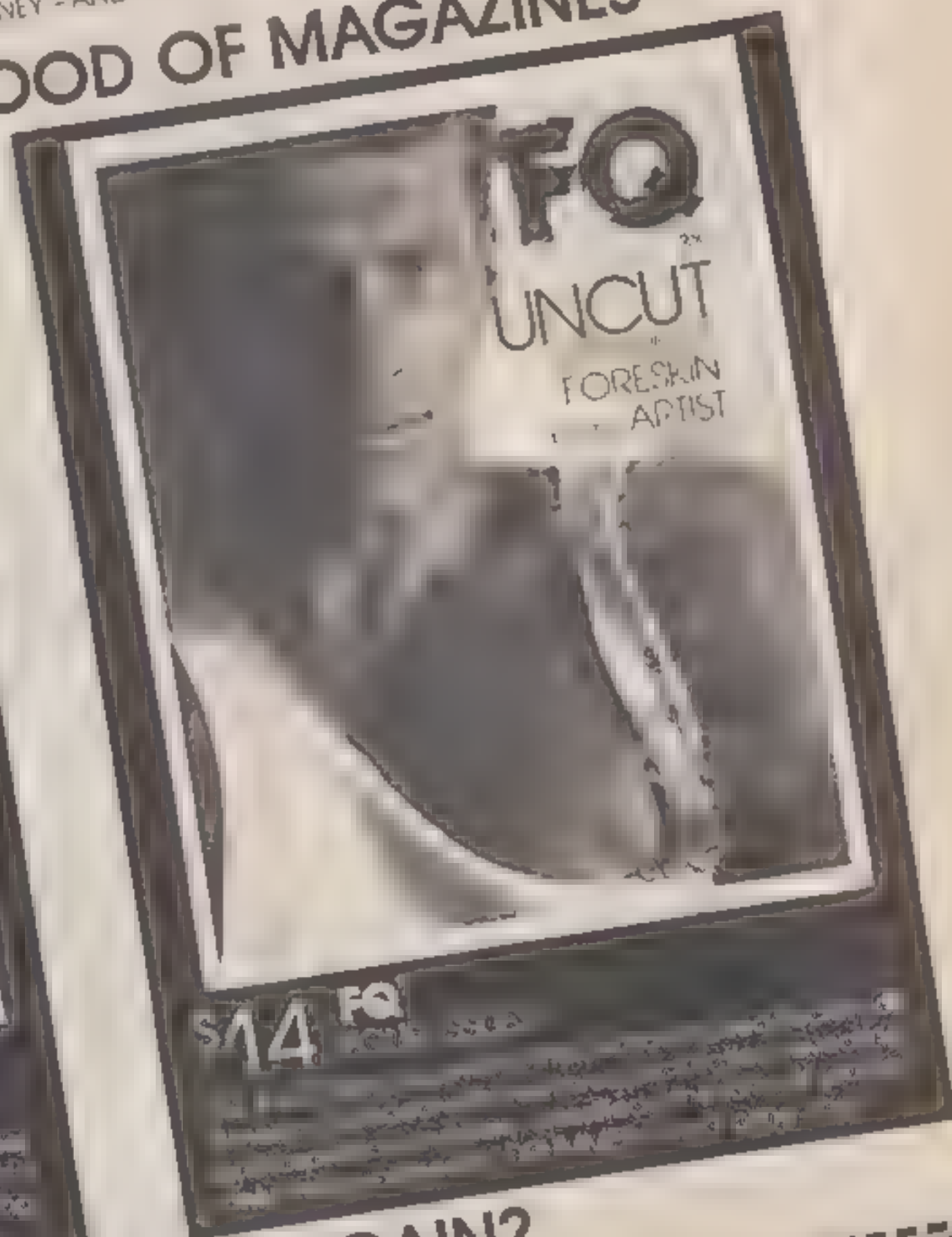
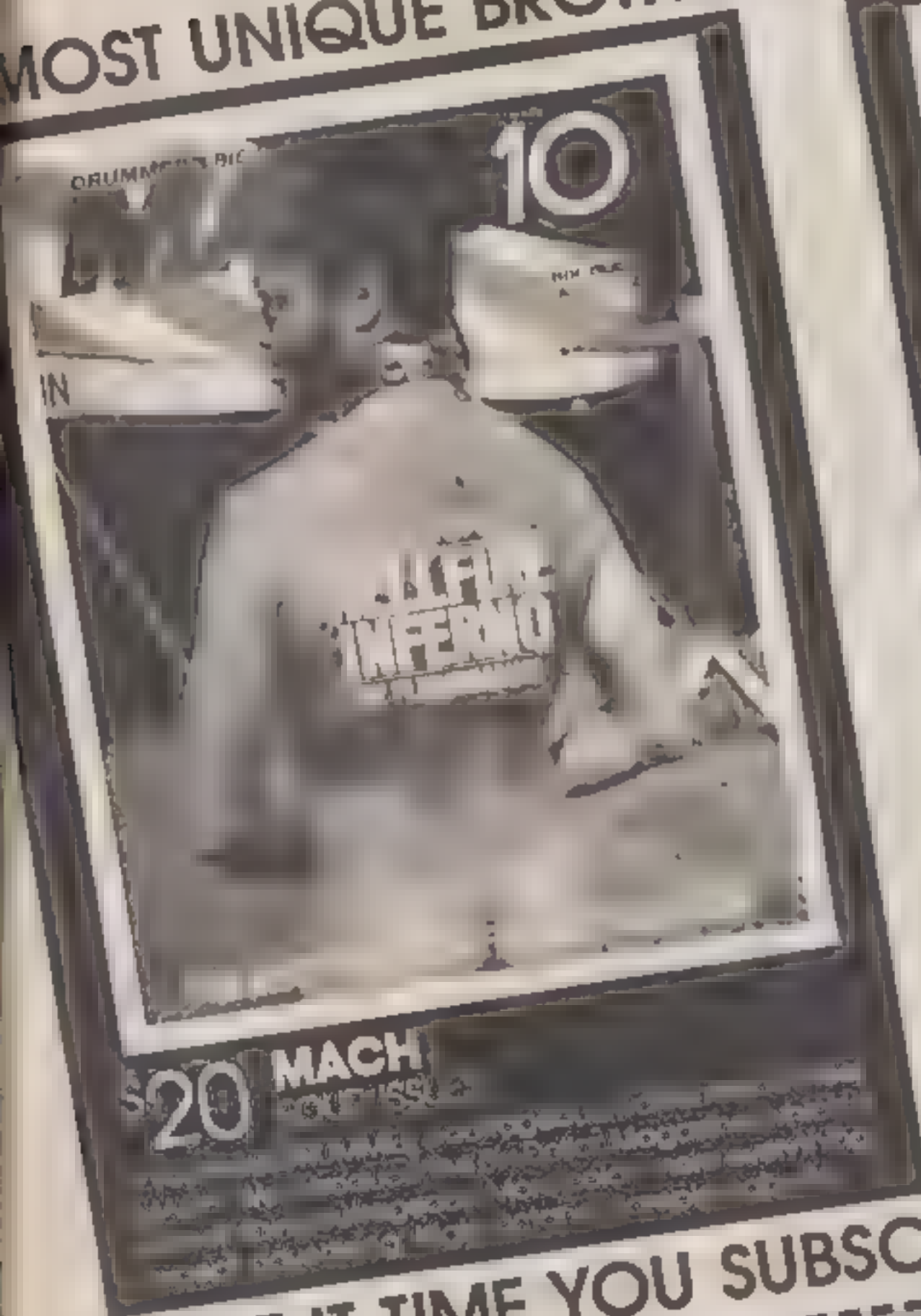


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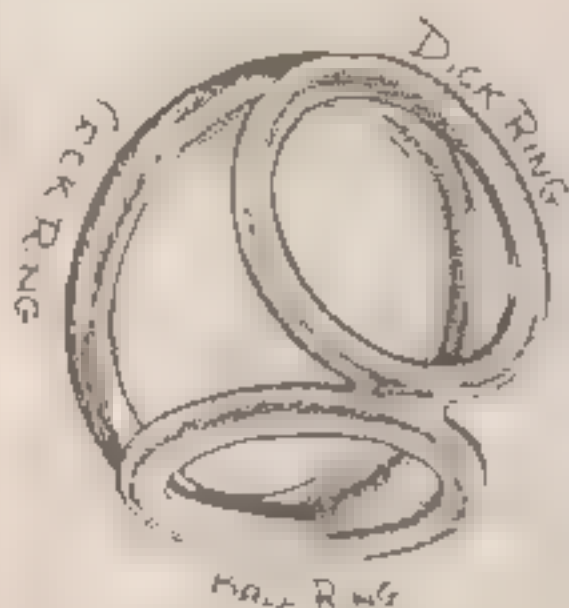
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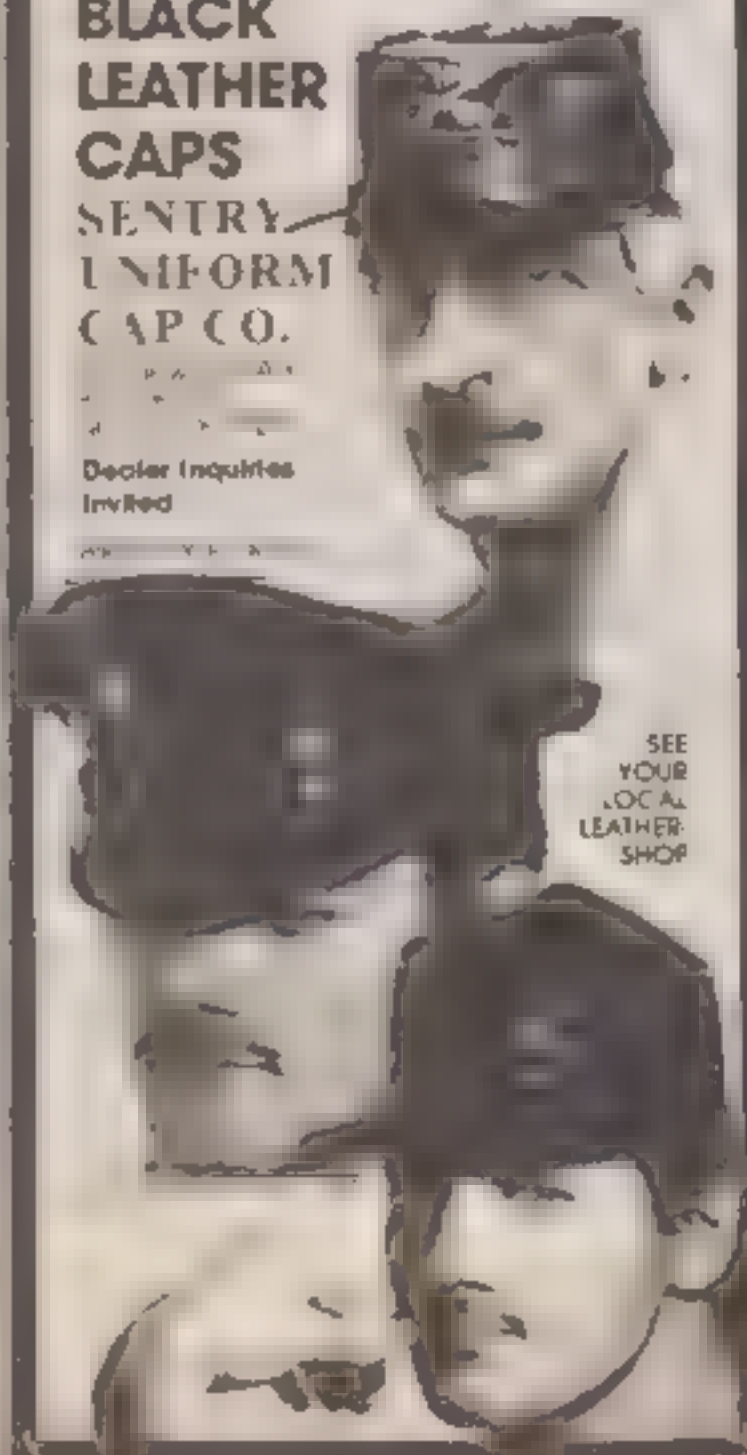
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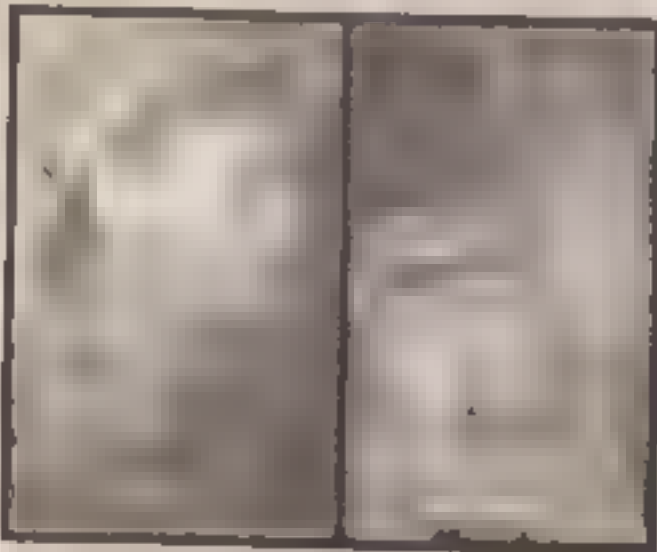
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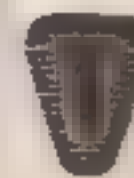
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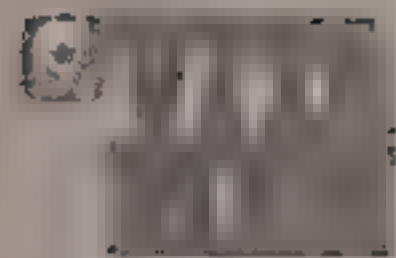
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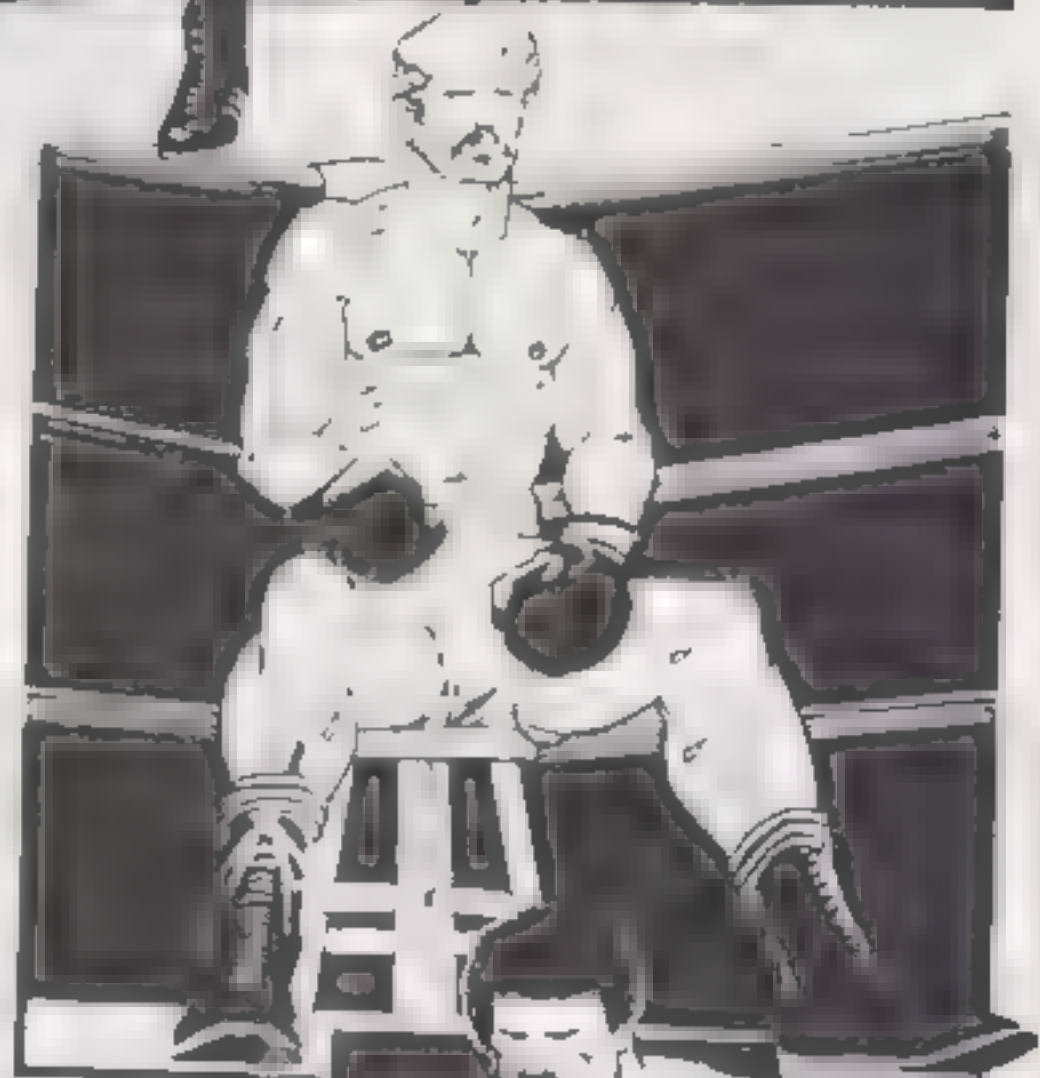
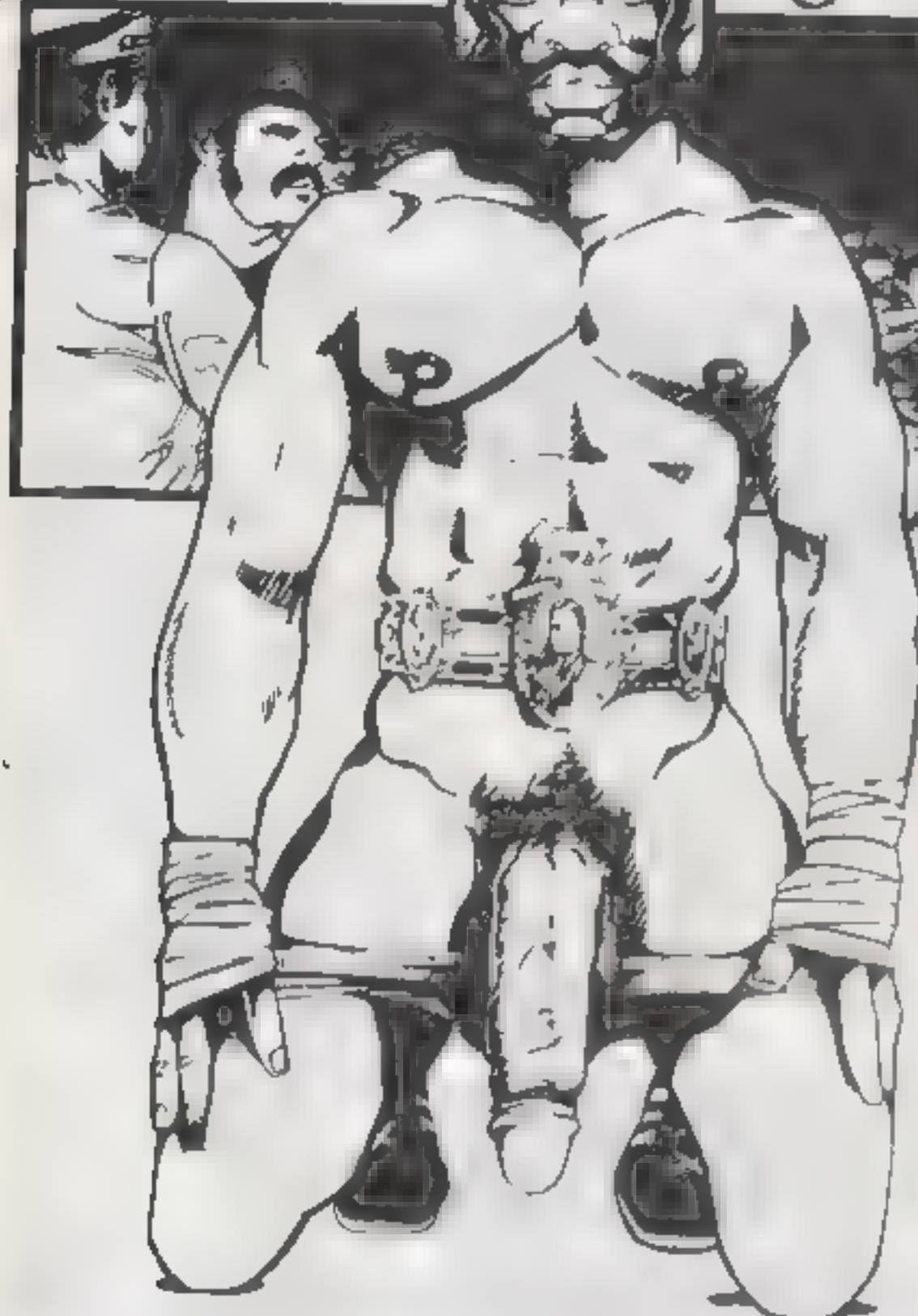
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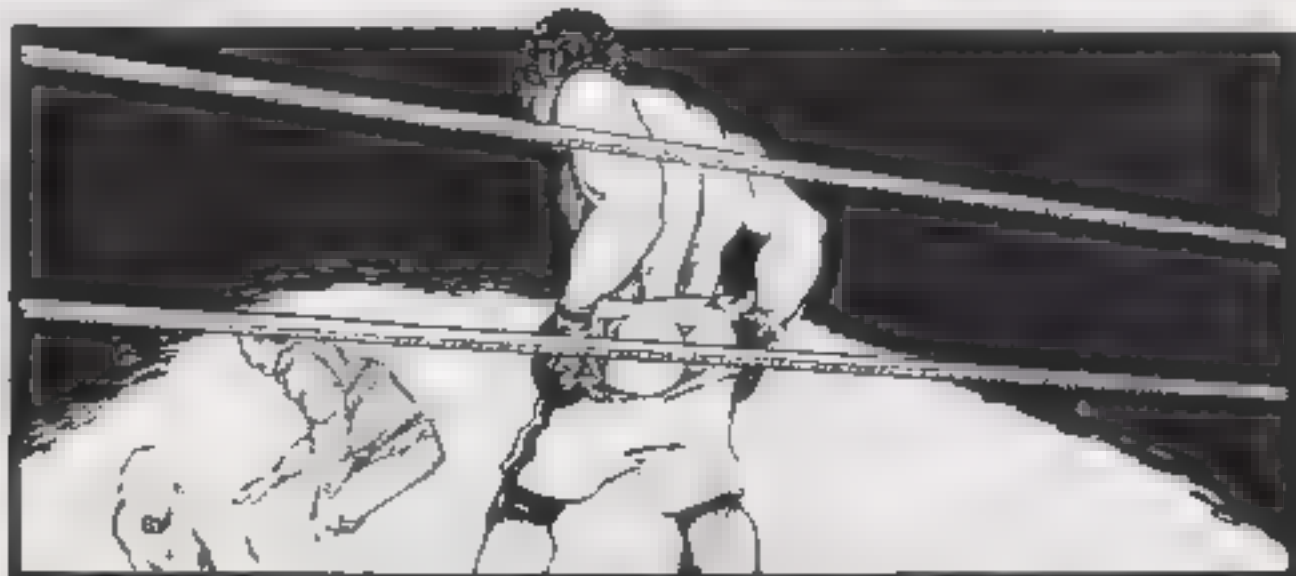
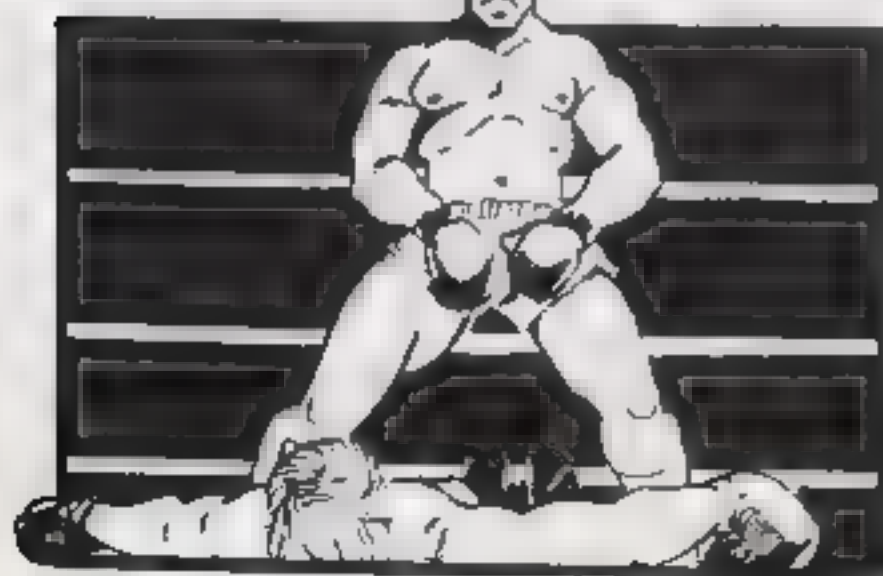
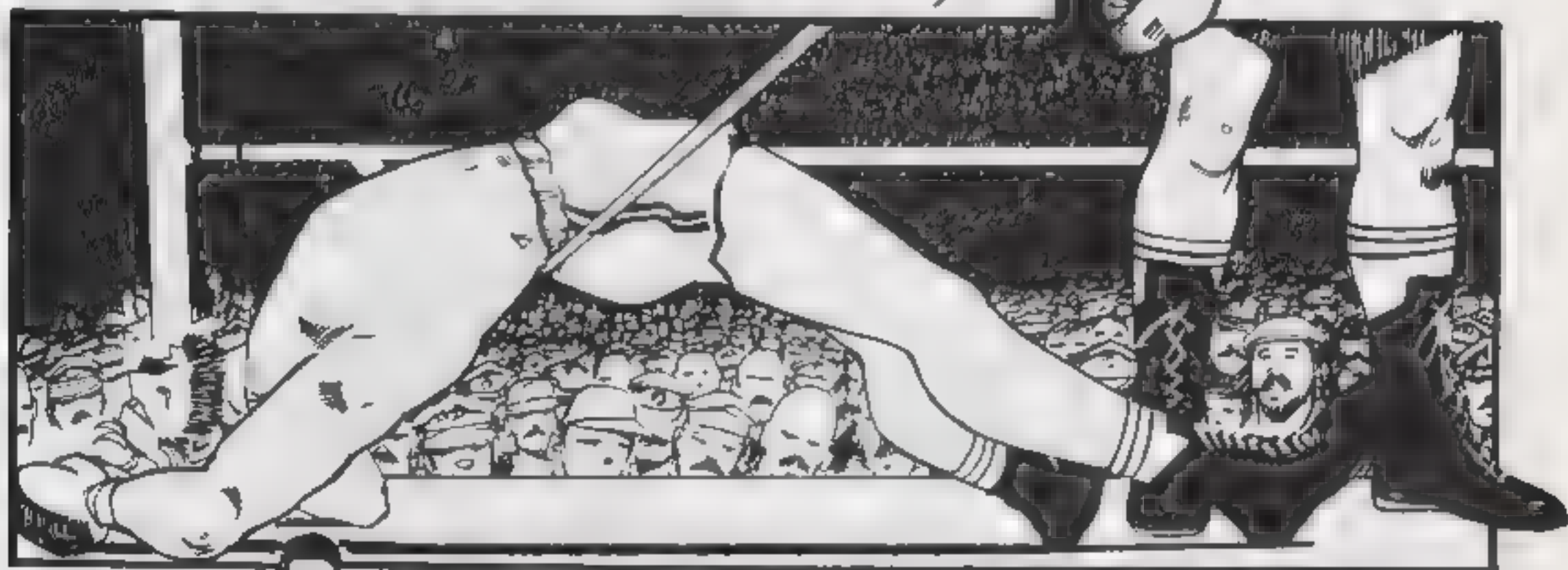
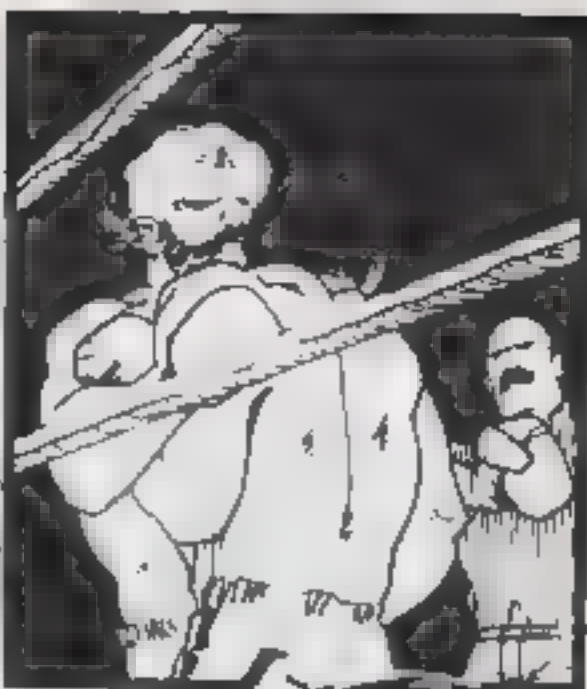
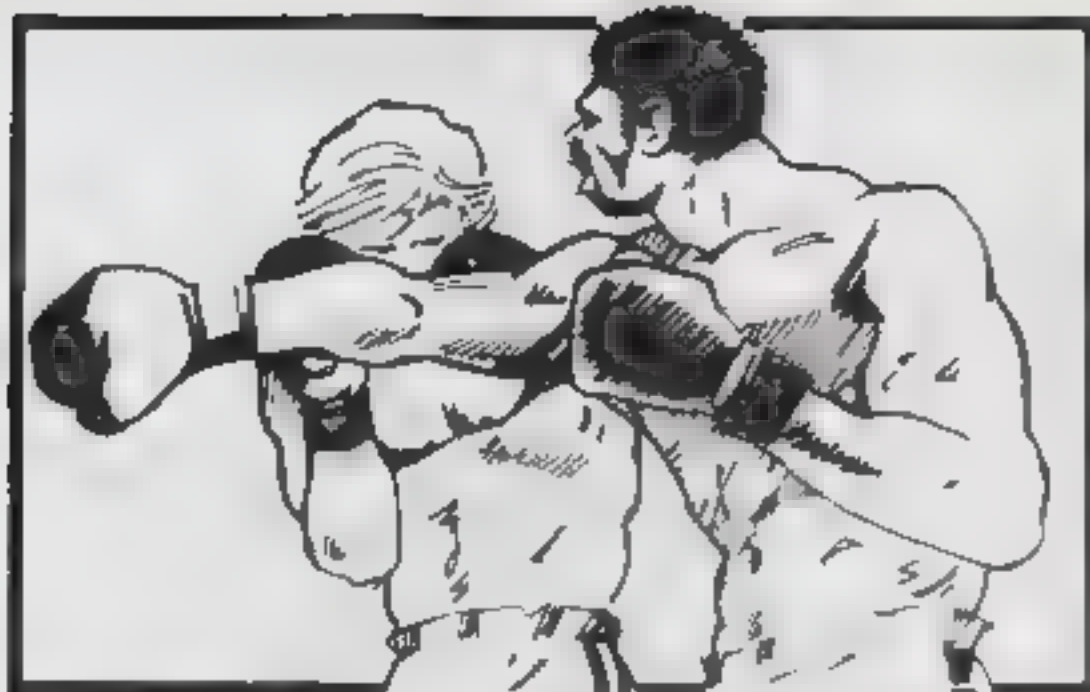




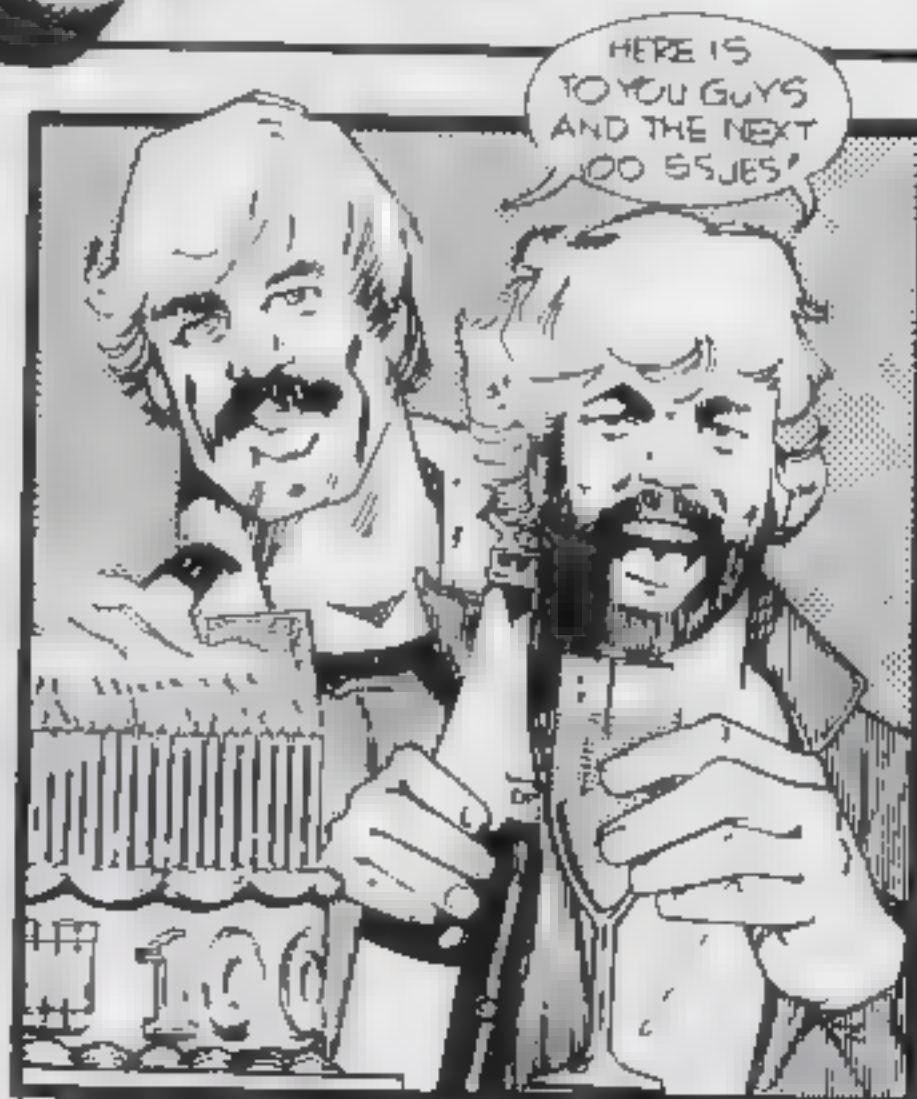
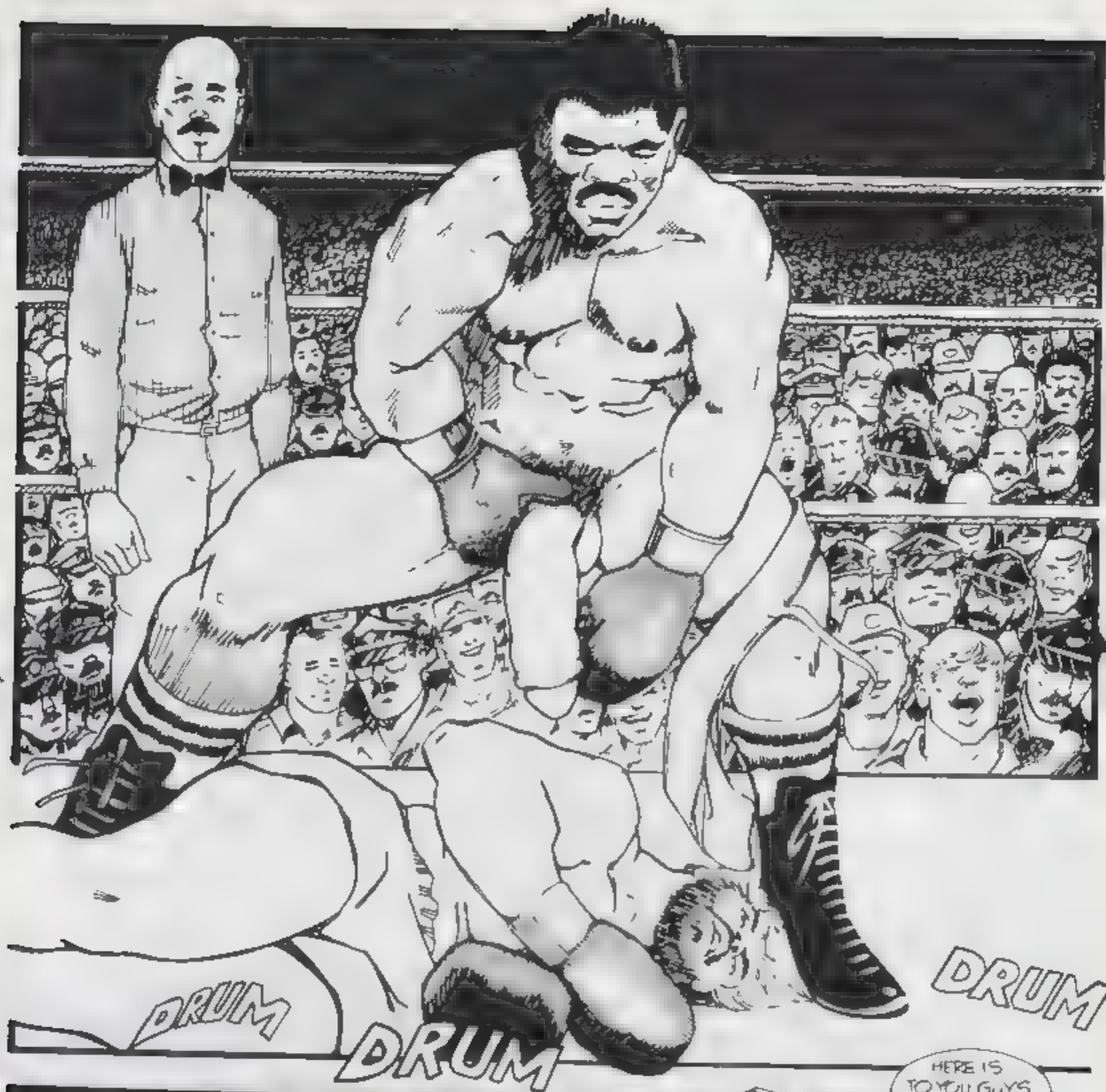
# DRUM









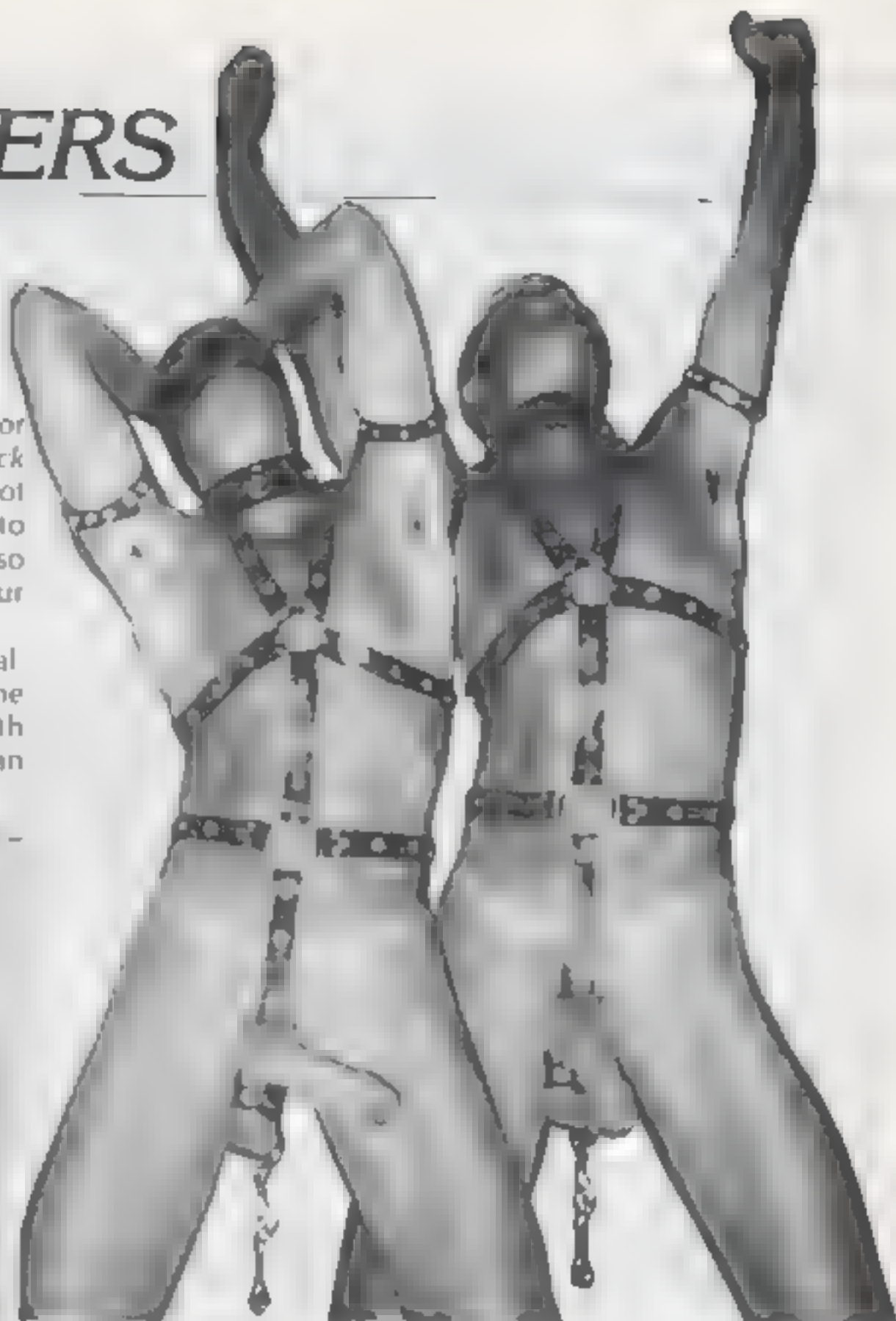




# TOUGH CUSTOMERS

**E**ach month we select the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. If you wish to be included, send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) to the address below. On the back of the photo state that you are of legal age, print your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number, and sign your name. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC Box number on the back flap, put this inside another envelope and mail, along with a quarter for handling, to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



**SUBMISSIVE, BUT NOT SHY:** Big boys do try... harder! At 6'1" and 178 lbs. this Chicago TC could be quite a handful. Leather bondage, toys, TT, CBT, groups or three-ways are just fine, as long as YOU take control. TC 1169



**RIPPED AND READY:** Big and hard from top to bottom. If you like what you see, this southern California Tough Customer would like to see you. TC 1166

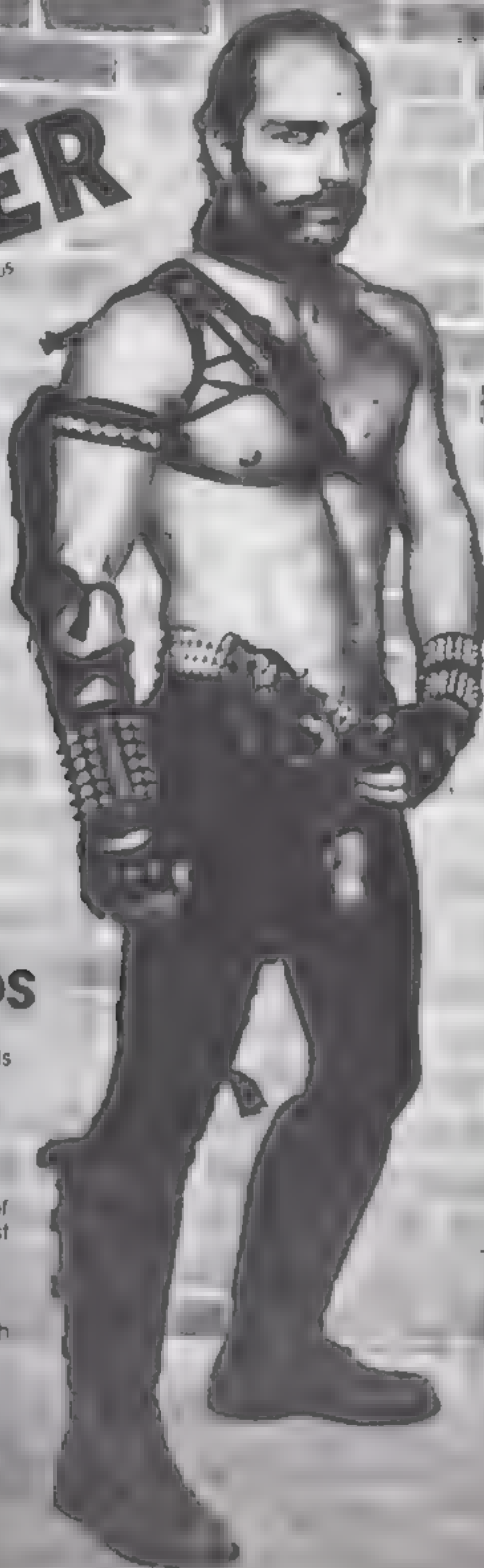


**ANY WHERE, ANY WAY, ANY TIME:** If you've got a stiff rod and need a place to put it, this guy claims to service NYC and Long Island. Sounds like a full-time job, but he claims to be able to handle all cummers. TC 1168



# J.D. SLATER

PRODUCED BY ZEUS

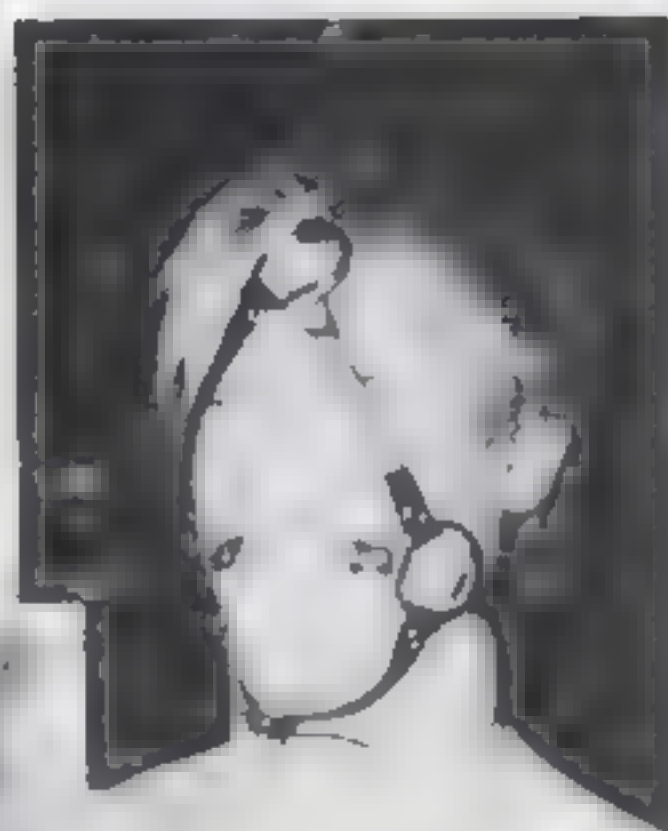


## MUSCLE COMMANDOS

Muscle Commandos director and stud star of over 35 sex-vids J.D. Slater models one of the costume concepts for the first video production from Zeus Studios. Says Slater, "Muscle Commandos will undoubtedly be the highest budgeted film of '86, and will star the hottest cast of any film so far. Muscle Commandos is visualized as a fantasy somewhere between Rambo and Road Warriors with kidnappings, Middle Eastern white slavery, commando rescues, and plot twists in the sex-scene concepts never seen before. A lot of very talented people are working on and are very excited about Muscle Commandos."



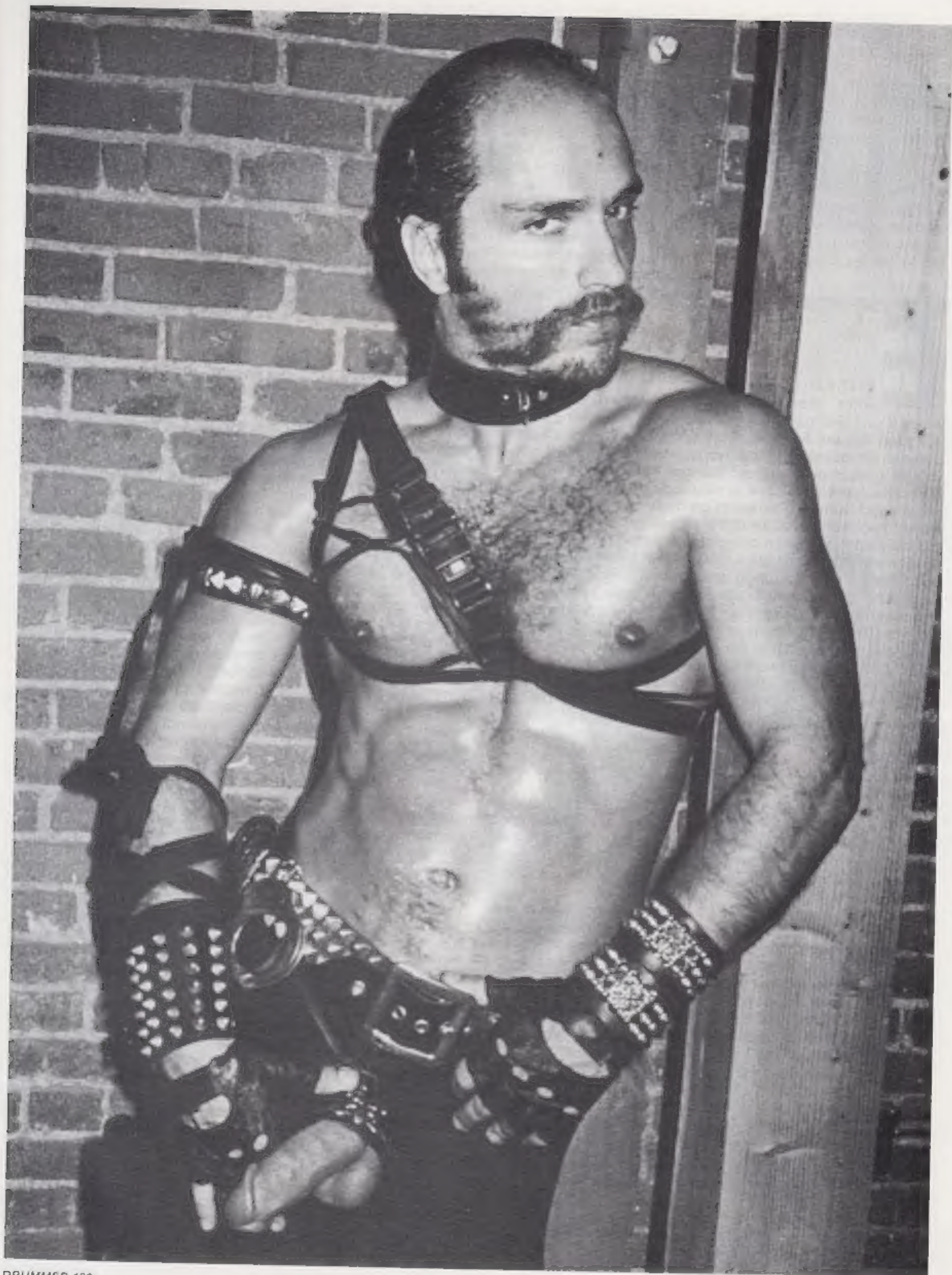
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